

Neutral Milk Hotel "April 18th"

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Crawl across toward your window.
I'm calling softly from the street.
Always a lonely widow
Half-awake and sleeping on my feet.

I'm of age but have no children.
No quarter phone booth calls to home
Just late night television
inside my bedroom all alone.

There is no use in waiting
offer up your steps so I can climb.
Show me all your figure paintings,
Etched in the middle of the night

Let me stretch upon your carpet
Let me hear the rain tap on your street
Knowing I am safe on the inside
Blankets wrapped and drifting off to sleep.

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