

# Ides of Swing

## Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

Some say April is the cruellest  
And though I can be quite morose  
The stiff who penned it on a fool's list  
Of those who are chronically verboseWhen your head starts craning back  
And your breath comes short and fast  
The music of the spheres start to bounce and sing  
That's when you know you're swingingWhen your eyes roll back into your head  
And the sap from the trees on your fingers have bled  
Swooning to the charms of Mephisto's waltz  
That's when you know you've got some schmaltzWhen you've got the evil eye and unconsciously growl  
Your hands start shaking and you crouch and prowl  
These terrifying symptoms are a sure fire sign  
That you're pimping, baby and you're feeling fineWhen you make love to whomever you please  
And a bullet to the head feels like a soft warm breeze  
Red suit, green suit, they're all there scheming  
That's when you know you're dreaming  
Yes, you're dreaming, you are dreaming  
I hope you are dreaming

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