

Of Montreal, The Hopeless Opus Or The Great B

Let's reminisce of our first dance together
along the ocean floor.
Your dress was made of egg shells.
My hair was in a pompadour

While we were hunting for the Marshmallow Coast.
I played a prank that brought shame to one of my colleagues.
I taught Herr Coushioe's eyes how to imitate a bog.
They employed their new talent perhaps too frequently.
Finding this incarnation preferable
they decided to stay that way
But then his eyes became ambitious
and they started to grow.
They felt confined as a bog and wanted more recognition.
They desired to be acknowledged by a map
and that is how Coushioe discovered my gag.
When he opened up a map and saw his eyes looking back at him