

## Tuesday Moon

Neutral Milk Hotel

Your love is like a building  
Pushing up towards the sky  
I just wanna climb your tower  
To your dress like apple pie

Oh I love you on a Tuesday  
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon  
Vegetable hand on my perfume

I am changing colors daily  
Jumping to my postbox  
While everything's exploding baby  
In your dress I'll sleep a while

Oh its flying toward some Tuesday  
Oh its flying toward some Tuesday moon  
Into the air like a balloon  
She's taking scissors to her wing  
It's shrinking diesel through my room  
With no arms and legs, can you dig?  
Can you dig it?

Your love is like a drunken stuper  
Falling into push paper holes  
Into my insides I scoop her  
Burning up her real time flows

Oh I love you on a Tuesday  
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon  
Vegetable hand on my perfume  
Vegetable hand on my perfume  
Vegetable hand on my perfume