

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Ides of Swing

Some say April is the cruelest
And though I can be quite morose
The stiff who penned it on a fool's list
Of those who are chronically verbose
When your head starts craning back
And your breath comes short and fast
The music of the spheres start to bounce and sing
That's when you know you're swinging
When your eyes roll back into your head
And the sap from the trees on your fingers have bled
Swooning to the charms of Mephisto's waltz
That's when you know you've got some schmaltz

When you've got the evil eye and unconsciously growl
Your hands start shaking and you crouch and prowl
These terrifying symptoms are a sure fire sign
That you're pimping, baby and you're feeling fine
When you make love to whomever you please
And a bullet to the head feels like a soft warm breeze
Red suit, green suit, they're all there scheming
That's when you know you're dreaming
Yes, you're dreaming, you are dreaming
I hope you are dreaming