

They Might Be Giants, Contrecoup

You know what's wrong with me
You know phrenology
You saw my injury
You can tell just by looking at my skull

Countercoup, on the rebound
Countercoup hurt me again
And the second was worse by far than the first
'Cause it made my limerent

When my head was hit
I bounced away from it
Or as someone who is craniosophic would say
The brain went the opposite way

Countercoup, on the rebound
Countercoup hurt me again
And the second was worse by far than the first
'Cause the first one woke my feelings for you
But the countercoup made my words untrue
And it left me limerent

Which is to say how it goes
Couched in terms no one knows
And as if the choice were slim
As if there's no synonym

You know what's wrong with me
You know phrenology
You saw my injury
You can tell just by looking at my skull

Countercoup, on the rebound
Countercoup hurt me again
And the second was worse by far than the first
Though the impulse is strong the connection is weak
And I know what to say but forgot how to speak
When it made me limerent