

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire "Case In Point"

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I?m a breather, mail receiver
Ad I don?t know where I stand
Not since someone informed me
That my house was built on sand
And it?s not the earth beneath me
It?s just the concept of the land

And I?m standing on the corner
When the buildings, they all fell
And you blink once you?re a goner
Everything just goes pell-mell

It?s a real hard sell, my conceptual hell
Not even good for kindling, no
When the buildings, they all fell

And I?m a breather, mail receiver
Bottom feeder just getting by
And you know it?s all just part of the course
But you blame it on some non existent force
Oh yeah, of course, you know you can?t ride
The concept of the horse but still I try

In a carton desert landscape
With a pair of Acme jet skates
Focused on my destination
I seem to have forgot my station
Now it?s time to face the nation

And I?m riding to meet you
On a brown gray speckled mare
But there?s something that unnerves me
Like I?m riding on thin air
These few doubts disserve me
Thinking no one really cares

And I?m jumping over fences
On this obstacle course
But it seems I?m getting nowhere
On the concept of the horse

It?s a real hard sell, my conceptual hell

Not even good for kindling, no
When the buildings, they all fell

And I'm a breather, bottom feeder
How many liters must I imbibe?
And you know it's all just part of the course
But you blame it on some non-existent force
Oh yeah, of course, you know you can't ride
The concept of the horse but still I try

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