

# They Might Be Giants, Until My Head Falls Off

There were 87 Advil in the bottle now there's 30 left  
I ate 47 so what happened to the other 10?  
Why do you suspiciously change the subject and break my concentration  
As I dump the bottle out and I count the Advil up again?  
Don't interrupt me as I struggle to complete this thought  
Have some respect for someone more forgetful than yourself  
And I'm not done  
And I won't be till my head falls off  
Hitting every pocket on my shirt, pants and overcoat  
And I'm hitting them again but I don't know where I put my notes  
Clearing my throat, and gripping the lectern I smile and face my audience  
Clearing his throat and smiling with his hands on the bathroom sink  
And when I lean my head against the frosted shower stall  
I see stuff through the glass that I don't recognize at all  
And I'm not done  
And I won't be till my head falls off  
Though it may not be a long way off  
I'm not done talking yet  
I'm not done talking yet  
And when I lean my head against the frosted shower stall  
I see a broken figure silhouetted on the wall  
And I'm not done  
And I won't be till my head falls off  
Though it may not be a long way off  
I won't be done until my head falls off