

# Headsoak

Andrew Bird

I was walking  
With my feet  
A disposition  
Fell over me

The armory wall was bleeding  
The restless child was reading

I was swimming  
Could hardly stand  
The swimming hour was at hand  
The fishes they were feeding  
The lambs they were bleating

I walk slowly  
When I walk away from you

I'm feeling bad  
I'm looking bad  
I feel and look so bad  
Some might say  
Yours truly is soaking his head

There's apprehension  
And inhibition  
All contributions  
To my attrition  
And it happened long ago  
These things these things  
That make me walk so darn slow