

Plenty Of Paper

Eisley

Something's growing under that wing
I think a face is dawning
Oh no the books are growing faces
And you're lost quite classically
With your nose in a book
And it seems so fitting
And perhaps this is the end we've sought after for so long
And perhaps now it's done

Cause we've found all the dire dreams of men and machines
And turned them all around our identical hands
Composing our commands
I cut the moon in half
And stuck a piece to my hair
It made the back of my head glow
Golden yellow and then I took
Ten stars on sticks and placed them in my small metal
Bucket and I gave the other half of the moon to you
Ooh, so you wouldn't forget me while I'm gone

Cause we found all the dire dreams of men and machines and
Turned them all around to
Enjoy them and benefit ourselves
Our paperback books, our charming looks
Our identical hands
Composing our commands
And oh my love
We can live on the sun
And wouldn't we be attractive
Riding in our shiny motor cars
With eyeglasses full of stars
And plenty of paper for scenery paintings

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