

# Red House Painters, Bird Joel

My baby sleeps in blue  
Warm and naked pale and pretty  
I feel the seventh wave  
Of the ocean in the motion

I feel a brand new sickness  
Coming over me like a storm  
Used to feel so good beside her  
There next to her my arm around her

She fell like flowers  
Petals where carried out on my old wind  
Landed down in the centre of this  
Lonely white grip of winter

She brought these gifts of love  
I carried down in my pocket  
I set them on my shelves  
And on the night stand by my bed

She sleeps and won't come back again  
From pretty dreams that keep her  
My baby won't back again  
I feel so lost without her

I hear your magic voice on the  
Analogue of this machine  
I hear the smoothest talk of the  
Coolest transparent star field

Will there be any danger if  
Our talk is under this roof?  
And can you know a stranger  
So quickly under this moon?

So go away come back again  
I'll shut you out I'll pull you in  
Don't go away come back again  
I feel so lost

She sleeps in royal blue  
And the room down past the big dry desert  
The sense of music there  
And hope reaches you  
And gets you past the motions of  
Goodbyes .... (???)  
And pulls the deepest winter out of this  
Lonely white crippled winter

She sleeps and won't come back again  
From pretty dreams that keep her  
My baby won't come back again  
I am so lost without her

So go away come back again  
I shut you out I pull you in  
Don't go away, come back again  
I feel so lost