

# They Might Be Giants, Fibber Island

Here on fibber island  
We strum rubber guitars  
Our friends live on mars  
And we sew buttons on our cars

Here on fibber island  
Our house is made of pie  
Our dog is two miles wide  
And all he talks about is pie

Here on fibber island  
We swim on the ground  
Wheels are square not round  
We eat chocolate by the pound

Here on fibber island (here on fibber island)  
No one sings along (no one sings along)  
We just ride giraffes (we just ride giraffes)  
And wear bicycles for hats (and wear bicycles for hats)

To get to fibber island  
You just close your eyes  
Start fibbing in your mind  
And see what you can find

Here on fibber island  
We hide mittens in our hair  
You might need to stare  
To see the mittens in our hair

Come to fibber island  
And strum rubber guitars  
Meet our friends from mars  
And sew buttons on our cars