

# The Basket

Guillemots

I wake up  
And nothing is where it should be  
Why do these things happen to me?  
I thought I was free  
Now I appear to be  
A standing stone

You knock me over  
You knock me over  
Come on and do it again

Conversations  
How we run into the cellar door  
Yeh I'm a backstroke swimmer for sure  
To the basket I'll return for evermore

You knock me over  
You knock me over  
You knock me over

And lately I've been getting a feeling  
I've been running backwards down the stairs  
In a masterpiece that no one bothered painting  
Everybody's too busy with those baskets of theirs

You knock me over  
You knock me over  
Don't remember anything  
Anything at all

You knock me over  
You knock me over  
Now it's happening again  
There's something wrong with my head  
Is this heaven ahead