Neutral Milk Hotel "Tuesday Moon"

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Speaker 1: I was off in a forest somewhere, I don't know where, but, somewhere and I was sitting on top of this huge tree and I don't know how I got there like that tree way over there that's just this little tiny twaint, and I was just sitting on it and I was afraid to move and I moved and the tree just bent with me and that was weird.

Speaker 2: That's cool.

Your love is like a building Pushing up towards the sky I just wanna climb your tower To your dress like apple pie

Oh I love you on a Tuesday
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon
Let's dribble hand on my perfume

I am changing colors daily Jumping to my postbox While everything's exploding baby In your dress I'll sleep a while

Oh its flying toward some Tuesday
Oh its flying toward some Tuesday moon
Into the air like a balloon
She's taking scissors to her wing
It's shrinking diesel through my room
With no arms and legs, can you dig?
Can you dig it?

Your love is like a drunken stuper Falling into push paper holes Into my insides I scoop her Burning up her real time flows

Oh I love you on a Tuesday
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon
Let's dribble hand on my perfume
Let's dribble hand on my perfume
Let's dribble hand on my perfume

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