

I Feel My Stuff

David Byrne

I think I waited too long
I'm moving into the dollhouse
Some days we exercise, some days we harmonize
Look away, look away, look away, aw yeahEmily said she'd suddenly waken
Look at that guy with the government coupon
Yoo hoo, ay, yoo hoo
Gonna get youJapanese chairs in somebody's concert
Telephone bills on the company paycheck
Who knew? Who knew?
I doDa, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da da
Da, da da, da da, da
Last nights dance on a bumpy road
(Da, da da, da da, da)
I won't go out in the cold
(Da, da da, da da, da)Lebanese Chinese in my school
(Da, da da, da da, da)
Imagine who can make you cool
(Da, da da, da da, da)
Who's gonna pay for this call?
(Da, da da, da da, da)The cheapest dog, the hottest sun
The fiercest cat and the meanest gun
You got to hold the peelings in your hands
BabyIt's a safety belt, it's a Christian crime
A rocket ship, it's a joke of mine
I took away the day that I'd be gone
ShootLebanese take their sailors home
(Da, da da, da da, da)
The broken stuff in the outer wall
(Da, da da, da da, da)
I'm sticking out in the road
(Da, da da, da da, da)Memorize toilets
(Da, da da, da da, da)
Chang Mai School

(Da, da da, da da, da)
I liked my song but I lost my cool
(Da, da da, da da, da)

I need my laser, don't movePut him in the ground where the Duchess grows
Where the word is true
And the girls are strong
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it
Going byTake another life of a wretched soul
When they get too high and the bushes grow
They rope it, squeeze it, push it
Side to sideThe chicken shack, the rising sun
The written word in a foreign tongue
You got to hold it all before it drops
BabyIt's a little bit, it's a lot inside
It's a bigger thing than you can hide
I took away the parts
That need controllingHooligans jump in the budget sign
In the tropic zone when the fix is fine
Gonna chase it, place it, face it
With my eyeA stinky little bird in a dirty tree
Gonna figure out, it's your lucky day
If ya smell it, sell it
Tell it to my earLowered in the ground where the Duchess grows
Where the word is true and the girls are strong
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it
Going byTake another life from a wretched soul
If they get too high and the bushes grow
And they rope it, squeeze it, push it
Side to sideI'm sayin' that feel my stuff, I get enough
I come back to be stronger
And I feel my stuff, I changed my luck
I come back to be strongerI'm sayin' I rule my stuff, I get enough
I come back to be stronger
And I feel my stuff, I changed my luck
I come back to be stronger

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