Rhythm Section Want Ad

They Might Be Giants

In a world we call our home there's lots of room to roam
Plenty of time to turn mistakes into rhyme
There's a place for those who love their poetry
It's just across from the sign that says, "Pros only"So if you like a band with a chick singer,
Say your cup of tea is a wall of trombones
If you dig Menudo, or M-D-C we salute you the way we know
For every one with dollar signs in his eyes
There must be hundreds who look at you as if you're some kind of
Rhythm section want ad
No others need apply to the rhythm section want ad
I'll tell you whyHats off to the new age hairstyle made of bones
Hats off to the use of hats as megaphones
Speak softly, drive a Sherman tank
Laugh hard, it's a long way to the bankDo you sing like Olive Oyl on purpose
You guys must be into the Eurythmics
For every one with dollar signs in his eyes
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Songwriters
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