

Fionn Regan

"The Underwood Typewriter"

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The roots are deep below ground
I like to walk with you in the evening
Up the hill and back down
I watch the mail boat from the clearing

My mind is so confused, I climb back on top of you
And I'm changing the ribbons in this old Underwood
Well, step put of your dress and I'll wear you like a
hood
For a hood is a home for someone who lives alone

I draw a line from A to B
And what happens in between
It is an open mystery
As far as I can see

My mind is so confused, I climb back on top of you
And I'm changing the ribbons in this old Underwood
Well, step put of your dress and I'll wear you like a
hood
For a hood is a home for someone who lives alone

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