

# Lazy Projector

Andrew Bird

If memory serves us, then who owns the master  
How do we know who's projecting this reel  
And is it like gruel or like quick drying plaster  
Tell me how long til the paint starts to peel

Is it like Pyramus or Apollo or an archer we don't know  
Though history repeats itself, and time's a crooked bow  
Come on tell us something we don't know

Now who's the best boy and the casting director  
And the editor splicing your face from the scene  
It's all in the hands of a lazy projector  
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine  
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine

They say all good things must come to an end  
Everyday the night must fall  
How it all came to this, I simply can't recall  
Too many cooks in the kitchen  
How the mighty must fall

But I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all  
I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all  
I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all  
Breaking up at all

And it's all in the hands of a lazy projector  
That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine