They Might Be Giants, The Edison Museum (Ano

The Edison Museum, not open to the public
Its haunted towers rise into the clouds above it
Folks drive in from out of town to gaze in amazement when they see it
Just outside the gate, I look into the courtyard
Underneath the gathering thunderstorm
Through the iron bars, I see the Black Mariah
Revolving slowly on its platform
In the topmost tower, a light burns dim
A coiling filament glowing within

The Edison Museum, once a bustling factory,
Today's but a darkened cobweb-covered hive of industry
The tallest, widest, and most famous
Haunted mansion in New Jersey

Behind a wooden door, the voice of Thomas Alva
Recites a poem on a phonograph
Ghosts float up the stair
Like silent moving pictures
The loyal phantoms of his in-house staff
A wondrous place it is, there can be no doubt
But no one ever goes in
And no one ever goes out

So when your children quarrel, and nothing seems to quell them
Just tell them that you'll take them to the Edison Museum
The largest independently owned and operated
Mausoleum