

## Three Brown Finches

Dirty Projectors

Three blocks west  
At the edge of the lot  
Three brown finches know a special spot  
Feathers ruffled  
Slender throats  
There is no wind there

When we kicked a box down the empty road  
And felt like insects in a scale model  
Three brown finches knew where we were going  
Those three brown finches

In comes the summer in a week of rain  
Put it in your pocket all is living again  
Here comes the summer  
Here comes the summer  
Here comes the summer