Spare-ohs

Andrew Bird

The finches and sparrows build nests in my chimney
What remains of the small flightless birds that you failed to protect
But the yoke isn?t easy, in fact it?s a drag
Acid blown to cornfields and mountains of rice
All over the suburbs, across the great lawns
And they're crop dusting gardens all over this town
But nobody cares when it gets in their hair
It gets in their lungs as it floats through the air
It gets in the food that they buy and prepare
But nobody cares when it gets in their hair
Across the great chasms and the schisms
And the sudden aneurysms
Where the black ink will drip across the [incomprehensible] of your eyes
And your teeth are worth more than you can spare-oh
Don?t tell me that it just isn?t fair
Don?t speak about the cycles of life
?Cause your thoughts are so soft
I could cut 'em with a spork or a bride's knife
And the wine made our minds too loose
A reckless choice of words
And you tell me that I?m too abstruse
I just thought I was a kind of bird
I swear I just stood there not saying a word
Not saying a word, not saying a word

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/