

## Generator (First Floor)

Freelance Whales

We getup early just to start cranking the generator  
Our limbs have been asleep we need to get the blood back in 'em  
We're finding every day several ways that we could be friends

We keep on churning and the lights inside the house turned on  
And in our native language we are chanting ancient songs  
And when we quiet down the house chants on without us