

They Might Be Giants, Microphone

I keep talking to the microphone
The microphone, the microphone
But it's like talking to a wall of brick
It makes me sick, it makes me sick

And tired of trying to tell the microphone
It doesn't seem to know
That it's owned
It doesn't know it's owned
It doesn't know

A voice is speaking from beyond the grave
From in a cave, beyond the grave
The turning wheels of a cassette machine
Will reenact the buried fact

The dog who hears it cannot understand
His master's turned to sand
And he's free
He doesn't see he's free
He doesn't see