

They Might Be Giants, Nightgown Of The Sullen Moon

Fell in the door
And you fell on the floor
With your hand on the knob
Looking up and abruptly
Forget what you're thinking
Fire alarms go off in your head
You live

In the nightgown of the sullen moon
How the windows lean into the room
In the nightgown of the sullen moon

Drug trip, it's not a drug trip so you feel a bit insulted
Space walk, it's like a space walk with the corresponding weight loss
And you're nothing but air, with your hand in the air
And your shoelaces tied up together with care
There's a feeling of boredom
Of the big whoredom
Following dressing up

In the nightgown of the sullen moon
How the windows lean into the room
In the nightgown of the sullen moon

In the nightgown of the sullen moon
How the windows lean into the room
In the nightgown of the sullen moon

Your head is on the moon
It's not necessary to breathe
Forever is a long time
Your head is on the moon
It's not necessary to breathe
Forever is a long time
Your head is on the moon
Your head is on the moon