

April 8th

Neutral Milk Hotel

Crawl across toward your window
I'm calling softly from the street
Always a lonely widow
half-awake and sleeping on my feet
I'm of age but have no children
No quarter phone booth calls to home
Just late night television
inside my bedroom all alone

There is no use in waiting
offer up your steps so I can climb
Show me all your figure paintings
etched in the middle of the night
Let me stretch upon your carpet
let me hear the rain tap on your street
knowing I am safe on the inside
blankets wrapped and drifting off to sleep