

Bird School

Aesop Rock

Yo, you could pull a rabbit out a hat, that's tricky
I know where there's twelve thousand birds in a chimney
Your kinda witchcraft take a lot of practice
My kinda witchcraft show up in the Atmos

Yo, sent you a pin
And a date in September, lemme pencil you in
You could spend your whole summer hiding birds in your coat
But come one fall eve, 6:30 on the nose
On a grassy knoll, by a school of brick
I'll be sipping something diet with a lime on the rim
I'll be slicing up a kiwi, 'bout the size of my fist
About to put you on the science of the migrating Swift
You like, "I didn't come for science, I had come for a trick"
You had come for some magic, dummy, shut-up and sit
There's a couple thousand other people doing the same
To see a miracle, smoke and mirrors ruins the frame

I'm saying yo, you could link solid metal rings, that's tricky
Ten birds circling a middle school dizzy
Choosing a location to pause
Along the route to Venezuela, well away from the frost
Yes, yes, y'all, I'm fried y'all

Vaux's Swifts, loyal to the neighbors, for example
This chimney been a favorite since the '80s
By seven, it was several hundred birds
The show is a slow burn, though it only take a moment to turn
Here a thou', there another
Synchronized swimmers doing aerials above us
A prayer for the lovers, catch this
Your kinda witchcraft take a lotta practice
My kinda witchcraft ain't about distraction
Yo, focus on the throwdown
Sorcery so absurd even Merlin had his phone out
7:15 like a Sistine Chapel
Wearing particle effects projected to seem natural
Sunset, jaw-dropping avian performance
The patterns are mathematics, the algorithm enormous
And growing, headline, not to be foul
Reads, "Earth mother posterizes wands into flowers"

And yo, you could turn a wand into flowers, that's tricky
Over 10K cyclone, above the city
Your kinda witchcraft take a lotta angles
My kinda witchcraft witness to the angels

You could levitate a volunteer, that's tricky
Twelve stacks hit the tornado in a tizzy
An act the likes of which we've
Never seen, even when there's nothing up the sleeve
Yes, yes, y'all, I'm starving

Yo
Yo, yo, yo, hey, yo
Yo, yo, yo
Hey, hey, yo, yo, yo

Yo, the funneling of Swifts into brick
Cylinders is seriously some mystical shit
I mean, dare I say astonishing?
Fuck it, I'ma say it, it's astonishing
That's truth, stranger, that's a true banger
Plus, they put the show on every day for a month
Now I appreciate my card has found its way to the top of the whole deck
But homie, you just can't make this shit up
As for the homie I showed, I remember smoke from the ears
I heard he had to move home, hasn't spoke in a year
Well shit, that's not supposed to happen
Then again that's classic action re-action

Yo, you could pull a rabbit out a hat that's tricky
Twelve thousand birds disappear into a chimney
Your kinda witchcraft take a lotta practice
My kinda witchcraft show up in the Atmos

Yo
Yo
Yo
Yo