

Left Handed Kisses (feat. Fiona Apple)

Andrew Bird

I don't believe everything happens for a reason
To us romantics out here, that amounts to high treason
I don't go in for your star-crossed lovers
In the heart of a skeptic
There's a question that still hovers near For it begs the question
How did I ever find you
Now you got me writing love songs
With a common refrain like this one here, baby And all your left handed kisses
Were just prelude to another
Prelude to your backhanded love song, baby But it begs a question
How did I ever find you
Drifting gently through the gyre
Of the great Sargasso sea, Atlantic Ocean
Got me writing love songs
With a common refrain like this one here The point your song here misses
Is that if you really loved me
You'd risk more than a few 50 cent
Words in your backhanded love song For it begs the question
How did I ever find you
Drifting gently through the gyre
Of the great Sargasso sea, Atlantic Ocean The point your song here misses
You got me writing love songs
Is that you really love me
With a common refrain like this one here, baby
Is prelude to another of your backhanded love songs Now it's time for a handsome little bookend
Now it's time to tie up all the loose ends
Am I still a skeptic or did you make me a believer?
If you hesitate, you'll hear the click of the receiver

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