

11.11

Andrew Bird's Bowl Of Fire

Standing on the corner, plastic cup in her hand
Standing on the corner, saving for some gin
You dont need to ask where shes been or whats up
Shell gladly tell you about the life she hadBefore she had the cup, standing by the window
Glass of milk in his hand
What could I have done, what could I have said?
Broken glass spilled milk lying on the floor looking deadWindow pain, cutting through the rain looks so easy
Frame by frame, looking for a name
To claim on a breezy afternoon and the ends coming soon
And the ends coming soonSo many people hold a cup
So many die drinking milk in front of a window
I once knew a woman who got in the way
Of the intentions of a windy dayDont hold a cup in any season
Dont make me choose between rhyme or reason
Dont drink that milk in front of that window
You might as well blame it on the will that the wind chose

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