

Of Montreal

"Peacock Parasols"

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Oh I woke up in Divarrje
Pledging P.P. icycles and Lamar
I don't even know
Heard about my love for fairy Coquelicot oh oh oh oh
oh oh.

Oh I made crepes for P.P. sleep
He's in the astronomer naming a few beds that aren't
far
Persuading him to sleep his dreams in jars oh oh oh oh
oh.

Plumy plum drops of pear shaped rain
And tear drops dripping pastly from peacock parasols
That obscure the mad procession.

Oh oh oh
I modeled hoops of glass to console P.P. who buried his
hands
But can't remember when
Even if he wears his hair like then
Oh oh oh

Is that Coquelicot?
Peering through the poppies,
Peeping through the poppies
Oh oh oh Coquelicot Coquelicot

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