

They Might Be Giants, Homunculus

Homunculus is by your side
Ungrateful now and he's losing your trust
Your old star map, a disco nap,
And when you change you can't always change back

Your headliner blues got 'em crying
It stuck in your head and now you're crying
The tiny fake tears that you cry

Your slender grasp
Mobius strip
The shiny things that you wanted to clip
You took a sip and lost your place
Three mini windows shining back in your face

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