

# Sleeping In The Beetle Bug

## Of Montreal

Sleeping in the beetle bug  
With a hundred pounds of air in my heart  
Don't think that I'm able to sympathize  
I'm happier to see it gone Floating above your house like a penguin  
Dropping cherries from my mouth  
Tapping the walnuts and the shadows out of a dreaming  
Pair of brown eyed ghosts In each of your eyes, I saw it's spring  
Where every mouth wakes up to a smile and a yawn  
Grass is long and laughs  
When the wind jumps through it It must have started with that stick in the mud  
That there's where clouds are born  
Clouds can't stay where they are born  
Winds push them so far from home The sound of your laughter  
Tiptoeing across the floor  
Makes the deepest of red umbrellas  
Able to inflate my smile In each of your eyes, I saw it's spring  
Where every mouth wakes up to a smile and a yawn  
Grass is long and laughs  
When the wind jumps through it

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