

Andrew Bird, The Water Jet Cilice

I knew this one girl
Drowned in her own curls
Candy colored swirls
That never seemed to end

I could not comprehend
Half what she said to me
So casually
All our tender ears would bend

Tales of ritual self-torture
She's making you abort your
Most carefully laid plans
To make a final stand
The rest threw up their hands
Scoreless victory for serendipity

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