

# 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

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