

R.E.M., Be Mine

I never thought of this as funny
It speaks another world to me
I wanna be your Easter bunny
I wanna be your Christmas tree.

I'll strip the world that you must live in
of all its godforsaken greed.
I'll ply the tar of your feathers.
I'll pluck the thorns out of your feet.
You and me.
You and me.
You and me.

And if I choose your sanctuary.
I'll want to wash you with my hair.
I'll want to drink of sacred fountains
and find elixirs hidden there.

I'll reap the lotus and the olive (?).
I'll want to hear the caged-bird sing.
I'll want the secrets of the temple.
I'll want the finger with the ring.
You and me.
You and me.
You and me.

And if you made me your religion.
I'll give all the room you need.
I'll be the drawing of your breath.
I'll be carpet you should weave.
I'll be the sky above the Ganges
I'll be the vast and stormy sea.
I'll be the lights that guide you inland.
I'll be the visions you will see.
Visions you will see.
You will see.
You will see.
You and me.
You and me.
You and me.