XTC, My Bird Performs

Fine art never moved my soul No vintage wine designer clothes But my world shakes for me My bird sings sweetly A different kind of tinsel Decorates my tree Yes my bird performs A thousand Cheshire cats Grin inside of me Yes my bird performs There she goes Shakespeare's sonnets leave me cold The drama stage and the high brow prose But my world shakes for me My bird sings sweetly The brightest fireworks Are lighting up my sky Yes my bird performs The cage is open But she's no desire to fly 'Cause my bird performs There she goes And you keep saying what you got You keep saying what you got Look out!