

They Might Be Giants, O, Do Not Forsake Me

O, do not forsake me, my indolent friends
O, do not forsake me though you know I must spend
All my darkest hours talking like this
For I am one thousand years old

One thousand years old
Sure, you think that's old
One thousand years old
But what do you know?
In my darkest hour I'm talking like this
For I am one thousand years old

Oh, some have forgotten the flower of speech
And walks through the garden where I go to defend
Misbegotten notions while talking like this
For I am one thousand years old

One thousand years old
Sure, I'd say that's old
One thousand years old
But what do I know?
In your darkest hour, my indolent friends
We'll be one thousand years old