

## 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?