

# 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