

Thee More Shallows "Cloisterphobia"

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You can bang your drum all day
Though you have not made your bed, it doesn't matter
You can bang away, bang bang away
Go ahead, nobody's gonna stop you now

Take a plane, return home
To the place you first saw her
From the sky it's off-white
Little hills like bags of cocaine

When you arrive drive the five blocks to her former
home
Take her shoes out of your suitcase and put them on
Place your hat cockeyed upon your balding head
Oh, and dance a little dance to celebrate

To celebrate...

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