

Chatterboxes

Deerhoof

In pencil lines of ages past,
Idea maps were being drawn
Over the world.Storytime in your wildest mind.
What a wonderful
Magic animal.Mother to child,
Singing a long song.Set sail, seaworthy vessel.
Fill your holds with the sound
Of daughters and sons
Wagging their tongues.Written down in ink so clear,
Voices of a yesteryear.
Dreams are whispered in an ear.

Lyrics provided by

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