

Andrew Bird, Not A Robot, But A Ghost

I run the numbers through the floor
here's how it goes: I crack the codes
I crack the codes that end the war
I crack the codes that end the war

I pushed a note under your door
here's how it goes: things come to blows
but we don't want this anymore
No we don't want this anymore
We don't want this anymore

I crack the codes, you end the war

I hear the clockwork in your core
time strips the gears till you forget what they were for
I push the numbers through your pores
I crack the codes
I crack the codes that end the war

How's my view and
you can call
encrypted numbers
on bathroom stalls
there's something burning
it casts a pall
it's melting numbers
right off the wall

I run the numbers through the floor
here's how it goes: I crack the codes
I crack the codes, you end the war