

Talking Heads, Swamp

Now lemme tell you a story
The devil he has a plan
A bag a' bones in his pocket
Got anything you want
No dust and no rocks
The whole thing is over
All these beauties in solid motion
All those beauties, gonna swallow you up

Hi hi hi hi hi,
One time too many
Too far to go
I- We come to take you home

And when they split those atoms
It's hotter than the sun
Blood is a special substance
They gonna pray for that man

So wake up young lovers
The whole thing is over
Watch but touch monkeys
All that blood, gonna swallow you whole

Hi hi hi hi hi
What's that? Who's driving?
Where we goin'? Who knows?
I- We come to take you home

How many people do you think I am
Pretend I am somebody else
You can pretend I'm an old millionaire
A millionaire washing his hands
Rattle the bones, dreams that stick out
A medical chart on the wall
Soft violence and hands touch your throat
Ev'ryone wants to explode

And when your hands get dirty
Nobody knows you at all
Don't have a window to slip out of
Lights on, nobody home

Click click- see ya later
Beta beta- no time to rest
Pika pika- risky business
All that blood, will never cover that mess.

Hi hi hi hi hi
So soft hard feelings
What's that, who's driving
No tricks lets go
I- We come to take you home
I- We come to take you home
Hi hi hi hi hi
etc.