

Andrew Bird, Spare-Ohs

The finches and sparrows build nests in my chimney
With remains of the small flightless birds that you failed to protect
But the yolk isn't easy in fact it's a drag
As they're blowin' through cornfields and mountains of rags
All over the suburbs across the great lawns
And they're cropdusting gardens all over this town

But nobody cares when it gets in their hair
It gets in their lungs as it floats through the air
It gets in the food that they buy and prepare
But nobody cares when it gets in their hair

Across the great chasms and schisms
And the sudden aneurysms
Where the black ink will drip across the cuspis of your eyes
And your teeth, they're worth more than you can spare
Oh, don't tell me that it just isn't fair
Don't speak about the cycles of life
'Cause your thoughts are so soft I can cut 'em with a spork, or a bride's knife

And the wine made our mouths too loose
Such a reckless choice of words
When you told me that I'm too abstruse
I just thought it was a kind of bird
I swear, I just stood there
Not saying a word