

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Nuthinduan Waltz

I'm just an old yout with a cane made of root
And a dog with a nasal disease
I sit when it's breezing, my dog's always sneezing
I swear it's the voice of Louise
What do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all?
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind
Has its way in the grass on a summer's day
And the rope ends that hung above layers of dung
Had little on all sides but air
In the buzzing dry wheat that wisps my bare feet
I step on my doggie's despair

What do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all?
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind
Has its way in the grass on a summer's day
What do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all?
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind
Has its way in the grass on a summer's day
I'm just an old yout with a cane made of root
And a dog with a nasal disease