

Song of Foot

Andrew Bird

Sometimes when I am worth it
And my mind doesn't have my best interests in mind
Doesn't have my best interests in mind
To times like these that my feet, they speak and sing
'Cos they do so better than can my hand'Cos when I play any regular sort of tune
Like a [Incomprehensible] or a waltz or a jig or aria
Or settings on bibe or polka
My feet will have nothing to do it's a proper time
No, my feet will have nothing to do it's a proper timeTimes when I am worth it
And my mind doesn't have my best interests in mind
Doesn't have my best interests in mind
To times like these that my feet, they speak and sing
'Cos they do so better than can my handLet them speak their heady opinions though
And you'll hear oil and butter, oil and butter
Lots of oil and some butter, oil and butter

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