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 goneFloating 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 ghostsIn 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 itIt 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 homeThe sound of your laughter
Tiptoeing across the floor
Makes the deepest of red umbrellas
Able to inflate my smileIn 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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