

# David Byrne, Glass, Concrete & Stone

(David Byrne)

Now

I'm wakin' at the crack of dawn  
to send a little money home  
from here to the moon  
is risin' like a discotheque  
and now my bags are down and packed for traveling

Lookin' at happiness  
keepin' my flavor fresh  
nobody knows I guess  
how far I'll go, I know  
so I'm leavin' at Six O' Clock  
meet in a parkin' lot  
Harriet Hendershot  
sunglasses on, she waits by this

Glass and concrete and stone  
It is just a house, not a home.

Skin, that covers me from head to toe  
except a couple tiny holes and openings  
Where, the city's blowin' in and out  
this is what it's all about, delightfully

Everything's possible  
when you're an animal  
not inconceivable  
How things can change, I know

So I'm puttin' on aftershave  
nothin' is out of place  
gonna be on my way  
Try to pretend, it's not only

Glass and concrete and stone  
That it's just, not a home.  
And its glass and concrete and stone

It is just a house, not a home  
And my head is fifty feet high  
Let my body and soul be my guide