

# Tunng, The Wind Up Bird

(these books were alive they spoke to me.  
the books have nothing to say!)

Inside ahead, it was a flood of white noise  
Aside the chair, it shut down for four days  
Green and brown are growing sweet a now aside  
You run the bar in through a picture of your time

The wind-up bird was her new muse (x3)  
She made the frontpage bad news

Tell me a story inside  
Lie if you like but make the details true in my mind  
We need to feel absolutly wrapped in your glove  
Lie back and listen  
as I read you, my love.

The low mower side, sharpened his blades  
And we all told you that it's good to be scared  
I turned the page and start laughing at my friends  
I looked into her eyes, so that we could pretend

The wind-up bird was her new muse  
She made the frontpage bad news  
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She made the frontpage bad news

(What is that over there?  
That? That's a rocket chair)

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