

Parakeet (Hi. Res.)

R.E.M.

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

Songwriters

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