

A Nervous Tic Motion of the Head to the Left

[Andrew Bird](#)

Over prescribed under the mister
We had survived to turn on the history channel
And ask our esteemed panel why are we alive
And here's how they replied You're what happens when two substances collide
And by all accounts you really should've died stretched out on the tarmac
Six miles south of North Platte he can't stand to look back
At sixteen tons of Hazmat and it's what goes undelivered undelivered It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the
left
It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left
Of the what, of the head to the left
So exercise yourselves to your bereft
'Cause it's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left of the, of the, to the Splayed out on a bathmat six miles
north of South Platte
And he just wants his life back what's in that paper knapsack
It's what goes undelivered over imbibed under the mister Barely alive we cover the blisters in flannel though the
words we speak
Are banal not one of them's a lie not one of them's a lie
You're what happens when two substances collide
And by all accounts you really should've died

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