

# Heretics

Andrew Bird

Born host to a tongue so sing a song about it  
Held a breath for too long till we're half sick about it  
Tell us what we did wrong, then you can blame us for it  
Turn the clamp on our thumbs so we're down about it  
And tell us all about it, we're so in doubt about it How about some credit now  
Credit is due for the damage that was done  
We have wrought upon ourselves and others  
With this blow and vicious gun  
And although pratfalls can be fun, encores can be fatal And then I hear you say  
Thank God it's fatal, thank God it's fatal, not shy  
Not shy and fatal, not shy and fatal, thank God  
Thank God it's fatal, thank God it's fatal, not shy  
Not shy and fatal, not shy and fatal Wait just a second now  
It's not all that bad, are we not having fun?  
You make your mountains of handkerchiefs  
Where the mascara always runs  
So be careful when you're done you're bound to get post natal  
Wait, did I just hear you say Thank God it's fatal  
No, we don't want to hear the sound of a draw  
No, we don't want to hear the sound of a draw  
And we don't want to hear the signs that you bore  
You know the kind of sign you hang on a door  
Saying, "We'll be back, we're a crack" Now don't you think we might have heard all that before  
Yeah, don't you think we might have heard all that before Born host to a tongue so sing a song about it  
Held our breath for too long till we're half sick about it  
Tell us what we did wrong and you can blame us  
Turn the clamp on our thumbs so we're down about it

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