

# They Might Be Giants, Certain People I Could Name

The few surviving samurai survey the battlefield  
Count the arms, the legs and heads and then divide by 5  
Drenched in blood they move across the screen  
Do I need to point or do you see the one I mean  
The one in back, the way he acts  
Is he reminding you of anyone we know  
Isn't he so like certain people I could name

Halfway through the thirty minutes  
Halfway round the world  
Here's the story on the genocidal overlord  
In the palace with her epilettes  
Watch her little gestures as she lights her cigarette  
Look at her, you must see it too  
Is she reminding you of anyone we know  
Isn't she so like certain people I could name

Disembodied and detached a voice describes the scene  
As a lizard stalks a helpless creature on TV  
Music underscores the tragedy  
Eyes with no expression watch the unsuspecting prey  
Who is it like, doesn't it strike  
You as the very image of someone we know  
Isn't it so like certain people--how could anybody miss  
The obvious and the uncanny and the clear resemblance  
Isn't it just like certain people I could name