

# Headsoak

## Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

I was walking with my feet  
A disposition fell over me  
And the armory wall was bleeding  
The restless child was readingI was swimming, could hardly stand  
The swimming hour was at hand  
And the fishes they were feeding  
Lambs they were bleatingOoh, I walk slowly  
Ooh, I walk slowly  
I walk slowly  
When I walk away from youI'm feeling bad, I'm looking bad  
I feel and look so bad  
Some might say  
Yours truly, is soaking his headSo I say  
So I say there's apprehension  
And inhibition  
All contributions, to my, to my attritionNo, and it happened long ago  
These things these things, these things  
That make me walk so darn slow  
Slow

Songwriters  
Andrew Wegman BirdPublished by  
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