

Andrew Bird, Headsoak

I was walking
With my feet
A disposition
Fell over me

The armory wall was bleeding
The restless child was reading

I was swimming
Could hardly stand
The swimming hour was at hand
The fishes they were feeding
The lambs they were bleating

I walk slowly
When I walk away from you

I'm feeling bad
I'm looking bad
I feel and look so bad
Some might say
Yours truly is soaking his head

There's apprehension
And inhibition
All contributions
To my attrition
And it happened long ago
These things these things
That make me walk so darn slow