

# David Byrne, Ex-Guru

She means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself every single day.  
She means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself every single day.

One of those blonde ladies had a certain hold on me.  
I went to all the seminars by the Airport in the Double Tree.  
I even let her use her nephew's sea plane in the Bahamas for free.

But she means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself that everyday:  
She means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself every single day.  
I'm quite convinced I escaped her sway.

I burned all my clothes with eucalyptus juice;  
Ripped out the floors and painted the platforms puce;  
And I went so far as to sacrifice a second snake to Zeus,

But she means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself that everyday:  
She means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself every single day.  
I'm still convinced I escaped her sway.

But when she wakes in the moonlight on her mesa in March,  
Does she kick up a thunderstorm  
When she thinks of my betrayal?  
I was in a dark place  
With little covered lights  
Now did she leave me,  
Or did I leave her?

She means nothing to me now.

I read all the books and I watched the DVD  
She said, "Get rid of all the things that you think you need."  
I gave away my record collection, I became a volunteer  
They went through my trash in the middle of the night  
I thought it was two racoons and my neighbor's dog having a fight  
I knew it was her when I saw her eyes in the flashlight

She means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself I'm quite OK.  
She means nothing to me now.  
I tell myself that every day.  
I tell myself, tell myself, tell myself, tell myself  
She means nothing to me now.  
I'm quite OK.  
I'm quite OK.