Unbelievable Things

Superchunk

When you commissioned your cage
Indoor living became all the rage.
Landscapers, hustlers, and gents
Offered to pay at least half your rent.
Pale pink and punished in style
Tuning in each time your satelite smiles.Well your lips don't move,
But my ears are burning.
And my blush is proof,
That from your window you sing
Some unbelievable things
A queen with several kings
And I: a bird without wings.
Now lying flat on your back,
Counting cashmere sweaters, counting cracks.
And all those slippery gents
Have found their way into your air conditioning vents.
Your signal fizzles and fades
Still bouncing off the stars but silent in space.And your lips don't move,
But my ears are burning.
And my blush is proof,
That from your window you sing
Some unbelievable things
A queen with several kings
And I: a bird without wings.
And I'm starting to believe.
And I'm starting to believe.
And I'm starting to believe.
And from your window you sing
Some unbelievable things
A queen with several kings
And I: a bird without wings.Let me pin these on you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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