

Sweetbreads

Andrew Bird

When I was a little boy I threw away my action toys
I became obsessed with operation

with Hearts and minds and certain glands
You learn to keep a steady hand
And thus began a morbid fascination with...

sweetbreads, I could taste what you were thinking
sweetbreads, that's the taste of neurons thinking

Do you wonder where the self resides
Is it in your head or between your sides
And who's going to decide its true location?
cause it's a question for the centuries
from communion to mad cow disease
but is it worthy of a song - all life's location?

oh and the sweetest sweetbread of them all within the kingdom o
f afar
call them thoughts and metaphor-inations
they call them

sweetbreads, I could taste what you were thinking
sweetbreads, that's the taste of neurons thinking

does the thought of bowels red and black
the thought of tongues that taste you back fill you with a naus
eous elation
where a simple trip to the grocery store could fill you with an
abject horror
can you taste the misery of those crustaceans?

oh and the sweetest sweetbread of them all
within the kingdom of afar should've caused some silent machina
tions
they call them

sweetbreads, I could taste what you were thinking
sweetbreads, that's the taste of neurons thinking
aw, I could taste what you were thinking
oh, give me your thoughts about sweetbread