

Fugue (Bin Song)

Squid

Do you look for clues
On the street
On garage doors
Or on a bin
Celestial
Graffiti
You carry me
Up the hill
Not yet upset
But we might be, soon
Not yet upset
But I might be, soon

Animism, I'm in your grip
You help me make sense of all this
I see the surface every day
Animated alive through yellow spray
What are you saying?
What do you mean?
All you spirits, animism run through me
I put my guard up and carry on
I put my guard up and carry on

Don't feed the bin
And don't feed me with your false ideas
Of how things could be
But then
Celestial graffiti carry me up the hill
Put one foot in front of the other now
Celestial graffiti carry me up the hill
Put one foot in front of the other now
Not yet, upset
Not yet, upset
Not yet, upset
Not yet, yet, yet, yet-yet-yet