

Andrew Bird, Banking On A Myth

There's one guy I'd like to thank
He signs the checks and leaves them blank
He's the one
He says you don't have to walk a plank
The game is rigged, go fig your
Slide show tanked
And your flagship sank
So we're taking all our myths to the bank
So just don't forget who to thank
We're taking our myths to the
Drinking a fifth to the
We're taking all our myths to the bank
If you could just do him this favor
Although it might involve child labor
Join his entourage
Give him a foot massage
From Star Search to the Philharmonic
He'll get you there with Hooked on Phonics
He's the one to know
Doesn't matter if you blow no no
In fact it's just the thing
He thinks we're needing
It's a lukewarm liquid diet
They're force feeding
When the words we use have lost their bite
Now they hit you like an imaginary pillow fight
But it's all right
Cause you're inside
And you're in tight
Deals in commodities of the abstract sort
Buys them in bulk but sells them short
Talent, genius, love even signs of affection
He floods the market there's no price protection
And when his master plan is unfurled
There stands a handsome bid on the weather systems of the world