

Fitz & Dizzyspells

Andrew Bird

Comes and goes
Like the fits and dizzyspells, like the weather
And it gloats
Like it knows whats going wrong, like its clever

Has a name, oh but the name goes unspoken
Where the veins oh are all twisted and broken.
Soldier on
Soldier on
Soldier on

Flaring to the whirr of the snack machine
Muted screams of an old regime
And then oh, something gets in
But nausea gets in
and we were all fast asleep
we were all so fast asleep

but you woke up, woke up from the strangest dream
that an old regime could ever know
would ever know, would ever know

Lava flows over crooks and cragged cliffs to the ocean
and explodes in a steam heat fevered cyclical motion
Has a name but the name goes unspoken
its in vain 'cause that language is broken
Cast your own
Cast your own
Soldier on
Soldier on
Soldier on