

# A Nervous Tic Motion of the Head to the Left

[Andrew Bird](#)

Over prescribed under the mister  
We had survived to turn on the history channel  
And ask our esteemed panel why are we alive  
And here's how they replied You're what happens when two substances collide  
And by all accounts you really should've died stretched out on the tarmac  
Six miles south of North Platte he can't stand to look back  
At sixteen tons of Hazmat and it's what goes undelivered undelivered It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the  
left  
It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left  
Of the what, of the head to the left  
So exercise yourselves to your bereft  
'Cause it's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left of the, of the, to the Splayed out on a bathmat six miles  
north of South Platte  
And he just wants his life back what's in that paper knapsack  
It's what goes undelivered over imbibed under the mister Barely alive we cover the blisters in flannel though the  
words we speak  
Are banal not one of them's a lie not one of them's a lie  
You're what happens when two substances collide  
And by all accounts you really should've died

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