

# Answer

## They Might Be Giants

Year after year,  
though every dream of a pony would end in tears,  
the cake was lit and as you blew the candles out,  
your heart refilled,  
and every year,  
your dream was killed.  
It may take an ocean of whiskey and time to wash all the letdown out of your mind,  
and this may not be the thing you requested,  
but I am the answer to all your prayers.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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