

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
No one knows my plan