

Andrew Bird, Waiting To Talk

Everybody's talking
Nobody's listening
Everybody's sweating
Nobody's glistening

Nobody knows what he's thinking
Doesn't really step out even when he's drinking
Seems kind of creepy seems like the kind that stalks
Nobody knows when he's sinking
Always looks pensive whether or not he's thinking
To him it seems to him it screams
Everyone's just waiting to talk

Everyone's waiting to talk, Lord
It's all so terribly awkward on the verandas in the front halls
In the bus station's bathroom stalls
Yes it seems everyone's just waiting to talk

What must he be thinking?
Can we even guess?
He's not really linking
Himself with the rest
Does he know our big secret?
Has one of us confessed?
'Bout the wires circuits and motors
Buried in our chest

It's all just a pointless equation
This parabolic conversation
Like two distinct lines
Never the twain shall meet
Never? No never

Nobody knows what he's thinking
Doesn't really step out even when he's drinking
To him it seems to certain extremes
That everyone's waiting to talk