

They Might Be Giants, I'll Sink Manhattan

I'll sink Manhattan
Right under the sea
I'll find the sweetest spot to watch
As it goes away

You were so happy
With the things that you said
Like, "He's my lower half," you laughed
But you're going to cry

A river of tiny tears flow from your crocodile eyes
Too late to apologize, I say, as flood waters rise

I'll sink Manhattan
I'll sacrifice friends
I think they'd understand my plan
I'll never be sure

I've got a message
So before I get through
I'll find your answering machine
And I'll sink it first

Burn your forget-me-nots
Admit that true love can die
No, I won't apologize, my love, just kiss me goodbye