

## **Andrew Bird "Imitosis"**

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His keeping busier as bitter storms  
His imaginations and his palindromes  
It was anything but hear the voice  
Anything but hear the voice  
It was anything but hear the voice  
That says that we're all basically alone

Poor Professor Pension had only good intentions  
When he put his Bunsen burners all away  
And turned into a playground a Petri dish  
Of single cells would swing their fists at anything  
That looks like easy prey in this

Nature show that rages every day  
It was bound, a part his intuition say  
We were all basically alone

And despite what all his studies had shown  
What was mistaken for closeness, was just a case of  
mitosis  
Weighed deception or mercy while others train for the  
show  
And tell me doctor can you pull my file  
?Cause he just wants to know the reason, the reason  
why

Why do they congregate in groups of four  
Scatter like a billion spores  
And let the wind just carry them away?  
How can cutes be so mean

Our famous doctor tried to gleam  
As he went home at the end of the day  
In this Nature show that rages every day  
It was bound apart his intuition, say

We were all basically all alone  
Despite what all his studies had shown  
What was mistaken for closeness, was just a case of  
mitosis  
She fatal doses, malcontent to osmosis  
Weighed deception or mercy while others are paying

for the shot

Well, tell me doctor can you pull my file, reason why

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