

MX Missiles

[Andrew Bird](#)

Those that will judge
Will say you're aloof
But you know the truth is a seed
You know what you need
Is a conflagration 'Cause when I see your blood
And the bits of your broken tooth
It gives me the proof that I need
It's the proof that you bleed
And it's a revelation, it's a revelation I thought you were a life-sized paper doll
Propped up in the hardware store
Propped up on the front lawn watching the parade
Of the legionnaires with 2/4s
Marching off to wars I didn't know what you were made of
Color of your blood, What you're afraid of?
Are you made of calcium or are you carbon based?
'Cause if you're made of calcium I'll have to take a taste Calcium is deadly
But tender to the tooth
But it's one sure-fire way to know
If you're MX-missile proof
Or if you're just aloof And you were in the ground in late November
Though the leaves and earth were damp
Did you think they would remember
How you almost made state champ? And when you're running for the game against Alfonsus
And you fell up on the ground and chipped your tooth
That might really have surprised us
To learn that maybe you weren't really MX-missiles proof

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