

Making Flippy Floppy

Talking Heads

Everybody, get in line Nothing can come between us
Nothing gets you down
Nothing strikes your fancy
Nothing turns you on Somebody is waiting in the hallway
Somebody is falling down the stairs
Set someone free, break someone's heart
Stand up, help us out Everything is divided
Nothing is complete
Everything looks impressive
And do not be deceived You don't have to wait for more instructions
No one makes a monkey out of me
We lie on our backs, feet in the air
Rest and relaxation, rocket to my brain Snap into position
Bounce till you ache
You step out of line and
And you end up in jail Bring me a doctor
I have a hole in my head
But they are just people
And I'm not afraid Doctor, doctor
We have nothing in our pockets
We continue
But we have nothing left to offer Faces pressed against the window
Hey, they are just my friends
Check this out, don't be so slick
Break our backs, it goes like this We are born without eyesight
We are born without sin
And our mama protects us
From the cold and the rain We're in no hurry
Sugar and spice
We sing in the darkness
And we open our eyes, open up Oh, I can't believe it
When people are strange
Our president's crazy
Did you hear what he said? Business to pleasure
Lie right to your face
Divide it in sections
And then give it away Well there are no big secrets
And don't believe what you read
We have great big bodies

We got great big headsRun, run, run, run it all together
Check it out, still don't make no sense
Makin' flippy floppy, tryin' to do my best
Lock the door, we kill the beast, kill it

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