

# Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Minor Stab

Some people was an angry thin skinned man  
Couldn't get along with his one man band  
Quarter stick rocket and nails in his pocket  
And a crying shame, some people is his name  
Oh, poor old Pierrot some people  
What an unfortunate name  
Some people have the low down notion  
He is the one to blame  
He used to take the train from old Parnassus to Madrid  
Hustles up a little under fifty quid  
Underneath the shell is an angry fire  
But who's the first to jump on the pyre  
Oh, poor old Pierrot some people  
What an unfortunate name  
Some people have the low down notion  
He is the one to blame  
Some people like to bake a honey coiled ham  
Some people like to roast a leg of lamb  
Some people have a complicated coat to mend  
We'll all be milking goats in the end  
Oh, poor old Pierrot some people  
What an unfortunate name  
Some people have the low down notion  
He is the one to blame