

## Nuthinduan Waltz

Andrew Bird

I'm just an old yout, with a cane made of root  
And a dog with a nasal disease  
I sit when it's breezing, my dog's always sneezing  
I swear it's the voice of Louise  
Why do you do when you don't have a clue  
And the only thing doing is nothing at all  
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind has its way  
in the grass on a summer's day  
And the rope ends that hung above layers of dung had little on  
all sides but air  
In the buzzing dry wheat that wisps my bare feet, I step on my  
doggie's despair  
Why do you do when you don't have a clue  
And the only thing doing is nothing at all  
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind has its way  
in the grass on a summer's day  
I'm just an old yout, with a cane made of root  
And a dog with a nasal disease