

Andrew Bird

"The Privateers"

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Don't sell me anything
Your one time offer so uncalled for, you call it piece of
mind
'Cause I can see your house from here
Now leaves have fallen, dear

I can see you're just a little privateer
As your confession draws more near
Time and again I find I'm listless or rather fistless
In time, oh that's what I find

So carry me to Mecca with what you may divine
Take me with you, take me with you
Don't leave me behind

Oh, 'cause I, I don't want your life insurance
Home, motto, health, flood and fire insurance
Oh, just make, please make this basic inference
And speak of me in the present tense

Oh, 'cause I, I can see your ships from here
Now the weather so bright and clear
I can see you're just a little profiteer
As your confession draws more near
As your confession draws more near
As your confession draws more near

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