

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