

# Fionn Regan, The Underwood Typewriter

The roots too deep below the ground,  
I like to walk with you in the evening,  
Up the hill and back down,  
I watch the mailboat from the clearing

My mind is so confused, I climb back on top of you,  
And I'm changing the ribbon, in this old Underwood,  
Well step out of your dress, and I'll wear you like a hood,  
For hood is a home, for someone who lives alone

I draw a line from A to B, and what happens in between,  
It is an open mystery, As far as I can see,

My mind is so confused, I climb back on top of you,  
And I'm changing the ribbon, in this old Underwood,  
Well step out of your dress, and I'll wear you like a hood,  
For hood is a home, for someone who lives alone