

Neutral Milk Hotel, Tuesday Moon

Your love is like a building
Pushing up towards the sky
I just wanna climb your tower
To your dress like apple pie

Oh I love you on a Tuesday
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon
Let's dribble hand on my perfume

I am changing colors daily
Jumping to my postbox
While everything's exploding baby
In your dress I'll sleep a while

Oh its flying toward some Tuesday
Oh its flying toward some Tuesday moon
Into the air like a balloon
She's taking scissors to her wing
It's shrinking diesel through my room
With no arms and legs, can you dig?
Can you dig it?

Your love is like a drunken stuper
Falling into push paper holes
Into my insides I scoop her
Burning up her real time flows

Oh I love you on a Tuesday
Oh I love you on a Tuesday moon
Let's dribble hand on my perfume
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