

## Effigy

Andrew Bird

If you come to find me affable  
And build a replica for me  
Would the idea to you be laughable  
Of a pale facsimile

So when you come to burn an effigy  
It should keep the flies away  
When you learn to burn this effigy  
It should be  
For the hours that slip away

It could be you, it could be me  
Working the door, drinking for free  
Carrying on with your conspiracies  
Filling the room with a sense of unease  
Fake conversations on a nonexistent telephone  
Like the words of a man who's spent a little too much time alone  
e  
When one has spent too much time alone...

So if you come to burn my effigy  
It should keep the flies away  
When you learn to burn an effigy it should be  
Of a man whose lost his way, slips away