

I'm clinging to the red drapes  
while listening to eaten tapes  
The footsteps booming in my ear  
every second a hundred years

The walls are tall and white  
plenty of room to fly my kite  
My skin is slick and yellow  
I can see you little fellow

Little insect on my pillow  
you may try to run away  
But the birds up in the willow  
will eat you up if you don't stay

I have a little friend in you  
and I know you like me too  
Crawling beneath the yellow sheets  
caressing me with all eight feet

Little insect on my pillow  
you may try to run away  
But the birds up in the willow  
will eat you up if you don't stay