

Andrew Bird, Darkmatter

When I was just a little boy
I threw away all of my action toys
While 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
Yeah, it shoots through steel with rays of darkmatter
Rays of darkmatter
Do you wonder where the self resides?
Is it in your head or between your sides?
And who'll would be the one who will decide its true location?

And does the thought about this red and black
Thought of tongues that taste you back
Fill you with the nausea-ausea, also ovulation?
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 with rays of darkmatter
Just before they kick out, they kick out the ladder
With rays of darkmatter, rays of darkmatter
Like something catching fire
Do you wonder where the self resides?
Is it in your head or between your sides?
And who would be the one who will decide its true location?