

Of Montreal, Y The Quale And Vaguely Bird Noisily

I'd be a yellow feathered loon for you baby
Be a German shepherd on the moon for you baby
Be a granulated spoon
for you baby
I'd be a camper in a photograph for you

Then when the sun has set
romantic times have passed
And our conversations are a bore
I'll become a different man
So you can get to know me again

I'd be a rubberbanded flute for you baby
Be an union parachute for you baby
Be a baby that's a mute for you baby
I'd be an insecurity in a Tibetan's head for you

Then when the sun has set
romantic times have passed
And our conversations are a chore
I'll become a different man
So you can get to know me again

I'd be a uniform on an imbecile for you

If you want me to die trying I will die to please you

I'd be a pepperminted rook for you baby
Be an unhappy organ donor's book for you baby
Be a straw covered in scum and gook for you baby
I'd be a wrestler in a tuxedo shirt for you
I'd be an antacid with a brown wig on for you