

Nuthinduan Waltz

Andrew Bird

I'm just an old youth with a cane made of root
And a dog with a nasal disease
I sit when it's breezing, my dog's always sneezing
I swear it's the voice of Louise Why do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind
Has its way in the grass on a summer's day And the rope ends that hung above layers of dung
Had little on all sides but air
In the buzzing dry wheat that wisp my bare feet
I step on my doggy's despair Why do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind
Has its way in the grass on a summer's day

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