

# They Might Be Giants, Stalk Of Wheat

I went for a walk on a stalk, on a stalk of wheat  
And it felt like a trillion feet  
I was looking for a friend at the end, at the end of the line  
And it took me till the end of time

I was all out of luck like a duck, like a duck that died  
I was all out of juice like a moose, like a moose denied  
I was all out of money like a bunny that's broke  
I was all out of work like a jerk who's a joke  
And I was out of ideas, like I is, like I is,  
Like I is, like I is, I was out of ideas...of ideas

I once had a dream of a gleam, of a gleam in my eye  
And I'll have it till the day I die  
I had a thought bubble of trouble, of trouble and strife  
And I'll have it for the rest of my life

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