

May Later

Blake Mills

What pulls me out of my head is a far siren calling for me
"Return, return to your bed, to your loving bed"
I ask the siren how far to go
The siren moaned and a hoarse wind began, began to blow
The wind it did blow
The siren said, "Not yet, not yet, may later"

Lazy now
Come back

What pulls me out of my dreams is to know
I'll see the great brown green of your eyes
When I re-open mine, when I re-open mine
I went to ask the mountain, "Is now a good time?"
The mountain let out a great yawn
And it gave this brief reply, it gave this reply
The mountain said, "Not yet, not yet, may later"

Lazy now
Come back

And still I wonder, should I forge a ring?
And you smirked sweetly
And said to me, "Not yet, not yet, may later"
Be lazy now
Not yet, may later