Bowerbird

Beatenberg

If you want I can show you what love is
If you want I can show you it all
If you want I can show you the surface
Like you've never ever seen it before

Please excuse all the dust from the renovations
And the garden's overgrown
But if you use your imagination
You can see that it's a real home

In the sun on the bed where I've been lyin'
I've been thinkin' of you all this time
And the clock and the wind so warmly sighing

If you want I can show you what love is
Spread it out on the forest floor
If you want I can show you the surface
Like you've never ever seen it before

In a city where the rubbish heap is growing
As it must be doing as we speak
On a street where the traffic's overflowing
And their knees all getting weak

Are you ever gonna be grown up and knowing?
Are you ever gonna reach your peak?
Are you ever gonna reap what you've been sowing?

Shot like silk, a glass of milk
At night, I spill my soul
Across my window sill
The will to bring the language
And sing the anguish
You're dreamin'
You're dreamin'

You move on but the feeling lingers
Full force of the argument
And the roots of the old syringa
Pushin' up through the new cement
Caught up in a slender novel
The idea won't let you go
In the blue of the water bottle
I know

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