

## Spirograph

Andrew Bird

Echoes down water wells  
Picked up in sacred spirograph  
Weekend and winter's unendable bendable baby

They buried him next to his first wife  
His widow watched from under a visor  
Daughter tried to keep her out of the sun that was blazing  
Oh, oh

Then the sun went down  
And she went to sleep  
She lays her burden down  
She don't need to sleep

When they were done they went back home  
To a house he built with opposable thumbs  
When they were so much younger  
Oh, oh

Five years later she died in her house  
All the breath that blows all the dust around  
It just keeps on sifting  
Oh, oh

Then the sun went down  
And she went to sleep  
She lays her burden down  
She don't need to sleep, oh no

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