

# 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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