

Andrew Bird, Case In Point

I'm a breather mail receiver
And I don't know where I stand
Not since someone informed me
That my house was built on sand
And it's not the earth beneath me
It's just the concept of the land

And I'm standing on the corner
When the buildings they all fell
If you blink once you're a goner
Everything just goes pell-mell

It's a real hard sell
My conceptual hell
Not even good for kindling
When the buildings they all fell

I'm a breather mail receiver
Bottom feeder just getting by
And you know it's all just par for the course
But you blame it on some non-existent force
Oh yeah, of course
You know you can't ride the concept of the horse
But still I try

In a cartoon desert landscape
With a pair of ACME jetskates
Focused on my destination
I seem to have forgot my station
Now it's time to face the nation

And I'm riding to meet you
On a brown gray speckled mare
But there's something that unnerves me
Like I'm riding on thin air
These few doubts disserve me
Thinking no one really cares
And I'm jumping over fences
On this obstacle course
But it seems I'm getting nowhere
On the concept of the horse

It's a real hard sell
My conceptual hell
Not even good for kindling
When the buildings they all fell

I'm a breather
Bottom feeder
How many liters
Must I imbibe
And you know it's all just par for the course
But you blame it on some non-existent force
Oh yeah, of course
You know you can't ride the concept of the horse
But still I try