

Unbelievable Things

Superchunk

When you commissioned your cage
Indoor living became all the rage
Landscapers, hustlers, and gents
Offered to pay at least half your rent
Pale pink and punished in style
Tuning in each time your satellite smiles

Well your lips don't move
But my ears are burning
And my blush is proof
That from your window you sing
Some unbelievable things
A queen with several kings
And I... a bird without wings

Now lying flat on your back
Counting cashmere sweaters, counting cracks
And all those slippery gents
Have found their way into your air conditioning vents
Your signal fizzles and fades
Still bouncing off the stars but silent in space

And your lips don't move
But my ears are burning
And my blush is proof
That from your window you sing
Some unbelievable things
A queen with several kings
And I... a bird without wings

And I'm starting to believe
And I'm starting to believe
And I'm starting to believe
And from your window you sing
Some unbelievable things
A queen with several kings
And I... a bird without wings

Let me pin these on you