

# 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?