

A Nervous Tic Motion of the Head to the Left

Andrew Bird

Overprescribed
Under the mister
We had survived to
Turn on the History Channel
And ask our esteemed panel
Why are we alive?
And here's how they replied
You're what happens when two substances collide
And by all accounts you really should have died

Stretched out on a tarmac
Six miles south of North Platte
He can't stand to look back
At sixteen tons of HAZMAT
It's what goes undelivered
Undelivered
Boom boom boom boom boom

It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left
It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left
Of the what, of the head to the left
So exercise yourselves to your bereft
'Cause it's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left of the, of t
he, to the

Splayed out on a bath mat
Six miles north of South Platte
He just wants his life back
What's in that paper knapsack
It's what goes undelivered
Undelivered

It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the left
A nervous tic motion of the head
Head to the left
It's a nervous tic motion of the, of the, to the
Left

It's a nervous tic motion of the head to the, of the, of the head of
the head to the

Over imbibed
Under the mister
Barely alive we cover the blisters in flannel
Though the words we speak are banal
Now one of them's a lie
Now one of them's a lie
You're what happens when two substances collide
And by all accounts you really should have died