

Spirograph

Andrew Bird

Echoes down water wells
Picked up in sacred spirograph
Weekend and winter's unendable bendable baby

They buried him next to his first wife
His widow watched from under a visor
Daughter tried to keep her out of the sun that was blazing
Oh, oh

Then the sun went down
And she went to sleep
She lays her burden down
She don't need to sleep

When they were done they went back home
To a house he built with opposable thumbs
When they were so much younger
Oh, oh

Five years later she died in her house
All the breath that blows all the dust around
It just keeps on sifting
Oh, oh

Then the sun went down
And she went to sleep
She lays her burden down
She don't need to sleep, oh no

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