

# Andrew Bird, Heretics

Bored holes through our tongues  
So sing a song about it  
Held our breath for too long  
Til we're half sick about it  
Tell us what we did wrong  
And you can blame us for it  
Turn a clamp on our thumbs  
We'll sew a doll about it  
And tell us all about it

How bout some credit now  
Where credit is due  
For the damage that we've done?  
Wrought upon ourselves and others  
With a slow and vicious gun  
And although pratfalls can be fun  
Encores can be fatal  
And then I hear you say

"Thank god it's fatal  
Not shy  
Not shy of fatal  
Thank god."

Wait just a second now  
It's not all that bad  
Don't you count out the sun.  
You're making mountains of handkerchiefs  
Where the mascara always runs  
So be careful when you're done  
You're bound to get post-natal  
What, did I just hear you say?

"Thank god it's fatal."  
We don't want to hear the sound of a door  
And we don't want to read the signs that you bore  
You know, the kind of sign you hang on the door  
Saying, "we'll be back"- what a crack  
Now don't you think we might have heard that before?

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