

# Andrew Bird, The Privateers

Don't sell me anything  
Your one time offer, so uncalled-for  
You call it peace of mind

Cause I can see your house from here  
Now all the leaves have fallen, dear  
I can see you're just a little privateer  
As your confession draws more near

Time and again, I find I'm listless  
Or rather, fistless  
In time, oh, that's what I find

So carry me to Mecca  
With what you may divine  
Take me with you, take me with you  
Don't leave me behind

Oh cause I, I don't want your life insurance  
Home, auto, health, flood, and fire insurance  
Oh, just make, please make this basic inference  
And speak of me in the present tense

Oh cause I, I can see your ships from here  
Now all the weather's so bright and clear  
I can see you're just a little profiteer  
As your confession draws more near

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