

David Byrne, The Moment Of Conception

At the moment of conception
I could see someone approaching
Will you be my disco dancer?
I could use a little coaching
Will you be my secret lover?
Mother, Father, Sister, Brother too

I was born without a conscience
Full of freedom, full of nonsense
From the mountains to the beaches
Eat the apples, steal the peaches
Will you be this wild child's lady?
Will you carry me to safety?

Lock me up and take me home
I don't wanna be free
Goin' crazy - on my own
It's not where I wanna be

I behave without compassion
I see things I want to smash them
When I put our love in danger and treat you like a total stranger
I don't really want to hurt you
I would stop it if I could do

Blame my school and blame my parents
And the genes that I inherit
Blame it on my older sister for showing me her dirty pictures
Blame the TV and the movies
Blame the lawyers and the juries

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