

## Relik

### "Parakeet"

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(Buck/Mills/Stipe)

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 parakket  
Who's colored bitter lime

Open the window  
To lift into a dream  
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 shortwave radio  
It's tracking outer rings

(chorus)  
Open the window  
To lift into a dream  
Baby, baby  
You can start to breathe

The tectonic dispatcher shifts  
To smooth the ocean floor  
And flattens out to warmer winde  
Of Brisbane's sunny shore  
Where buddhas tend to mending wrists  
A tea made from the leaves  
Of eucalyptus fragrances  
And coriander seeds

(repeat chorus 2x)

You wake up in the morning  
To warm Pacific breeze  
Where mean cats chew on licorice  
And cannot climb the trees

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