

rit.

All my in-hi-bi-tions have been muzz-led and I think I know

Ad Lib.

22 Keep It Moving

why. I'm be-ing pulled in a new di-rec-

tion, but I think I like it. I think I like

it. I'm be-ing pulled in a new di-rec-tion. Through my

(The yellow bird perches on her hand. SHE sings to it.)

pain-ful pur-suit some-how bird-ies took root. All the

things I de-test-ed im-poss-ib-ly cute. God! What do I do pulled

(She breaks the bird's neck.)

PUGSLEY: "Wow. You got some real issues."

WEDNESDAY: "Fly away, little birdie."

(She gives it a little launch-toss and it falls, dead, into the pit.)

[GO ON]

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Mo-ther al-ways said "Be kind to stran-gers."