

# 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!