

Andrew Bird

"Ides of Swing"

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Some say April is the cruelest, and though I can be quite morose.
The stiff who penned it on a fool's list of those who are chronically verbose

When your head starts craning back, and your breath comes short and fast
The music of the spheres start to bounce and sing, that's when you know you're swinging
When your eyes roll back into your head, and the sap of the trees on your fingers have bled
Swooning to the charms of Mephisto's waltz, that's when you know you've got some schmaltz

When you've got the evil eye and unconsciously growl, your hands start shaking and you crouch and prowl
These terrifying symptoms are a sure-fire sign, that you're pimpin baby and your feeling fine

When you make love to whomever you please, and a bullet to the head feels like a soft warm breeze
Red suit green suit they're all there scheming, that's when you know you're dreaming
Yes you're dreaming , you are dreaming, I hope you are dreaming

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