

# 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