

Andrew Bird, Left Handed Kisses (feat. Fiona Apple)

I don't believe everything happens for a reason

To us romantics out here, that amounts to high treason

I don't go in for your star-crossed lovers

In the heart of a skeptic there's a question that still hovers near

For it begs the question
How did I ever find you
Now you got me writing love songs
With a common refrain like this one here, baby

And all your left handed kisses
Were just prelude to another
Prelude to your backhanded love song, baby

But it begs a question
How did I ever find you
Drifting gently through the gyre
Of the great Sargasso sea, Atlantic Ocean
Got me writing love songs
With a common refrain like this one here

The point your song here misses
Is that if you really loved me
You'd risk more than a few 50 cent
Words in your backhanded love song

For it begs the question
How did I ever find you
Drifting gently through the gyre
Of the great Sargasso sea, Atlantic Ocean

The point your song here misses
You got me writing love songs
Is that you really love me
With a common refrain like this one here, baby
Is prelude to another of your backhanded love songs

Now it's time for a handsome little bookend
Now it's time to tie up all the loose ends
Am I still a skeptic or did you make me a believer?
If you hesitate, you'll hear the click of the receiver