

Song for Dan Treacy

MGMT

He spends his time or maybe half of his time
Or part of the time wandering
'Round the creeks and cobble stones
Of hackney lanes With a tear in his eye
As the children walk by, he's thinking of a song
Then stops to paint a picture of a frown
Walking around Dan Treacy's smile, leaves you trying
To decide who's the victim, what's the crime?
No rest for the mind
That's seen it all before And I don't know where he lives
But he's a myth of a man
And Texas Bob the cameraman
Is off to fix his sit before the show
Yeah, but where did he go? To know when your time's up
You flip the glass and watch the hours quickening
In the back of the station
Fluorescent lights about to quit their flickering Well, he speaks his mind
He says, "What is crime?" Dan Treacy's eyes
Stop in the middle of the park
When the underground is dark
He's a poet, he's a lark He starts thinking about a place that no one knows
And when the creeks run dry, he stays frozen in time
Strange lights in the sky, start blinking
I can see the car outside but he's listening
He's listening, he's listening And he's making up his mind
He made his mind up
To get things done and overcome
He made his mind up
Yeah, he's gonna let it go He made his mind up
In the park and at the station
He made his mind up
Yeah, he's gonna get it done He made his mind up
Yeah, he's gonna get it done
He made his mind up
Yeah, he's gonna let it go No matter the time
When the creeps run by, oh, no
He's making his mind up
Yeah, he's gonna get it done Yeah, when the creeks run dry
Yeah, he's gonna listen to his soul

Yeah, when the creeps walk by
"Come here, boy, look me in the eye"
Bow to the heart, back to the beat of Dan Treacy

Lyrics provided by
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