

The King of Carrot Flowers, Pt. 1

Neutral Milk Hotel

When you were young, you were the King of carrot flowers
And how you built a tower tumbling through the trees
In holy rattlesnake that fell all around your feet And your mom would stick a fork right into daddy's shoulder
And dad would throw the garbage all across the floor
As we would lay and learn what each others bodies were for And this is the room, one afternoon I knew I could
love you
And from above you how I sank into your soul
Into that secret place where no one dares to go And your mom would drink until' she was no longer speaking
And dad would dream of all the different ways to die
Each one a little more than he could dare to try

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