

Armchairs

Andrew Bird

I dreamed you were a cosmonaut
Of the space between our chairs
And I was a cartographer
Of the tangles in your hair I sang the song that silence brings
It's the one that everybody knows, everybody knows
The song that silence sings
And this, this is how it goes These looms that weave apocrypha
They're hanging from a strand
This dark and empty rooms were full
Of incandescent hands Awkward pause, the fatal flaw
Time, it's a crooked bow
Time is a crooked bow Time you need to learn to love
The ebb just like the flow Grab hold of your bootstraps and pull like hell
Until gravity feels sorry for you and lets you go
As if you lack the proper chemicals to know, oh
The way it felt the last time you let yourself fall this low Time, time it's a crooked bow
Time's a crooked bow
Time's a crooked bow, oh, ooh Fifty-five and three-eighths years later
At the bottom of this gigantic crater
An armchair calls to you
Yeah, this armchair calls to you And it says that someday we'll get back at them all
With epoxy and a pair of pliers
As ancient sea slugs begin to crawl
Through the ragweed and barbed wire, oh You didn't write, you didn't call
It didn't cross your mind at all, hey
Through the waves, the waves of hay and straw
You couldn't feel a thing at all
Fifty-five and three-eighths, time
Fifty-five and three-eighths time, time

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