

Words and Music by John Linnell and John Flansburgh

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. 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 electrical well,
It's 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 spelt L-I-T-E.
My story's infinite,
Like the Longines Symphonette it doesn't rest.

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Who watches over you.
Make a little birdhouse in your soul.
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Make a little birdhouse in your soul.

There's a picture opposite me,
Of my primitive ancestry,
Which stood on rocky shores and
Kept the beaches shipwreck free.
Though I respect that a lot,
I'd be fired if that were my job,
I'd be killing Jason off and
Countless screaming Argonauts.
Blue bird of friendliness,
Like guardian angels, it's always near.

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.

While you're at it

Leave the nightlight on inside the 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

PART 1

Soul.

While you're at it

Leave the nightlight on inside the 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.

While you're at it

Leave the nightlight on inside the birdhouse in your soul.

PART 2

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,
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Make a little birdhouse in yourBlue 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.