

# 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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