

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