

## Birds Fly

## They Might Be Giants

Birds fly into my windshield  
Thoughts fall from my thoughts  
This good luck charm hanging off my arm  
Was left here by the police

Words fall out of my pockets  
And cats dance under my feet  
This colorful spell under which I live  
Protects me from all I write

And the microscope reveals the scope  
Of my very best intentions (best intentions)  
Yes, the tiny light shines twice as bright  
On the only nice part of me

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