

Dark and Metric

They Might Be Giants

No taxi could take you,
No trains rolling by,
No bicycle shop,
No planes in the sky.
Planes in the sky. Not a night spent in jail,
Parrot on my arm,
Not a man of the world,
No patch on my eye.
Patch on my eye. Dark and metric is my town,
Every day and night.
Just because you're floating
Doesn't mean you haven't drowned... No spoiler, no windscoop,
No mag wheels in back,
No hydraulic shocks,
No privacy glass.
Privacy glass.

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