

Andrew Bird

"Fitz and the Dizzyspells"

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Comes and goes
Like in fits and dizzy spells, like the weather
And it blows
Like it knows what's going wrong, like it's clever

Has a name but the name goes unspoken
Weather wanes were all twisted and broken
So soldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier on

Flailing to the whirl of a snack machine
Muted screams of an old regime
And then, oh something gets in it
The nightshade gets in it

And we were all fast asleep, we were all so fast asleep
But you woke us, you woke us from the strangest
dream
That an aubergine could ever know
Would ever know, would ever know

Lava flows over crooks and craggy cliffs to the ocean
And explodes in a steam heat fevered cyclical motion

Has a name but the name goes unspoken
It's in vain 'cause the language is broken
So cast your own, cast your own
Cast your own, cast your own

Soldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier on
Soldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier on
Soldier on, soldier on, soldier on, soldier on

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