

# Parakeet

## Damon Albarn

You wake up in the morning  
And fall out of your bed  
Mean cats eat parakeets  
And this one's nearly dead  
You dearly wish the wind would shift  
And greasy windows slide  
Open for the parakeet  
Who's colored bitter lime  
Open the window  
To lift into your dreams  
Baby, baby  
You can barely breathe  
A broken wrist, an accident  
You know that something's wrong  
You fold the leavings of your past  
No one knows you've gone  
The sunspot flares of the early nineties  
Light up your wings  
And scan the Short Wave Radio  
It's tracking outer rings  
Open the window  
To lift into a dream  
Baby, baby

You can't start to breathe  
Tectonic dispatcher shifts  
To smooth the ocean floor  
And flattens out to warmer winds  
On Brisbane's sunny shore  
Where Buddhas tend to mending wrists  
A tea made from the leaves  
Of eucalyptus fragrances  
And coriander seeds  
Open the window  
To lift into a dream  
Maybe, baby  
You can start to breathe  
Open the window  
To lift into a dream

Maybe, baby  
You can start to breathe  
You wake up in the morning  
To warm Pacific breeze  
Where mean cats chew on licorice  
And cannot climb the trees

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