

They Might Be Giants, House Of Mayors

They are crowding the stage of these hallowed confines
Representing the parties
In here are enshrined the one hundred-odd figures of men
Wearing suits, who in sum
Constitute the assembly of the House of Mayors

Stacked in columns and rows
Dressed in period clothes
Near a wig, a pince-nez affixed to a nose
And the full complement's in attendance at the House of Mayors
(House of Mayors)
House of Mayors
(House of Mayors)
House of Mayors
(House of Mayors)
House of Mayors
(House of Mayors)
House of Mayors

And they're all up there, on the stage
And we're introduced to them all
And they're all still standing up there
When the last tour exits the hall
The effect is so real
That it's chilling to watch
As the creaking automatons all lurch
Into action, and act out historical deeds
And make speeches, sign legislation
And turn their heads and blink their eyes
Though the room has a faintly musty smell
You forget where you are, you are under their spell
And the spell that was cast was the ballot for the House of Mayors

George Finby!
Alexander Whigmore!
Patrick O'Barr!
Conrad Spectacle!
Carl Van Krieg!
Antonio Botton!

They are all still standing in there
In the dark in there, in the night
Similarity lurks under styles of moustache
These anemic, loyal, ???
With a woman attending in fashion
In fashion; if some other face
Looked too much out of place
Would it spoil it for everyone else?

Some express disappointment when leaving the hall
Some feel cheated or mad--bear in mind, one and all
The next act of the show is an infinite row
Of unoccupied chairs, in a big room upstairs
In the House Of The Yet-To-Be Mayors