

## Andrew Belle

### "Tables And Chairs"

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Tables and Chairs by Andrew Bird

If we can call them friends we can call them on red  
telephones  
And they won't pretend that they're too busy or they're  
not alone  
If we can call them friends we can call  
Holler at 'em down these hallowed halls  
But we can't let the human factor fail to be a factor at  
all

Don't  
Don't you worry  
About the atmosphere  
Or any sudden pressure change

'cause I know  
That it's starting  
To get warm in here  
And things are  
Starting to get strange

And did you  
Did you see how  
All our friends were there  
Drinkin' roses from the can

How  
How I wish I  
I had talked to them  
And wished they  
Fit into my plan

And we were tired of being mild  
Oh so tired of being mild  
We were so tired

I know we're gonna meet someday in the crumbled  
financial institutions of this land  
There will be tables and chairs  
Pony rides and dancing bears

There'll even be a band  
'cause listen after the fall there'll be no more countries  
No currencies at all  
We're gonna live on our wits  
Throw away survival kits  
Trade butterfly knives for adderal  
And that's not all  
Woah!  
There will be snacks, there will  
There will be snacks!

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