

## Darkmatter

Andrew Bird

When I was just a little boy  
I threw away all of my action toys  
While I became obsessed with operation

With hearts and minds and certain glands  
You gotta learn to keep a steady hand  
And thus began my morbid fascination

Tore the spines from out of all of these self-help books  
Made myself a gun that not only shoots but looks  
So real  
It shoots through steel  
With rays of dark matter

Do you wonder where the self resides  
Is it in your head or between your sides  
And who will be the one who will decide  
Its true location  
And does the thought of bile that's red and black  
The thought of tongues that taste you back  
Fill you with a naus-eous-eous sort of elation

A noose is loosed around our necks made of DNA  
And every day it's growing tighter no matter what they do or sa  
y  
And you can shoot right through it with rays of dark matter  
Just before they kick out the ladder  
With rays of dark matter  
Like something catching fire

Do you wonder where the self resides  
Is it in your head or between your sides  
And who will be the one who will decide  
Its true location