

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, 11:11

Standing on the corner, plastic cup in her hand
Standing on the corner, saving for some gin
You don't need to ask where she's been or what's up
She'll gladly tell you about the life she had
Before she had the cup, standing by the window
Glass of milk in his hand
What could I have done, what could I have said?
Broken glass spilled milk lying on the floor looking dead
Window pain, cutting through the rain looks so easy
Frame by frame, looking for a name
To claim on a breezy afternoon and the ends coming soon
And the ends coming soon
So many people hold a cup
So many die drinking milk in front of a window
I once knew a woman who got in the way
Of the intentions of a windy day
Don't hold a cup in any season
Don't make me choose between rhyme or reason
Don't drink that milk in front of that window
You might as well blame it on the will that the wind chose