

# Wash The Day

## TV on the Radio

Little flightless metal birds  
High above in limbless tree  
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 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 world

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

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