

Andrew Bird, Weather Systems

quiet
quiet down she said
speaking to the back of his head
on the edge of her bed
I can see your blood flow
your cells grow

hold still a while
don't spill the wine
I can see it all from here
I can see
I can see
weather systems of the world

and every time you turn the soil
another cloud begins to boil

some things you say
are not for sale
I would hold that we're
all free agents
of a substance or scale

hold still a while
don't spill the wine
I can see it all from here
I can see
I can see
weather systems of the world