

# Andrew Bird, Tin Foil

Late New Years Eve paper hat on your head  
It was hard to believe that you'd ever be dead  
And that dream that you're falling you've had since you're five  
Is a bird on your shoulder that whispers goodbye

What is moving will be still  
What has gathered will disperse  
What has been built up will collapse  
All of your dreams are fulfilled

Evil Knievel shot up from dead grass  
And I loved him better each time that he crashed  
And Liza Minnelli spent a month in her bed  
She was certain that Skylab would fall on her head

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What has gathered will disperse  
What's been built up will collapse  
All of your dreams are fulfilled

Last night I dreamed that I dug my own grave  
And I climbed down inside there to patiently wait  
And down in the ground while I breathed the cold air  
The blackbirds came down there to nest in my hair

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What has gathered will disperse  
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All of your dreams  
All of your dreams are fulfilled  
Are fulfilled  
Are fulfilled  
Are fulfilled  
Are