

Lazy Projector

Andrew Bird

If memory serves us, then who owns the master
How do we know who's projecting this reel
And is it like gruel or like quick drying plaster
Tell me how long til the paint starts to peel

Is it like Pyramus or Apollo or an archer we don't know
Though history repeats itself, and time's a crooked bow
Come on tell us something we don't know

Now who's the best boy and the casting director
And the editor splicing your face from the scene
It's all in the hands of a lazy projector
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine

They say all good things must come to an end
Everyday the night must fall
How it all came to this, I simply can't recall
Too many cooks in the kitchen
How the mighty must fall

But I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all
I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all
I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all
Breaking up at all

And it's all in the hands of a lazy projector
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine