Andrew Bird, Fitz And The Dizzyspells

Comes and goes
Like in fits and dizzy spells
Like the weather
And it blows
Like it knows what's going wrong
Like it's clever
Has a name but the name goes unspoken
Weather wanes
Were all twisted and broken
So soldier on, soldier on
Flailing to the whir of a snack machine
And muted screams of an old regime
And then oh
Something getis in it
The nightshade gets in it
We were all fast asleep
Were all so fast asleep
But you woke us
You woke us from the strangest dream that
an aubergine could ever know
Would ever know
Lava flows over crooks and craggy
cliffs to the ocean
And explodes in a steam heat fevered
cyclical motion
Has a name
But the name goes unspoken
It's in vain
Cause the language is broken
So cast your own, cast your own
Soldier on