

They Might Be Giants, A Self Called Nowhere

I'm sitting on the curb
By the empty parking lot
Of the store where they let me play the organ
I'm waiting for my ride
But I want to wait inside
Of the store where they let me play the organ

But I'm thinking of a wooden chair
In a room at the top of a stair
And I'm looking down the stairwell
At the vanishing dot
On the map of the spot
Let me take you there
The dotted line
Surrounding the mind
Of a self called nowhere
It's a thing named "it";
In a bottomless pit
You can't see it there
The sunken head
That lies in the bed
Of a self called nowhere

Standing in my yard
Where they tore down the garage
To make room for the torn down garage
I'm looking for my car
But I must have sold my car
When I needed to buy an electric organ

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Nowhere

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