

Piano Magic "The Index"

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I have thought about you in your Summer abode
In your lunatic smock, in chronicle mode
The typewriter smack as you nail in the words
and the turntable's drunk reflection occurs
I have thought about you in your grasshopper pose
And the cigarette smoke carving trails through your
clothes
Your Spanish guitar pins your bed to the floor
So your dreams can't escape and they're yours
evermore
Paris, she bleeds night into her cup
As you index the birds and you label them up

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