

Psapp, Mister Ant

I see the bricks you bake
I see the wood you saw
I love to watch you
Toil in the clattering bowl
I baked our bread
And made our milk
And now I feed the fleas
As the worms are oozing silk

Don't stop to think now
Or even breathe
Cause when we're like this
Our souls don't dare to leave
I see in snapshots
Click clack click clack doo
Can you see the point
In how much I like you?

CHORUS

I want to be a family
I want to be a home
I want to keep you in a cave
And never let you go
I want to be the map you read
The basket for the bone
I want to be the hand that feeds
I want to be a home
Your home

Tin cans and grapevines
Growing at our door
The bustling ants nest
Seeping through the floor
One hundred soldiers
Marching down our road
Each with a letter on his back
To spell a secret code

I see the mud you make
I see the mess we're in
I want to end with a smile
Cause that's how we begin

CHORUS