

Quasi, Lullaby, Pt. 2

wooden legs float downstream in the alligator's dream
the owl calls the tune: "fly me to the moon"
the sun goes dark red as he staggers off to bed
the snake and the mole
their house is their hole
rubber trees, down on bended knees
bleed rubber blood while the tadpoles tend their mud
clear, starry skies give birth to lullabies
sleep comes down with a silent sound