

Andrew Bird, Fake Palindromes

My dewy-eyed Disney bride, what has tried
Swapping your blood with formaldehyde?
Monsters?
Whiskey-plied voices cried fratricide!
Jesus don't you know that you could've died
(you should've died)
With the monsters that talk, monsters that walk the earth

And she's got red lipstick and a bright pair of shoes
And she's got knee high socks, what to cover a bruise
She's got an old death kit she's been meaning to use
She's got blood in her eyes, in her eyes for you
She's got blood in her eyes for you

Certain fads, stripes and plaids, singles ads
They run you hot and cold like a rheostat, I mean a thermostat
So you bite on a towel
Hope it won't hurt too bad

My dewy-eyed Disney bride, what has tried
Swapping your blood with formaldehyde?
What monsters that talk, monsters that walk the earth

And she says I like long walks and sci-fi movies
If you're six foot tall and east coast bred
Some lonely night we can get together
And I'm gonna tie your wrists with leather
And drill a tiny hole into your head