

Untitled #1

I Am Kloot

You say you're like a tree or a bus stop
With your hands by your side
Lets say you're like a field of tulips
Cheap gold flowers in the sky

If the cavalry comes, is it really no surprise
Count the calory cops, I'm allowing alibis
Drag the shine off your stool and leave me, its raining outside
Catch your life through some strange indifference, I don't want
lullabies

Paralysed on parade and ready to drop you know
Amazed and a mess, you may just stop me and go
(well he said he was a vegetarian, well there's animals in water)
Here come the calory cops, is it really no surprise?
And if the cavalry comes I'm allowing alibis

Count your life like some strange and different
Go one word at a time
Can't you hear the bells ringing
Get your hands off my sky

In a place where the words all just fall apart
With the sound of a stutter
A mutter in your heart
Clock the spokes off your wheels, its safer just to ride