Bricks

Tunng

The bicycles inside your skull
Send you away and out you go
Into the street where all the pretty girls collect
their thoughts for you
And pin them up, to clouds and trees
And aggravate your paranoid
And shivering fears and rolling aches
Can you not see a star out there?

Where all the bricks are bright and free
Where all the bricks are bright and elegant and free

The lizard skins around yourself
Drop off and let the others through
In reds and whites and blacks and blues
Each facet shines or breaks anew
And in a big tall building she lets out her hair into
the street
Where cars and trucks career through it
Until the ends get wrecked and split

Where all the doors are bright and free
And all the doors are bright and elegant and free

The sun revolves around the sun
And then around a bright black moon
And in a café by the sea you stir your tea and suck
your spoon
And when your breakfast comes you're miles away
And all your eggs get cold
You're where the light is blinding bright
And all the windows tilt to you

Where all the bricks are bright and free
Where all the bricks are bright and elegant and free
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