

O, Do Not Forsake Me

They Might Be Giants

O, do not forsake me, my indolent friends
O, do not forsake me though you know I must spend
All my darkest hours talking like this
For I am one thousand years old
One thousand years old Sure, you think that's old
One thousand years old
But what do you know?
In my darkest hour I'm talking like this
For I am one thousand years old Oh, some have forgotten a flower of speech
And walks through the garden where I go to defend
Misbegotten notions while talking like this
For I am one thousand years old One thousand years old
Sure, I'd say that's old
One thousand years old
But what do I know?
In your darkest hour, my indolent friends
We'll be one thousand years old

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