

# Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, 11:11

Standing on the corner, plastic cup in her hand  
Standing on the corner, saving for some gin  
You don't need to ask where she's been or what's up  
She'll gladly tell you about the life she had  
Before she had the cup, standing by the window  
Glass of milk in his hand  
What could I have done, what could I have said?  
Broken glass spilled milk lying on the floor looking dead  
Window pain, cutting through the rain looks so easy  
Frame by frame, looking for a name  
To claim on a breezy afternoon and the ends coming soon  
And the ends coming soon  
So many people hold a cup  
So many die drinking milk in front of a window  
I once knew a woman who got in the way  
Of the intentions of a windy day  
Don't hold a cup in any season  
Don't make me choose between rhyme or reason  
Don't drink that milk in front of that window  
You might as well blame it on the will that the wind chose