

Blue Paper

Yeasayer

She used to clean up nicely, play dress up
Now she's throwing her clothes away, says she needs the added space

She used to walk on concrete, now the sidewalk
Isn't green enough for her, says she misses Mother Earth

She keeps on telling me, I'm not made for this

So they never give you the time of day but do you really care
Oh no, I don't buy it for a second
Now you say you're finished up with the finer life of trawlers
and yet
Oh no, I don't buy it for a second
Now you say you can't find the time to figure out you left amendments
Oh no, I don't buy it for a second
Now you say you want peace and quiet but could you really stand
If all your halcyon days were numbered

Make a move become tax exiles, in the desert
You don't choke on the winter's end, and the sky isn't hidden there

You don't need to leave the house when, it's a palace
And there's no one to offend, take a walk every now and then

She keeps on telling me, I'm not made for this

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Now you say you can't find the time to figure out you left amendments
Oh no, I don't buy it for a second
Now you say you want peace and quiet but could you really stand
If all your halcyon days were numbered, that's another, whole problem

Turn me on your mirror
The other side looks clearer
Write it on blue paper
Think about it later

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