

Andrew Bird

"Nuthinduan Waltz"

Visit "[Nuthinduan Waltz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm just an old youth with a cane made of root
And a dog with a nasal disease
I sit when it's breezing, my dog's always sneezing
I swear it's the voice of Louise

Why do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind
Has its way in the grass on a summer's day

And the rope ends that hung above layers of dung
Had little on all sides but air
In the buzzing dry wheat that wisp my bare feet
I step on my doggy's despair

Why do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind
Has its way in the grass on a summer's day

I'm just an old youth with a cane made of root
And a dog with a nasal disease

Visit [Andrew Bird](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.