

Andrew Bird, The Trees Were Mistaken

This is a story, some kind of a story
this is a story about a boy and girl,
a girl and a boy, a boy.

(), only flighting.
that some boy in the dark () joan of arc
inverted crystal mountain kind of a story.

this is a story.
man, about the (sheriffs in cyprus? something else.) translations of sanskrit.
just as my handwritten story.

this is a story where the singers begin to appear
in the spaces between all the dashes and braces
in the mothbitten story - of getting left behind.

this is a story, some kind of a story.

with the pages distressed since you held to your chest,
they were mangled and dog eared, while the rest were just (mangy in) glory.

this is a story about the memory of water
translating the sound of the traffic.
remember the traffic?
it's making you carsick all along southfield freeway.

and translating mistakes and the trees and the stake
and the trees for the woods and the sound of the trash
for the sound of the blowing leaves along the southfield freeway.

my name isn't blackbird, () two tone.
feathers are warm in molasses,
twisting the words from the silence to gases.
now i don't have worry (of making it)
it's so unclear.

am i dead or am i dying
or am i simply tired of crying?

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my name is a blackbird.