

Till My Head Falls Off

They Might Be Giants

There were 87 Advil in the bottle now there's 30 left

I ate 47 so what happened to the other 10?

Why do you suspiciously change the subject and break my concentration

As I dump the bottle out and I count the Advil up again? Don't interrupt me as I struggle to complete this thought

Have some respect for someone more forgetful than yourself And I'm not done

And I won't be till my head falls off Hitting every pocket on my shirt, pants and overcoat

And I'm hitting them again but I don't know where I put my notes

Clearing my throat and gripping the lectern I smile and face my audience

Clearing his throat and smiling with his hands on the bathroom sink And when I lean my head against the frosted shower stall

I see stuff through the glass that I don't recognize at all And I'm not done

And I won't be till my head falls off

Though it may not be a long way off I'm not done talking yet

I'm not done talking yet And when I lean my head against the frosted shower stall

I see a broken figure silhouetted on the wall And I'm not done

And I won't be till my head falls off

Though it may not be a long way off

I won't be done until my head falls off

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