

Andrew Bird, Plasticities

This isn't your song
This isn't your music
How can they be wrong
When by committee they choose it all?
They choose it all

You're gonna grow old
You're gonna grow cold
Bearing signs on the avenue
For your own personal Waterloo
You're bearing signs on the avenue
For your own personal Waterloo now

We'll fight, we'll fight
We'll fight for your music halls and dying cities
They'll fight, they'll fight
They'll fight for your neural walls and plasticities
And precious territory

This isn't our song
This isn't even a musical
I think life is too long
To be a whale in a cubicle
Nails under your cuticle

Gonna grow old
You're gonna grow so cold
Before this song can deliver you
You're bearing signs on the avenue
You're bearing signs
For your own personal Waterloo now

We'll fight, we'll fight
We'll fight for your music halls and dying cities
They'll fight, they'll fight
They'll fight for your neural walls and plasticities
And precious territory