

See The Constellation

They Might Be Giants

I lay my head on the railroad track
Stare at the sky all painted up
Your train is gone, wont be coming back
See the constellation ride across the sky
No cigar, no lady on his arm
Just a guy made of dots and lines
Just a guy made of dots and lines
Two years ago moved from my town
I was looking up past the city lights
But the city lights got in my way
See the constellation ride across the sky
No cigar, no lady on his arm
Just a guy made of dots and lines
Just a guy made of dots and lines
I found my mind on the ground below
I was looking down, it was looking back
I was in the sky all dressed in black
See the constellation ride across the sky
No cigar, no lady on his arm
Just a guy made of dots and lines
Just a guy made of dots and lines
Just a guy made of dots and lines
Can you hear what I see in the sky?
Can you hear what I see in the sky?
Can you hear what I see in the sky?

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