

Andrew Bird, Effigy

If you come to find me affable
And build a replica for me
Would the idea to you be laughable
Of a pale facsimile

So when you come to burn an effigy
It should keep the flies away
When you learn to burn this effigy
It should be
For the hours that slip away

It could be you, it could be me
Working the door, drinking for free
Carrying on with your conspiracies
Filling the room with a sense of unease
Fake conversations on a nonexistent telephone
Like the words of a man who's spent a little too much time alone
When one has spent too much time alone...

So if you come to burn my effigy
It should keep the flies away
When you learn to burn an effigy it should be
Of a man whose lost his way, slips away