

# Spare-Ohs

Andrew Bird

The finches and sparrows build nests in my chimney  
What remains of the small flightless birds that you failed to protect  
But the yoke isn't easy, in fact it's a drag  
Acid blown to cornfields and mountains of rice  
All over the suburbs, across the great lawns  
And they're crop dusting gardens all over this town But nobody cares when it gets in their hair  
It gets in their lungs as it floats through the air  
It gets in the food that they buy and prepare  
But nobody cares when it gets in their hair Across the great chasms and the schisms  
And the sudden aneurysms  
Where the black ink will drip across the cusps of your eyes  
And your teeth are worth more than you can spare-oh Dont tell me that it just isn't fair  
Dont speak about the cycles of life  
Cause your thoughts are so soft  
I could cut 'em with a spork or a bride's knife

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