

Of Montreal "The 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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