

## Spare-Ohs

Andrew Bird

The finches and sparrows build nests in my chimney  
With remains of the small flightless birds that you failed to p  
rotect

But the yolk isn't easy in fact it's a drag  
As they're blowin' through cornfields and mountains of rags  
All over the suburbs across the great lawns  
And they're cropdusting gardens all over this town

But nobody cares when it gets in their hair  
It gets in their lungs as it floats through the air  
It gets in the food that they buy and prepare  
But nobody cares when it gets in their hair

Across the great chasms and schisms  
And the sudden aneurysms  
Where the black ink will drip across the cuspis of your eyes  
And your teeth, they're worth more than you can spare  
Oh, don't tell me that it just isn't fair  
Don't speak about the cycles of life  
'Cause your thoughts are so soft I can cut 'em with a spork, or  
a bride's knife

And the wine made our mouths too loose  
Such a reckless choice of words  
When you told me that I'm too abstruse  
I just thought it was a kind of bird  
I swear, I just stood there  
Not saying a word