

Neutral Milk Hotel, Synthetic Flying Machine

Up and over
We go through the waving undertow
I will float until I learn how to swim
Inside my mother in a garbage bin
Until I find myself again
Again

Up and over
We go mouths open wide and spilling snow
I will spit until I learn how to speak
Up through the doorway as the sideboards creak
With them ever proclaiming me
Me

Up and over
Eyes open wide into down below
I will shout until they know what I mean
I mean the marriage of a dead dog sing
And a synthetic flying machine
Machine

OK