

Talking Heads, Pull Up The Roots

Hello again
Yes indeed my friend
I can tell
Goin' get together again
I could be right
I could be wrong
I feel nice when I sing this song
And I don't mind
Whatever happens is fine
Baby likes to keep on playing . . .
What do I know, what do I know?
Wilder than the place we live in . . .
I'll take you there, I'll take you there
I don't mind some slight disorder . . .
Pull up the roots pull up the roots
And I know ev'ry living creature . . .
Pull up the roots, pull up the roots

And I know you
I understand what you do
Yes, indeed
I put the hat on my head
Come outa your mess
Bring yourself in
I feel nice when I start to sing
And I can see
Ev'ryone else is like me

Towns that dissapeared completely . . .
Pull up the roost, pull up the roots
Miles and miles of endless highway . . .
Pull up the roost, pull up the roots
Colored lights and shiney curtains . . .
I'll take you there, I'll take you there
Ev'rything has been forgiven . . .
Pull up the roost, pull up the roots

Well I have a good time . . . when I go out of my mind
And it's a wonderful place . . . and I can't wait to be there
And I hear beautiful sounds . . . coming outa the ground
Gonna take us a while . . . but we'll go hundreds of times

Baby likes to keep on playing . . .
What d'you know? what d'you I know?
Wilder than the place we live in . . .
I'll take you there, I'll take you there
And I don't mind some slight disorder . . .
Pull up the roots pull up the roots
And no more time for talkin' it over . . .
Pull up the roots, pull up the roots

Well I have a good time . . . when I go out of my mind
And it's a wonderful place . . . and I can't wait to be there
And I hear beautiful sounds . . . coming outa the ground
Someone musta been high . . . but I guess it's alright