

# They Might Be Giants, Inside The Puppet Head

As your body floats down Third Street  
With the burn-smell factory closing up  
Yes it's sad to say you will romanticize  
All the things you've known before  
It was not not not so great  
It was not not not so great  
And as you take a bath in that beaten path  
There's a pounding at the door  
Well It's a mighty zombie talking of some love and posterity  
He says "The good old days never say good-bye  
If you keep this in your mind:  
You need some lo-lo-loving arms  
You need some lo-lo-loving arms"  
And as you fall from grace the only words you say are

Put your hand inside the puppet head  
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Ads up in the subway are the work of someone  
Trying to please their boss  
And though the guy's a pig we all know what he wants  
Is just to please somebody else  
If the pu-pu-puppet head  
Was only bu-bu-busted in  
It would be a better thing for everyone involved  
And we wouldn't have to cry

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Memo to myself: do the dumb things I gotta do  
Touch the puppet head

Quit my job down at the carwash  
Didn't have to write no-one a good-bye note  
That said, "The check's in the mail, and  
I'll see you in church, and don't you ever change"  
If the pu-pu-puppet head  
Was only bu-bu-busted in  
I'll see you after school

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