

# They Might Be Giants, You'll Miss Me

You'll always miss my big old body  
In its prime and never shoddy,  
While bloodhounds wait down in the lobby you'll eulogize my big old body

You'll miss me with effigies  
Lighting up your house like Xmas trees  
As tears roll down below your knees  
You'll miss me with effigies

Go find a man to fit my shoes  
Left one's old and the right one's new  
And I bought the right one just for you  
Go find a man to fit my shoes

You'll see my teeth in the stars above  
Every tree a finger of my glove  
And every time push comes to shove  
You'll see my teeth in the stars above

Your money talks but my genius walks  
Morticians wait with a shovel and a fork  
As detectives trace my hands with chalk  
Your money talks but my genius walks

You'll miss me so  
You will miss me  
It must be raining because a man ain't supposed to cry  
But I look up and I don't see a cloud