

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