

# Neutral Milk Hotel, Wood Guitar

Here we are, a final moment  
found inside a wood guitar  
That splits the seams wide open  
Oh Oh  
cause I know who you are  
You paint the doors and walls  
and listen for the bell-chime calls  
And life is nothing more at all than  
tea-cup drips and bouncing balls  
And Oh  
It's real, and never fading  
Listen to the strings you've strung  
and all the words you're saying now

Sing a song, a song with feeling  
that sounds best when you've hit the bong  
and concludes deeper meaning  
Oh Oh  
cause I know sometimes  
All the thoughts can sometimes hit  
Confusion as the record skips  
But how needs fools to think you(re) hip  
When all the world is full of shit  
And Oh  
I hear the timbres you're playing  
It sits inside the summer sky  
It's softly cascading