

# Andrew Bird, Armchairs

I dreamed you were a cosmonaut  
of the space between our chairs  
and I was a cartographer  
of the tangles in your hair

I sighed a song that silence brings  
it's the one that everybody knows  
oh everybody knows  
the song that silence sings  
and this was how it goes

these looms that weave apocryphal  
they're hanging from a strand  
these dark and empty rooms were full  
of incandescent hands

and awkward pause  
a fatal flaw  
time it's a crooked bow  
oh time's a crooked bow

in time you need to learn to love  
the ebb just like the flow

grab hold of your bootstraps  
and pull like hell  
till gravity feels sorry for you  
and lets you go  
as if you lack the proper chemicals to know  
the way it felt the last time you let yourself  
fall this low  
time  
oh time  
it's a crooked bow  
time's a crooked bow

fifty-five and threeeighths years later  
at the bottom of this gigantic crater  
and armchair calls to you  
yeah this armchair calls to you  
and it says that  
some day  
we'll get back at them all  
with epoxy and a pair of pliers  
as ancient sea slugs begin to crawl  
through the ragweed and barbed wire  
you didn't write you didn't call  
it didn't cross your mind at all  
and through the waves  
the waves of a.m. squall  
you couldn't feel a thing at all  
you're fifty-five and three-eighths tall

time