

No One Knows My Plan

They Might Be Giants

In my prison cell, I think these words
I was careless, I can see that now
I must be silent, must contain my secret smile
I want to tell you, you my mirror, you my iron bars
When I made a shadow on my window shade
They called the police and testified
But they're like the people chained up in the cave
In the allegory of the people in the cave by the Greek guy
No one understands, no one knows my plan
Why the dancing, shouting
Why the shrieks of pain, the lovely music
Why the smell of burning autumn leaves
No one understands, no one knows my plan
Why the dancing, shouting
Why the shrieks of pain, the lovely music
Why the smell of burning autumn leaves
In my prison cell I bide my time
Always thinking, always busy cooking up an angle
Working on the tiny blueprint of the angle
Sketching out the burning autumn leaves
No one understands, no one knows my plan
I must be silent, must contain my secret smile
I want to tell you, you my mirror, you my iron bars
No one understands, no one knows my plan

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