# 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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