

Andrew Bird**"A Nervous Tic Motion Of The Head To The Left"**

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Over prescribed under the mister
We had survived to turn on the history channel
And ask our esteemed panel why are we alive
And here's how they replied

You're what happens when two substances collide
And by all accounts you really should've died stretched
out on the tarmac
Six miles south of North Platte he can't stand to look
back
At sixteen tons of Hazmat and it's what goes
undelivered undelivered

And it's a nervous tic motion of the head
To the leftist's a nervous tic motion of the head to the
left
Exorcise your cells till you're bereft
'Cause it's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left

Splayed out on a bathmat six miles north of South
Platte
And he just wants his life back what's in that paper
knapsack
It's what goes undelivered over imbibed under the
mister

Barely alive we cover the blisters in flannel though the
words we speak
Are banal not one of them's a lie not one of them's a lie
You're what happens when two substances collide
And by all accounts you really should've died

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