

Stalk of Wheat (New York)

They Might Be Giants

I went for a walk on a stalk, on a stalk of wheat
And it felt like a trillion feet
I was looking for a friend at the end, at the end of the line
And it took me till the end of time I was all out of luck like a duck, like a duck that died
I was all out of juice like a moose, like a moose denied
I was all out of money like a bunny that's broke
I was all out of work like a jerk who's a joke
And I was out of ideas, like I is, like I is,
Like I is, like I is, I was out of ideas...of ideas I once had a dream of a gleam, of a gleam in my eye
And I'll have it till the day I die
I had a thought bubble of trouble, of trouble and strife
And I'll have it for the rest of my life I was all out of luck like a duck, like a duck that died
I was all out of juice like a moose, like a moose denied
I was all out of money like a bunny that's broke
I was all out of work like a jerk who's a joke
And I was out of ideas like I is, like I is,
Like I is, like I is, I was out of ideas, of ideas, of ideas, of ideas

Songwriters

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