

They Might Be Giants, Cabbagetown

I was laying on the porch
As the bus drove by
Just talking to the dog
About thinking to myself
There are so many big ideas
We could talk about
But nothing that gets said
Gets us out of Cabbagetown

Oh, Cabbagetown
Oh, Cabbagetown
I will leave and I'll return
Oh, Cabbagetown

I talked to my old granddad
As he fell into the sea
He said time and tide are one thing
That no one understands
I talked to my uncle Jack
As he tried to talk to me
With a bottle in one hand
And another in the other*

Oh, Cabbagetown
Oh, Cabbagetown
I will leave and I'll return
Oh, Cabbagetown

Oh
Oh

Oh, Cabbagetown
Oh, Cabbagetown
I will leave and I'll return
Oh, Cabbagetown