

## Plenty Of Paper

Eisley

Something's growing under that wing  
I think a face is dawning  
Oh no the books are growing faces  
And you're lost quite classically  
With your nose in a book  
And it seems so fitting  
And perhaps this is the end we've sought after for so long  
And perhaps now it's done

Cause we've found all the dire dreams of men and machines  
And turned them all around our identical hands  
Composing our commands  
I cut the moon in half  
And stuck a piece to my hair  
It made the back of my head glow  
Golden yellow and then I took  
Ten stars on sticks and placed them in my small metal  
Bucket and I gave the other half of the moon to you  
Ooh, so you wouldn't forget me while I'm gone

Cause we found all the dire dreams of men and machines and  
Turned them all around to  
Enjoy them and benefit ourselves  
Our paperback books, our charming looks  
Our identical hands  
Composing our commands  
And oh my love  
We can live on the sun  
And wouldn't we be attractive  
Riding in our shiny motor cars  
With eyeglasses full of stars  
And plenty of paper for scenery paintings

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