

Unwind

Sonic Youth

Lay down your lucky hand, upon her heart
Morning becomes a kite, tangled up in stars
Laugh in the midday light, and leave - it behind
Move out into his sundry eyes, and sing, unwind

Hang down your lucky head, a sign to time
Morning becomes the sun, for the dandy line
Sooner than the midday light, we leave behind
Love is out into the sundry light, you sing, unwind