

Neutral Milk Hotel

"The King Of Carrot Flowers, Part One"

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When you were young you were the King of carrot
flowers,
And how you built a tower tumbling through the trees,
In holy rattlesnakes that fell all round your feet.
And your Mum would stick a fork right into Daddys
shoulder,
And Dad would throw the garbage all across the floor,
As we would lay and learn what each others bodies
were for.
And this is the room one afternoon I knew I could love
you,
And from above you how I sank into your soul,
Into that secret place where no-one dares to go.
And your mum would drink until she was no longer
speaking,
And Dad would dream of all the different ways to die,
Each one a little more than he could dare to try

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