

# They Might Be Giants, No One Knows My Plan

In my prison cell I think these words  
I was careless  
I can see that now  
I must be silent  
Must contain my secret smile  
I want to tell you  
you my mirror  
you my iron bars

When I made a shadow on my window shade  
They called the police and testified  
But they're like the people chained up in the cave  
In the allegory of the people in the cave by the Greek guy

No one understands  
No one knows my plan  
Why the dancing, shouting  
Why the shrieks of pain  
The lovely music  
Why the smell of burning autumn leaves

No one understands  
No one knows my plan  
Why the dancing, shouting  
Why the shrieks of pain  
The lovely music  
Why the smell of burning autumn leaves

In my prison cell I bide my time  
Always thinking  
Always busy cooking up an angle  
Working on the tiny blueprint of the angle  
Sketching out the burning autumn leaves

No one understands  
No one knows my plan  
I must be silent, must contain my secret smile  
I want to tell you  
you my mirror  
you my iron bars

No one understands  
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