

Tin Foiled

Andrew Bird

What is moving will be still
What has gathered will disperse
What's been built up will collapse
All of your dreams are fulfilled

Late New Years Eve paper hat on your head
It was hard to believe that you'd ever be dead
And that dream that you're falling you've had since you're five
Is a bird on your shoulder that whispers goodbye, goodbye

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And Liza Minnelli spent a month in her bed
She was certain that Skylab would fall on her head
Evil Knievel shot up from dead grass
And I loved him better each time that he crashed, that he crashed

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Last night I dreamed that I dug my own grave
And I climbed down inside there to patiently wait
And down in the ground while I breathed the cold air
The blackbirds came down there to nest in my hair

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