

Waiting to Talk

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

Everybodys talking
Nobodys listening
And everybodys sweating
And nobodys glistening Nobody knows what hes thinking
Doesnt really step out even when hes drinking
And it seems kind of creepy
Seems like the kind that stalks Nobody knows when hes sinking
Always looks so pensive whether or not hes thinking
And to him it seems, to him it screams
Everyones just waiting to talk And everyones waiting to talk, Lord
Its all so terribly awkward on the verandas in the front halls
In the bus stations, bathroom stalls
Yeah, it seems everyones just waiting to talk What must he be thinking?
Can we even guess?
Hes not really linking
Himself with the rest Does he know our big secret?
Has one of us confessed?
'Bout the wires circuits and motors
And are buried in our chest And its all just a pointless equation
This parabolic conversation
Like two distinct lines
Never the twain shall meet
Never? No never Nobody knows what hes thinking
Doesnt really step out even when hes drinking
Yes, to him it seems to certain extremes
That everyones waiting to talk And everyones waiting to talk, Lord
Its all so terribly awkward on the verandas in the front halls
Everybodys talking, nobodys listening
Everybodys sweating, nobodys glistening And so it seems that
Everyone's just waiting to talk

Songwriters

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