

# Andrew Bird, A Nervous Tic Motion Of The Head

Overprescribed  
Under the mister  
We had survived to  
Turn on the History Channel  
And ask our esteemed panel  
Why are we alive?  
And here's how they replied  
You're what happens when two substances collide  
And by all accounts you really should have died

Stretched out on a tarmac  
Six miles south of North Platte  
He can't stand to look back  
At sixteen tons of HAZMAT  
It's what goes undelivered  
Undelivered  
Boom boom boom boom boom

It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left  
It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left  
Of the what, of the head to the left  
So exercise yourselves to your bereft  
'Cause it's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left of the, of the, to the

Splayed out on a bath mat  
Six miles north of South Platte  
He just wants his life back  
What's in that paper knapsack  
It's what goes undelivered  
Undelivered

It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left  
A nervous tic motion of the head  
Head to the left  
It's a nervous tic motion of the, of the, to the  
Left

It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the, of the, of the head of the head to the

Over imbibed  
Under the mister  
Barely alive we cover the blisters in flannel  
Though the words we speak are banal  
Now one of them's a lie  
Now one of them's a lie  
You're what happens when two substances collide  
And by all accounts you really should have died