

The Privateers

Andrew Bird

Don't sell me anything
Your one time offer, so uncalled-for
You call it peace of mind

Cause I can see your house from here
Now all the leaves have fallen, dear
I can see you're just a little privateer
As your confession draws more near

Time and again, I find I'm listless
Or rather, fistless
In time, oh, that's what I find

So carry me to Mecca
With what you may divine
Take me with you, take me with you
Don't leave me behind

Oh cause I, I don't want your life insurance
Home, auto, health, flood, and fire insurance
Oh, just make, please make this basic inference
And speak of me in the present tense

Oh cause I, I can see your ships from here
Now all the weather's so bright and clear
I can see you're just a little profiteer
As your confession draws more near

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