

Lazy Projector

Andrew Bird

If memory serves us, then who owns the master

How do we know who's projecting this reel

And is it like gruel or like quick drying plaster

Tell me how long til the pain starts to kill

Is it like pirannahs on the problem

Are we not sure we don't know

You know history repeats itself

And time's a crooked bow

Come on, tell us something we don't know

Now whos the best boy and the casting director

And he edited, splicing your face from the scene

It's all in the hands of a lazy projector

That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine

That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine

They say all good things must come to an end

Every day the night must fall

How it all came to this

I simply can't recall

Too many cooks in the kitchen

How the mighty must fall

And I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all

Oh I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all

Oh I can't see the sense in us breaking up at all

Breaking up at all

And it's all in the hands of a lazy projector

That forgetting, embellishing, lying machine

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>