

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
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You know you'll have to pay
Feetlips