Birds Fly

They Might Be Giants

Birds fly into my windshield
Thoughts fall from my thoughts
This good luck charm hanging off my arm
Was left here by the police

Words fall out of my pockets
And cats dance under my feet
This colorful spell under which I live
Protects me from all I write

And the microscope reveals the scope
Of my very best intentions (best intentions)
Yes, the tiny light shines twice as bright
On the only nice part of me

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