

Andrew Bird, The Confession

Don't tell me anything...anyhow
your contribution, proposed solution fails for now
cause I can see your house from here
now the leaves have fallen, dear
you're such a little privateer
as your confession draws mor enear

Don't sell me anything...of any kind
your one time offer is so uncalled for
you call it piece of mind
but I don't want your life insurance
home auto health fire insurance
just make this basic inference
employs a little common sense

Time and again I find I'm listless or rather fistless
in time that's what I find
Carry me to Mecca with what you may devine
take me with you, take me with you, don't leave me behind

Don't tell me anything...anyhow
your trite donation, commercialization
won't hold water now
'cause I can see your ship from here
now the weather's bright and clear
you're such a little privateer
as your confession draws near