

# Fitz and the Dizzyspells

Andrew Bird

Comes and goes  
Like in fits and dizzy spells  
Like the weather

And it blows  
Like it knows what's going wrong  
Like it's clever

Has a name but the name goes unspoken  
Weather wanes  
Were all twisted and broken  
So soldier on, soldier on

Flailing to the whirl of a snack machine  
And muted screams of an old regime  
And then oh  
Something get is in it  
The nightshade gets in it  
We were all fast asleep  
Were all so fast asleep  
But you woke us  
You woke us from the strangest dream that  
An aubergine could ever know  
Would ever know

Lava flows over crooks and craggy  
Cliffs to the ocean  
And explodes in a steam heat fevered  
Cyclical motion  
Has a name  
But the name goes unspoken  
It's in vain  
Cause the language is broken  
So cast your own, cast your own  
Soldier on