

David Byrne, Glass, Concrete, And Stone

Now

I'm wakin' at the crack of dawn
to send a little money home
from here to the moon
is risin' like a discotheque
and now my bags are down and packed for traveling

Lookin' at happiness
keepin' my flavor fresh
nobody knows I guess
how far I'll go, I know
so I'm leavin' at Six O' Clock
meet in a parkin' lot
Harriet Hendershot
sunglasses on, she waits by this

Glass and concrete and stone
It is just a house, not a home.

Skin, that covers me from head to toe
except a couple tiny holes and openings
Where, the city's blowin' in and out
this is what it's all about, delightfully

Everything's possible
when you're an animal
not inconceivable
How things can change, I know

So I'm puttin' on aftershave
nothin' is out of place
gonna be on my way
Try to pretend, it's not only

Glass and concrete and stone
That it's just a house, not a home.
And its glass and concrete and stone

It is just a house, not a home
And my head is fifty feet high
Let my body and soul be my guide