

Fionn Regan

"Underwood Typewriter"

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The roots go deep below ground
I like to walk with you in the evening
Up the hill and back down
I watch the mailboat 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
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
Step put of your dress and I'll wear you like a hood
For a hood is a home

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