

Fitz and the Dizzyspells

Andrew Bird

Comes and goes
Like in fits and dizzy spells, like the weather
And it blows
Like it knows what's going wrong, like it's cleverHas a name but the name goes unspoken
Weather wanes were all twisted and broken
So soldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier onFlailing to the whirl of a snack machine
Muted screams of an old regime
And then, oh something gets in it
The nightshade gets in itAnd we were all fast asleep, we were all so fast asleep
But you woke us, you woke us from the strangest dream
That an aubergine could ever know
Would ever know, would ever knowLava flows over crooks and craggy cliffs to the ocean
And explodes in a steam heat fevered cyclical motionHas a name but the name goes unspoken
It's in vain 'cause the language is broken
So cast your own, cast your own
Cast your own, cast your ownSoldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier on
Soldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier on
Soldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier on

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