

# The Water Jet Cilice

[Andrew Bird](#)

I knew this one girl  
Drowned in her own curls  
Candy colored swirls  
That never seemed to end I could not comprehend  
Half what she said to me  
So casually  
All our tender ears would bend Tales of ritual self-torture  
She's making you abort your carefully laid plans  
To make a final stand, rest the world to hand  
Scoreless victory for serendipity

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