

They Might Be Giants, Four Of Two

Underneath a big clock at the corner of 5th Avenue and 22nd Street
I stood and waited for a girl I knew at the spot where we agreed to meet
It was four minutes of two

At four of two, I stood waiting for the girl
I was four minutes early for the date we had planned
I was planning to say I was in love with her
Just as soon as she showed for a two o'clock date
And the clock said four of two

At four of two, I was staring into space
She was not yet late, according to the clock
I was feeling nervous so I kept looking up
At the clock sticking out of the side of the building
And it still said four of two

At four of two, I began to feel tired
And I rubbed my eyes, and again I checked the time
It seemed as if the sky was growing dark...
But I felt reassured when I looked at the clock
And it still said four of two

I lay my head down on the sidewalk so in case she were coming I would have a better view
But no one was there so I stretched out and closed my eyes for a second or two
It was four minutes of two

At once I awoke to a futuristic world
There were flying cars and gigantic metal bugs
I'd grown a beard; it was long and white
But I knew that the girl would be coming very soon
For though everything had changed, there was still that clock
And it still said four of two