

And then a green bird, a few, that play all around me
(And in a river I view a play of her and me)
Under the shade of a tree, her arms did comfort.

Call the clerk, remind me Tuesday.
One pumpkin knife to pry out our hands on plastic wounds

They wound together then laughing hands on big ears and
Very unnecessary to spill to tell a joke

Call the clerk on Tuesday morning
One pumpkin knife to pry out their hands on silver bars

I'm too, well I'm too late now send love like me
It's not fair it's gone outside

I'm too, well I'm too late now
Call me something at all this time

I'm too, well I'm too late now
Call me something a sparrow sings

I'm too, well I'm too late now
Call me something at all this time