Bricks

Tunng

The bicycles inside your skull
Send you away and off you go
Into the streets where all the pretty girls collect their thoughts for you
And pin them up to clouds and trees
And aggravate your paranoid
The children see amidst their aches
Can you not see a star out there

Where all the bricks are bright and free
Where all the bricks are bright and elegant and free...

The lizard skins around yourself
Drop off and let the others through
In reds and whites and blacks and blues
Each facet shines or breaks anew
And in a big tall building she lets out her hair into the street
Where cars and trucks career through it
Until the ends get wrecked and split

Where all the doors are bright and free
Where all the doors are bright and elegant and free...

The sun revolves around the sun
And then around a bright black moon
And in a caf

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