Birdie Brain

The Fiery Furnaces

I hate the steam train that whistles woozy my bird brain,
That sends my spaniel insane.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the clickity clattle,
I'll jump in the undertow penguin paddle and drown in my wedding gown.
I've been told the Bronx River stream on moonlit nights is meant
To seem like the Rhone in a glacier icy dream but then in a poof t's sulfur steam.
I hate the aeroplane that nearly misses my birdie brain,
That terrifies my terrier insane.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the clickity clattle,
I'll jump in the undertow penguin paddle and drown in my dressing gown.
I was drinking by the Des Plaines River when the naught of night
Served for making me shiver and me the squirrels would hold hands
And quiver cause that damnable diesel never fails to deliver.
I hate the livery cars that has my bird brain seeing stars,
That drive my Doberman to drink in bars.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the clickity clattle,
I'll jump in the undertow penguin paddle and drown in my wedding gown.
I hate the steam train that whistles woozy my bird brain,
That sends my spaniel insane.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the clickity clattle,
I'll jump in the undertow penguin paddle and drown in my dressing gown.

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