

## The Underwood Typewriter

Fionn Regan

The roots are deep below ground  
I like to walk with you in the evening  
Up the hill and back down  
I watch the mail boat from the clearing  
My mind is so confused, I climb back on top of you  
And I'm changing the ribbons in this old Underwood  
Well, step put of your dress and I'll wear you like a hood  
For a hood is a home for someone who lives alone  
I draw a line from A to be  
And what happens in between  
It is an open mystery  
As far as I can see  
My mind is so confused, I climb back on top of you  
And I'm changing the ribbons in this old Underwood  
Well, step put of your dress and I'll wear you like a hood  
For a hood is a home for someone who lives alone