

National Bank

"A Recorder In Red Plastic"

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A saxophone with flesh wounds is my true singing
voice
Iâ€™ve got a pizzicato love affair but the snare drum is
my first choice
Anyhow itâ€™s up to me to wander around my mind
I keep a steady pace but I soon lose track of time
I lose track of time

Watch me balance a silver string from the bass note
swimming by
It will open a new universe where the earth becomes
the sky

Mom wouldnâ€™t you just love to see me now?
Iâ€™m finally working with my hands look Iâ€™ll show you
how

I almost feel as happy as a boy that happy is
To wake up on my birthday with a present from old
Aunt Liz
A recorder in red plastic and a yellow xylophone
And then an angel on a card that proves that they are
my own

Watch me balance a silver string from the bass note
swimming by
It will open a new universe where the earth becomes
the sky

Mom wouldnâ€™t you just love to see me now?
Iâ€™m finally working with my hands look Iâ€™ll show you
how
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