

Andrew Bird "Lazy Projector"

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If memory serves us, then who owns the master
How do we know who's projecting this reel
And is it like gruel or like quick drying plaster
Tell me how long til the pain starts to kill

Is it like pirannahs on the problem
Are we not sure we don't know
You know history repeats itself
And time's a crooked bow
Come on, tell us something we don't know

Now whos the best boy and the casting director
And he edited, splicing your face from the scene
It's all in the hands of a lazy projector
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine

They say all good things must come to an end
Every day the night must fall
How it all came to this
I simply can't recall
Too many cooks in the kitchen
How the mighty must fall
And I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all
Oh I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all
Oh I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all
Breaking up at all

And it's all in the hands of a lazy projector
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine

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