

Andrew Bird, Dark Matter

When I was just a little boy
I threw away all of my action toys
While a I became obsessed with Operation

With hearts and minds and certain glands
You gotta learn to keep a steady hand
And thus began my morbid fascination

Tore the spines from out of all of these self-help books
Made myself a gun that not only shoots but looks
So real
It shoots through steel
With rays of dark matter

Do you wonder where the self resides
Is it in your head or between your sides
And who will be the one who will decide
Its true location
And does the thought of bile that's red and black
The thought of tongues that taste you back
Fill you with a nauseouseous sort of elation

A noose is loosed around our necks made of DNA
And every day it's growing tighter no matter what they do or say
And you can shoot right through it with rays of dark matter
Just before they kick out the ladder
With rays of dark matter
Like something catching fire

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And who will be the one who will decide
Its true location