

# 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