

Tuesday Moon

Neutral Milk Hotel

Speaker 1: I was off in a forest somewhere, I don't know where, but, somewhere and I was sitting on top of this huge tree and I don't know how I got there like that tree way over there that's just this little tiny twaint, and I was just sitting on it and I was afraid to move and I moved and the tree just bent with me and that was

weird. Speaker 2: That's cool. Your love is like a building
Pushing up towards the sky
I just wanna climb your tower
To your dress like apple pie Oh I love you on a Tuesday
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon
Let's dribble hand on my perfume I am changing colors daily
Jumping to my postbox
While everything's exploding baby
In your dress I'll sleep a while Oh its flying toward some Tuesday
Oh its flying toward some Tuesday moon
Into the air like a balloon
She's taking scissors to her wing
It's shrinking diesel through my room
With no arms and legs, can you dig?
Can you dig it? Your love is like a drunken stupor
Falling into push paper holes
Into my insides I scoop her
Burning up her real time flows Oh I love you on a Tuesday
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon
Let's dribble hand on my perfume
Let's dribble hand on my perfume
Let's dribble hand on my perfume

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