

# Unbelievable Things

Superchunk

When you commissioned your cage  
Indoor living became all the rage  
Landscapers, hustlers, and gents  
Offered to pay at least half your rent  
Pale pink and punished in style  
Tuning in each time your satellite smiles

Well your lips don't move  
But my ears are burning  
And my blush is proof  
That from your window you sing  
Some unbelievable things  
A queen with several kings  
And I... a bird without wings

Now lying flat on your back  
Counting cashmere sweaters, counting cracks  
And all those slippery gents  
Have found their way into your air conditioning vents  
Your signal fizzles and fades  
Still bouncing off the stars but silent in space

And your lips don't move  
But my ears are burning  
And my blush is proof  
That from your window you sing  
Some unbelievable things  
A queen with several kings  
And I... a bird without wings

And I'm starting to believe  
And I'm starting to believe  
And I'm starting to believe  
And from your window you sing  
Some unbelievable things  
A queen with several kings  
And I... a bird without wings

Let me pin these on you