

# Tin Foiled

Andrew Bird

What is moving will be still  
What is gathered will disperse  
What's been built up will collapse  
All of your dreams  
They're all fulfilled Late new year's eve, paper hat on your head  
It was hard to believe that you'd ever be dead  
And that dream that you're falling you've had since you're five  
Is a bird on your shoulder that whispers goodbye  
Goodbye What is moving will be still  
What is gathered will disperse  
What's been built up will collapse  
All of your dreams  
They're all fulfilled Liza Minnelli spent a month in her bed  
She was certain that Skylab would fall on her head  
And Evel Knievel shot up from dead grass  
And I loved him better each time that he crashed  
That he crashed What is moving will be still  
What is gathered will disperse  
What's been built up will collapse  
All of your dreams  
They're all fulfilled Last night I dreamed that I dug my own grave  
So I climbed down inside there to patiently wait  
And down in the ground while I breathed the cold air  
All the blackbirds came down there to nest in my hair  
In my hair What is moving will be still  
What is gathered will disperse  
What's been built up will collapse  
All of your dreams  
They are fulfilled  
They are fulfilled

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