

The Fiery Furnaces "Birdie Brain"

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I hate the steam train that whistles woozy my bird
brain,
That sends my spaniel insane.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the
clickity clattle,
I'll jump in the undertow penguin paddle and drown in
my wedding gown.
I've been told the Bronx River stream on moonlit nights
is meant
To seem like the Rhone in a glacier icy dream but then
in a poof t's sulfur steam.
I hate the aeroplane that nearly misses my birdie brain,
That terrifies my terrier insane.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the
clickity clattle,
I'll jump in the undertow penguin paddle and drown in
my dressing gown.
I was drinking by the Des Plaines River when the naught
of night
Served for making me shiver and me the squirrels
would hold hands
And quiver cause that damnable diesel never fails to
deliver.
I hate the livery cars that has my bird brain seeing
stars,
That drive my Doberman to drink in bars.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the
clickity clattle,
I'll jump in the undertow penguin paddle and drown in
my wedding gown.
I hate the steam train that whistles woozy my bird
brain,
That sends my spaniel insane.
And I'll stop riding side saddle if they don't stop the
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