

Librarian

My Morning Jacket

Walk across the courtyard towards the library
I can hear the insects buzz and the leaves 'neath my feet
Ramble up the stairwell into the hall of books
Since we got the interweb these hardly get used

Duck into the men's room, combing through my hair
When God gave us mirrors he had no idea
Looking for a lesson in the periodicals
There I spy you listening to the AM radio

Karen of the Carpenters, singing in the rain
Another lovely victim of the mirror's evil way
It's not like you're not trying, with a pencil in your hair
To defy the beauty the good Lord put in there

Simple little bookworm, buried underneath
Is the sexiest librarian
Take off those glasses and let down your hair for me

So I watch you through the bookcase, imagining a scene
You and I had dinner, spending time, then you sleep
And what then would I say to you, lying there in bed
These words with a kiss I would plant in your head

What is it inside our heads that makes us do the opposite
Makes us do the opposite of what's right for us
'Cause everything'd be great and everything'd be good
If everybody gave like everybody could

Sweetest little bookworm, hidden underneath
Is the sexiest librarian
Take off those glasses and let down your hair for me
Take off those glasses and let down your hair for me

Simple little beauty, heaven in your breath
Simplest of pleasures, the world at its best