

Drunken Birds

Cursive

Mimicry's the most ulcerous form of mockery
It rewards me handsomely
Don't kill the mockingbird

Two teaspoons of the old elixir!

Magpie looks in the mirror
The external world seems to disappear
What, exactly, do you see in there?

Four teaspoons of the old elixir!

Drunken birds falling off the balcony
You got to flap them wings
Learning how to teach your parrot to speak
A couple more drinks, hear the jailbird sing
How a lifetime cooped up has left him cagey

Repeat after me: I need to delete all history
Some things are best left repressed
Albatross necktie looks so dignified
But you got to loosen it up

Eight teaspoons of the old elixir!

Drunken birds weaving through sycamores
How to teach your parrot to speak
A couple more drinks, hear the jailbird sing
How a lifetime cooped up has left him cagey
Cagey!

I need to delete all history

Sixteen spoons of the old elixir
Thirty-two spoons of the old elixir
Sixty-four spoons of the old elixir

Night, night!
Night, night!

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