

They Might Be Giants, Lie Still, Little Bottle

Lie still, little bottle, and shake my shaky hand
Black coffee's not enough for me, I need a better friend
One pill at the bottom is singing my favorite song
I know I must investigate
I hope that I can sing along

There's no time for metaphors cried the little pill to me
He said, "Life is a placebo masquerading as a simile";*
Well, I knew that pill was lying
Too gregarious, too nice
But as he walked I had to sing this twice

Lie still, little bottle
Don't twist, it ain't twistin' time
With every move you make you just disintegrate my ever-troubled mind

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