

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Headsoak

I was walking with my feet
A disposition fell over me
And the armory wall was bleeding
The restless child was reading
I was swimming, could hardly stand
The swimming hour was at hand
And the fishes they were feeding
Lambs they were bleating
Ooh, I walk slowly
Ooh, I walk slowly
I walk slowly
When I walk away from you
I'm feeling bad, I'm looking bad
I feel and look so bad
Some might say
Yours truly, is soaking his head
So I say
So I say there's apprehension
And inhibition
All contributions, to my, to my attrition
No, and it happened long ago
These things these things, these things
That make me walk so darn slow
Slow