

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire "Minor Stab"

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Some people was an angry thin skinned man
Couldn't get along with his one man band
Quarter stick rocket and nails in his pocket
And a crying shame, some people is his name

Oh, poor old Pierrot some people
What an unfortunate name
Some people have the low down notion
He is the one to blame

He used to take the train from old Parnassus to Madrid
Hustles up a little under fifty quid
Underneath the shell is an angry fire
But who's the first to jump on the pyre

Oh, poor old Pierrot some people
What an unfortunate name
Some people have the low down notion
He is the one to blame

Some people like to bake a honey coiled ham
Some people like to roast a leg of lamb
Some people have a complicated coat to mend
We'll all be milking goats in the end

Oh, poor old Pierrot some people
What an unfortunate name
Some people have the low down notion
He is the one to blame

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