Case in Point

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

Im a breather, mail receiver
Ad I dont know where I stand
Not since someone informed me
That my house was built on sand
And its not the earth beneath me
Its just the concept of the landAnd Im standing on the corner
When the buildings, they all fell
And you blink once youre a goner
Everything just goes pell-mellIts a real hard sell, my conceptual hell
Not even good for kindling, no
When the buildings, they all fellAnd Im a breather, mail receiver
Bottom feeder just getting by
And you know its all just part of the course
But you blame it on some non existent force
Oh yeah, of course, you know you cant ride
The concept of the horse but still I tryIn a carton desert landscape
With a pair of Acme jet skates
Focused on my destination
I seem to have forgot my station
Now its time to face the nationAnd Im riding to meet you
On a brown gray speckled mare
But theres something that unnerves me
Like I'm riding on thin air
These few doubts disserve me
Thinking no one really caresAnd Im jumping over fences
On this obstacle course
But it seems Im getting nowhere
On the concept of the horseIts a real hard sell, my conceptual hell
Not even good for kindling, no
When the buildings, they all fellAnd Im a breather, bottom feeder
How many liters must I imbibe?
And you know its all just part of the course
But you blame it on some non existent force
Oh yeah, of course, you know you cant ride
The concept of the horse but still I try

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