

# Archipelago

Andrew Bird

What if one day we just refused to play  
With no one to hate, they'd be out of a job  
You've gone off script, you just can't walk away  
Leave us naked, fleeced and racked with sobs

Whoa  
We're locked in a death grip and it's taking its toll  
When our enemies are what make us whole  
Listen to me  
No more excuses, no more apathy  
This ain't no archipelago, no remote atoll

All my enemies, they just fall in love with me  
Keeping us distracted while the till gets robbed  
All our cries were cried  
Now there are no sides  
Try selling that one to an angry mob

Whoa  
J. Edgar Hoover wore a white mink stole  
His enemies are what made him whole  
Oh, what made him whole  
(His enemies are what made him whole)

Whoa  
A three-headed monster swallows Tokyo  
Her enemies are what make her whole  
(Her enemies are what make her whole)

Whoa  
(Our enemies are what make us whole)  
We're locked in a death grip and it's taking its toll  
When our enemies are what make us whole  
(Our enemies are what make us whole)

Whoa  
(Our enemies are what make us whole)  
No more excuses, no more apathy  
This ain't no archipelago, no remote atoll  
(Our enemies are what make us whole)  
(Our enemies are what make us whole)