

# Generator ^ First Floor

## Freelance Whales

We get up early just to start cranking the generator  
Our limbs have been asleep, we need to get the blood back in 'em  
We're finding every day several ways that we could be friends  
We keep on turning and the lights inside the house turn on  
And in our native language we are chanting ancient songs  
And when we quiet down the house chants on without us

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>