

They Might Be Giants, Museum Of Idiots

They built this whole neighborhood out of wood, out of wood.
I guess I'll still be around when they burn, burn it down.
I will be standing around when they burn it down.
Here in the Museum of Idiots.

Honey, I'm there when you need me, please believe me, please believe me.
I'll still be right where you left me, if you manage to forget me.
Where we met is where you may forget.
Here in the Museum of Idiots.

If you and I had any brains, we wouldn't be in this place.

Chop me up into pieces if it pleases, if it pleases.
And when the chopping is through, every piece will say, "I love you."
Every piece of me will say "I love you."
Here in the Museum of Idiots.

Every piece of me will say "I love you, you you"
Here in the Museum of Idiots.