

# Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Feetlips

Feetlips, why do you do that way?  
You know you'll have to pay  
For you're making us nauseous  
Feetlips, you know today's the day  
You turn the other way  
And you eat your galoshes  
You thought some people was a tragic name  
He was the easiest one to blame  
His weather, systems tempered and tame  
Till you catch wind of  
Ah, feetlips, you're so brash  
Waltzing around, talking your trash  
No, you haven't been drinking  
Now you just talk without thinking  
It's what got you this far  
But it's not worth one dollar  
It's not worth a boy, quiet  
Feetlips, why do you do that way?  
You know you'll have to pay  
Feetlips