They Might Be Giants, On The Drag

You're only happy when you're sad You're top fueled and you're bad Parachute in your back pack and Your knees under your chin And your boyfriend's getting mad At all the time you waste Trying to put your finger on it The allure of St. Marks place

On the drag, on the drag You're all waiting 'round for something And it's never coming back On the drag, on the drag It's a genuine disaster And it's come to make you king On the drag

"I won't die until I'm dead," Are the first words that he said Don't try to interrupt him, 'Cause he's never gonna stop And the time is standing still With all this time to kill And I'm trying to walk away From 1st Avenue to A

On the drag, on the drag It's a genuine disaster And we've crowned him with his crown On the drag, on the drag We're all waiting 'round for something And it's never coming back On the drag, on the drag We're all waiting 'round for something And it's never coming back

On the drag, on the drag We're all waiting for disaster And we crowned him with his crown On the drag