

Rockettothesky, A Flock Of Chestshire Cats

Night reels us in; back to our li-ttle-e she-e-lves and drawers
where we lie folde-e-eeed,
some in sock pairs a-and so-ome a-h-looone.

A-aa-aaa-a-a-a-a-a-aaaaa---- A-aa-aaa-a-a-a-a-a-aaaaa---- A-aa-aaa-a-a-a-a-a-aaaaa0000000000

My shelf is fu-uuuu-ll of morning su-uu-uu-u-u-u-u-n
Beams feel me u-h-uup
Bli-i-ind-folde-ed fi-ingerti-ips

A-aa-aaa-a-a-a-a-a-aaaaa---- A-aa-aaa-a-a-a-a-a-aaaaa---- A-aa-aaa-a-a-a-a-a-aaaaa0000000000

The moon is full, I only see your mouths
A flo-o-ck o-of Chestshire ca-ats
I close them shut to make you go a-way, make you go a-way, make you go a-way, make you go a-
Yyy.