

XTC

"My Bird Performs"

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Fine art never moved my soul
No vintage wine and designer clothes

But my world shakes for me
My bird sings sweetly
A different kind of tinsel
Decorates my tree

Yeah, my bird performs
A thousand Cheshire cats
Grin inside of me
Yeah, my bird performs
There she goes

Shakespeare's sonnets leave me cold
The drama stage and the high brow prose

But my world shakes for me
My bird sings sweetly
The brightest fireworks
Are lighting up my sky

Yeah, my bird performs
The cage is open
But she's no desire to fly
'Cause my bird performs
There she goes

And you keep saying what you got
You keep saying what you got
Look out

Fine art never moved my soul
(My bird sings sweetly)
No vintage wine, designer clothes
(My bird sings sweetly)

Shakespeare's sonnets leave me cold
(My bird sings sweetly, my bird sings sweetly)
The drama stage and the high brow prose
(My bird sings sweetly, my bird sings sweetly)

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