

## **Cursive**

# **"Drunken Birds"**

Visit "[Drunken Birds](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Mimicry's the most ulcerous form of mockery,  
It rewards me handsomely.  
Don't kill the mockingbird-

Two teaspoons of the old elixir!

Magpie looks in the mirror,  
The external world seems to disappear.  
What, exactly, do you see in there?

Four teaspoons of the old elixir!

Drunken birds falling off the balcony,  
You gotta flap them wings.  
Learning how to teach your parrot to speak...  
A couple more drinks, hear the jailbird sing  
How a lifetime cooped up has left him cagey.

Repeat after me: I need to delete all history.  
Some things are best left repressed.  
Albatross necktie looks so dignified,  
But you got to loosen it up-

Eight teaspoons of the old elixir!

Drunken birds weaving through Sycamores...  
How to teach your parrot to speak...  
A couple more drinks, hear the jailbird sing  
How a lifetime cooped up has left him cagey,  
Cagey!

I... need... to... delete... all... history...

Sixteen spoons of the old elixir,  
Thirty-two spoons of the old elixir,  
Sixty-four spoons of the old elixir,

Night, night!  
Night, night!

