Plenty Of Paper

Eisley

Something's growing under that wing
I think a face is dawning
Oh no, the bugs are growing facesAnd you're lost quite classically
With your nose in a book
And it seems so fittingAnd perhaps this is the end
We've sought after for so long
And perhaps now it's done'Cause we've found
All the dire dreams
Of men and machines
And turned them all aroundOur identical hands
Composing our commandsI cut the moon in half
And stuck a piece through my hair
It made the back of my head glowGolden yellow and then I took
Ten stars on sticks
And placed them in my small metalBucket and I gave the other
Half of the moon to you
Ooh, so you wouldn't
Forget me while I'm gone'Cause we found
All the dire dreams
Of men and machines
And turned them all around
To enjoy themAnd benefit ourselves
Our paperback books
Our charming looks
Our identical hands
Composing our commandsAnd oh, my love, we can live on the sun
And wouldn't we be attractive
Riding in our shiny motor cars
With eyeglasses full of stars
And plenty of paper for scenery paintings'Cause we found all the dire dreams
Of men and machines
And turned them all around
To enjoy themAnd benefit ourselves
Our paperback books
Our charming looks
Our identical hands
Composing our commands

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