

Andrew Bird, The Happy Birthday Song

When I wake up
In the morning
I pour the coffee
Read the paper
Then I slowly
And so softly
Do the dishes
Feed the fishes
Sing me Happy Birthday
Sing it like it's going to be your last day
Like it's hallelujah
Don't just let it pass on through ya
It's a giant among cliches
And that's why I want you to sing it anyway
Sing me Happy Birthday
Cause hell what's it all about
Anyway
Sing me Happy Birthday
Happy Birthday
Like it's gonna be your last day
Here on earth