

## **Andrew Bird**

# **"The Confession"**

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Don't tell me anything... anyhow  
Your contribution, proposed solution fails for now  
Cause I can see your house from here  
Now the leaves have fallen, dear  
You're such a little privateer  
As your confession draws mor enear

Don't sell me anything... of any kind  
Your one time offer is so uncalled for  
You call it piece of mind  
But I don't want your life insurance  
Home auto health fire insurance  
Just make this basic inference  
Employs a little common sense

Time and again I find I'm listless or rather fistless  
In time that's what I find  
Carry me to Mecca with what you may devine  
Take me with you, take me with you, don't leave me  
behind

Don't tell me anything... anyhow  
Your trite donation, commercialization  
Won't hold water now  
'Cause I can see your ship from here  
Now the weather's bright and clear  
You're such a little privateer  
As your confession draws near

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