

They Might Be Giants, Renew My Subscription

Though I don't write a whole lot of letters
I figured I'd better say something now
I saw the thing about the heartsick shut-in
Thought that I should cut in
And tell you 'bout how

It woke me from a life-long day dream
While I'd been aging you wrote it all down
And though I recognized the words when I read them
I know I never said them to people out loud

Renew my subscription
To "Desperate Bellowing Magazine";
It sure does have a familiar ring
You might say I fit the description
Renew my subscription
To "Miserable Freak Show Quarterly";
Every back-number I saw spoke to me
Acknowledging it's my addiction
Renew my subscription

I wanna be a much better person
Instead I worsen with every day
But there's a drug whose name I'm not sure of
Which I need more of to feel okay

They told me exercise and diet
If I would try it, would cure my ills
But though I'm already past my quota
I want another load o' those magic pills

Refill my prescription
To whatever that thing is
That makes the carpet stop turning into snakes
In lieu of my coming conniption
Refill my prescription
And free me from where I don't want to be
Standing outside the unopened pharmacy
Before I confirm your prediction
Refill my prescription