

Cover Up

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

And little bird, stand in the cover of my eyes
It would seem not so natal
Some sacred word, some stupid kick
So you've got me where you want
Into the breed
Into the spending of my mind
You've warned me instead

Now you got away
You got away
Time

Come and live through generalic ordinary things
No god would live in a home
Don't follow me
Just end the presumption and we are gone
Can he be leaning away
Just to give me a sense?
Of what I'd be missing from you

You got a way
You got a way
Time
You got a way
Time
How could I guess?