

## Case in Point

Andrew Bird

I'm a breather mail receiver  
And 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  
If 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  
When the buildings they all fell

I'm a breather mail receiver  
Bottom feeder just getting by  
And you know it's all just par for 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 cartoon desert landscape  
With a pair of ACME jetskates  
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  
When the buildings they all fell

I'm a breather  
Bottom feeder  
How many liters  
Must I imbibe  
And you know it's all just par for 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