

# 11:11

## Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

Standing on the corner, plastic cup in her hand

Standing on the corner, saving for some gin

You dont need to ask where shes been or whats up

Shell gladly tell you about the life she hadBefore she had the cup, standing by the window

Glass of milk in his hand

What could I have done, what could I have said?

Broken glass spilled milk lying on the floor looking deadWindow pain, cutting through the rain looks so easy

Frame by frame, looking for a name

To claim on a breezy afternoon and the ends coming soon

And the ends coming soonSo many people hold a cup

So many die drinking milk in front of a window

I once knew a woman who got in the way

Of the intentions of a windy day

Songwriters

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