

Birdhouse In Your Soul

artist:They Might Be Giants , writer:John Flansburgh, John Linnell

I'm your only friend
I'm not your only friend
But I'm a little glowing friend
But really I'm not actually your friend
But I am

Blue canary in the outlet by the light switch
Who watches over you
Make a little birdhouse in your soul
Not to put too fine a point on it, say I'm the only bee in your bonnet
Make a little birdhouse in your soul

I have a secret to tell, from my e-lectrical well
Its a simple message and I'm leaving out the whistles and bells
So the room must listen to me
Filibuster vigilantly
My name is blue canary one note spelled L...I..T..E
My story's infinite
Like the longines symphonette it doesn't rest

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There's a picture opposite me of my primitive ancestry
Which stood on rocky shores and kept the beaches shipwreck free
Though I re-spect that a lot, I'd be fired if that were my job
After killing Jason off and countless screaming argonauts

Bluebird of friendliness, Like guardian angels its always near

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