

Masterfade (Live at Ars Cameralis)

Andrew Bird

Well you sure didn't look like you were having any fun
With that heavy-metal gaze, they'll have to measure in tons
And when you look up at the sky
All you see are zeros
And all you see are zeros and ones You took my hand and led me down to watch the Kewpie Doll Parade
We let the kittens lick our hair and drank our chalky lemonade
It's not that I just didn't care I must admit I was afraid
And I'm awfully glad my finger's resting gently on the masterfade
The masterfade I could a played along the masterfade
I could a played Mah Jongg but it just takes too long
And I just can't remember which way the east wind blows Does it matter? If we're all matter
What's it matter? Does it matter?
If we're all matter when we're done?
When the sky is full of zeros and ones I saw you standing all alone in the electrostatic rain
I thought at last, I'd found a situation you can't explain
With GPS, you know it's all just a matter of degrees
Your happiness won't find you underneath that canopy of trees If the green grass is 6 and the soybeans are 7
The June bugs are 8, the weeds and thistles are 11
The 1's just hold their place, 0's make a smiley face
When they come floating down from the heaven You took my hand and led me down to watch a Papillon Parade
And we let the kittens lick our hair and drank our chalky lemonade
You squeezed my hand and told me softly that I shouldn't be afraid, no
'Cause all the while your finger's resting gently on the masterfade
Masterfade I could a played along the masterfade
No no, I could a played Mah Jongg but it just takes too long
Who the hell can remember which way the east wind blows
When you're lying on the ground staring up at that inverted compass
I mean Christ who knows?

Songwriters

Andrew Bird Published by

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