

XTC, My Bird Performs

Fine art never moved my soul
No vintage wine designer clothes
But my world shakes for me
My bird sings sweetly
A different kind of tinsel
Decorates my tree
Yes my bird performs
A thousand Cheshire cats
Grin inside of me
Yes my bird performs
There she goes
Shakespeare's sonnets leave me cold
The drama stage and the high brow prose
But my world shakes for me
My bird sings sweetly
The brightest fireworks
Are lighting up my sky
Yes my bird performs
The cage is open
But she's no desire to fly
'Cause my bird performs
There she goes
And you keep saying what you got
You keep saying what you got
Look out!