

They Might Be Giants, Put Your Hand Inside The

As your body floats down Third Street
With the burn-smell factory closing up
Yes it's sad to say you will romanticize
All the things you've known before
It was not not not so great
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And as you take a bath in that beaten path
There's a pounding at the door
Well It's a mighty zombie talking of some love and posterity
He says "The good old days never say good-bye
If you keep this in your mind:
You need some lo-lo-loving arms
You need some lo-lo-loving arms"
And as you fall from grace the only words you say are

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Ads up in the subway are the work of someone
Trying to please their boss
And though the guy's a pig we all know what he wants
Is just to please somebody else
If the pu-pu-puppet head
Was only bu-bu-busted in
It would be a better thing for everyone involved
And we wouldn't have to cry

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Memo to myself: do the dumb things I gotta do
Touch the puppet head

Quit my job down at the carwash
Didn't have to write no-one a good-bye note
That said, "The check's in the mail, and
I'll see you in church, and don't you ever change"
If the pu-pu-puppet head
Was only bu-bu-busted in
I'll see you after school

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