

# David Byrne, Poison

When time is tight. Huh? You can use it. Uh-huh.  
Gonna break this up. What? Before we lose it. Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

We just let things slide. All the way home.  
Over all these years. And nothing was done.  
Turn over once.  
Turn over twice.  
And now the clock has stopped  
For me and for you  
I'm not afraid  
Of bursting at the seams  
And there's nothing that we can do.

Gotta check these out (right) He don't like it Uh-huh.  
Got an empty head (huh?) And she can't stand it. Uh-huh uh-huh

We just let things slide. All the way home.  
Over all these years. And nothing was done.  
Get a hold of his hands  
Hold of this legs  
Hold on curly top  
Hold over blue  
Dragged through the dust  
What do I care?  
And there's nothing that we can do