

# Wash The Day

## TV on the Radio

Little flightless metal birds  
High above in limbless tree  
Echoes from their tiny box  
Ring out into the atmosphere  
Creating beauty inadvertently It was a technological feat This little bird Wading through the market's waste  
We locked eyes felt our loneliness abate  
True desire showed its face, but only momentarily Grey cascades in foreign waves  
Wash the day away I bought you flowers from the dying woods of Brazil  
This little bird  
While the kids burned down the greenhouse pushed the charred frame into the landfill  
Put his beak to the word  
We bought new bodies we bought diamond encrusted guns  
So who the hell are you?  
Making out so high in the backseat of a car-bomb under carcinogenic sun Grey cascades in foreign waves  
Wash the day away  
Grey cascades in foreign waves We did believe in magic we did believe  
We let our souls act as canaries  
Our hearts gilded cages be Watched a million dimming lanterns float out to sea  
Lay your malady at the mouth of the death machine Aeroplane odabo,  
Ba mi ki won lo odabo.  
Eko meji, o yo mi  
O yo mi  
O yo mi Grey cascades in foreign waves  
Wash the day away  
Grey cascades in foreign waves

Lyrics provided by

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