

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