

Chatterboxes

Deerhoof

In pencil lines of ages past
Idea maps were being drawn
Over the world

Storytime in your wildest mind
What a wonderful
Magic animal

Mother to child
Singing a long song

Set sail, seaworthy vessels
Fill your holds with the sounds
Of daughters and sons
Wagging their tongues

Written down in ink so clear
Voices of a yesteryear
Dreams are whispered in an ear