

You used to call me on my I-phone,
 Where I have a snapshot of a little dead,
 tiny, yellow bird.
 Next to it, there is big clunk of spit.
 Who placed them on the concrete?
 Who moved them onto that, brown plate of metal?
 One would say 'hey! spit on that bird, that's so metal!
 I wouldn't bare to know what goes on in that person's I-phone,
 Am I being concrete?
 I'm trying to say I'd rather be caught dead
 Than to spit
 on that tiny yellow bird.
 On Geordie Shore, a guy would call a hot chick a 'bird'
 and I don't know if that's fresh or like rusty metal.
 Sometimes I would like to spit
 into my I-phone.
 d e a d - s t r a i g h t - d e a d ;
 drop it into wet concrete.
 I'm struggling to be concrete,
 Just look at me as a bird.
 I would be so simple and dead
 No one would have to think about yellow, shiny metal
 or updating my I-phone:
 I would gladly lay next to that little pond of spit.
 In Helsinki, I spit
 on the concrete.
 Somebody's I-phone
 captured a bird.
 Twisted in metal,
 left it lying there; forgot it was dead.
 I never saw anyone dead
 let alone washed in some spit,
 that fell from Finnish clouds like little flakes of Flax metal.
 Who couldn't capture the concrete
 at least I saw that lil' bird:
 now living in my I-phone.