

## Idea of Swing

Andrew Bird

Some say April is the cruelist  
And though I can be quite morose  
The stiff who penned it on a fool's list of those who are chron  
ically verbose  
When your head starts craning back  
And your breath comes short and fast  
The music of the spheres start to bounce and sing  
That's when you know you're swinging  
When your eyes roll back into your head  
And the sap of the trees on your fingers have bled  
Swooning to the charms of Mephisto's waltz  
That's when you know you've got some schmaltz  
When you've got the evil eye and unconsciously growl  
Your hands start shaking and you crouch and prowl  
These terrifying symptoms are a sure-fire sign  
That you're pimpin baby and your feeling fine  
When you make love to whomever you please  
And a bullet to the head feels like a soft warm breeze  
Red suit green suit they're all there scheming  
That's when you know you're dreaming  
Yes you're dreaming , you are dreaming  
I hope you are dreaming