

# 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