

# Y The Quale And Vaguely Bird Noisily Enjoying Their Forbidden Tryst / I'd of Montreal

I'd be a yellow feathered loon for you baby  
Be a German shepherd on the moon for you baby  
Be a granulated spoon  
for you baby  
I'd be a camper in a photograph for you

Then when the sun has set  
romantic times have passed  
And our conversations are a bore  
I'll become a different man  
So you can get to know me again

I'd be a rubberbanded flute for you baby  
Be an union parachute for you baby  
Be a baby that's a mute for you baby  
I'd be an insecurity in a Tibetan's head for you

Then when the sun has set  
romantic times have passed  
And our conversations are a chore  
I'll become a different man  
So you can get to know me again

I'd be a uniform on an imbecile for you

If you want me to die trying I will die to please you

I'd be a pepperminted rook for you baby  
Be an unhappy organ donor's book for you baby  
Be a straw covered in scum and gook for you baby  
I'd be a wrestler in a tuxedo shirt for you  
I'd be an antacid with a brown wig on for you