

A Collection Of Poems About Water

Of Montreal

The crowd gathers the rain
The crowd gathers inside the rain
The sky is green, greener than a
Gardener's dream, the grass is green
Together they sing
Gaily, gaily, glee, gaily, glee, gaily, gaily, glee
Green glass fish glide, cream colored glass
Umi ni ukande means floating on the sea
Me and my pussycat floating on the sea
There are blackbirds in rows
Behind the clouds, pecking at the clouds

Poking holes in the clouds, rain pours
Out of the holds in the clouds
When the clouds are empty
The birds climb inside and sing
I don't mind a rainy day
It doesn't make me blue like it's supposed to
Doesn't make me blue like it's supposed to
But I don't like this lonely life
It really makes me blue like it's supposed to
It makes me blue like it's supposed to

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