

David Byrne, Tiny Apocalypse

(David Byrne)

Raise up - shake them lazy bones
Read the T-shirt but still don't understand
Comin' home with a little apocalypse
It comes, now do you have time for this?

A 3-tone carpet and a Jackie Chan spear
Lookin' at a hairdo and a belly full of beer
Well I ain't no poet, ain't got no rhyme
Well I got me a car and I don't know how to drive

In the event of a pressure loss
All our lines are busy now
I will be laughing out loud anyhow

Ev'ryday, a little apocalypse
Lay down, lay down next to this
Lookin' at the body well I don't even know his name
Call me in this morning was a friend of mine

Well the wind so strong, it's blown us all around
Wind so strong, nobody settle down
Ev'ryday another apocalypse
Had a TV but I don't know how deep it is

Please read the print advisory
Would you like to go ahead?
Dancin' wherever she goes - Tippytoes

Rhetorical
Memorial
Invisible
Incredible
Unstoppable
Emotional
Illogical
Sensational

Little sister gotta take her medicine
Baby brother, gonna do it all again
Runnin' fast but cannot catch the bus
Funny feelin', this is part of us

And you must take your medicine
Getting better everyday
Good for a limited time - Feelin' fine

We will return your things to you
When it's time for you to leave
So quiet nobody knows - Tippytoes