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

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

At the moment of conception At the moment of conception