

The Basket

Guillemots

I wake up
And nothing is where it should be
Why do these things happen to me?
I thought I was free
Now I appear to be
A standing stone

You knock me over
You knock me over
Come on and do it again

Conversations
How we run into the cellar door
Yeh I'm a backstroke swimmer for sure
To the basket I'll return for evermore

You knock me over
You knock me over
You knock me over

And lately I've been getting a feeling
I've been running backwards down the stairs
In a masterpiece that no one bothered painting
Everybody's too busy with those baskets of theirs

You knock me over
You knock me over
Don't remember anything
Anything at all

You knock me over
You knock me over
Now it's happening again
There's something wrong with my head
Is this heaven ahead