

Bangs

They Might Be Giants

Bangs

Above your eyes your hair hangs
Blow my mind your royal flyness
I dig your bangsBangs
To drape across your forehead
To swing concordant angles
As you incline your headOnce with a girl I fell in love
Sometime ago now she hadBangs
Are that on which the world hangs
Im only holding your hand
So I can look at your bangsBangs
Are like a pocket T-shirt
As casual as that while
Fully intentionalAnd in case you think
Im here 'cause I like making chit chat
Just remember what I said
The moneys under your hatBangs
Are that on which the world hangs
Im only holding your hand
So I can look at your bangsBangs
Above your eyes your hair hangs
Blow my mind your royal flyness
I dig your bangsBangs
To drape across your forehead
To swing concordant angles
As you incline your headAnd although I liked you anyway
Check out your haircut
A proscenium to stage a face
That needs no makeupBangs
Are that on which the world hangs
Im only holding your hand
So I can look at your bangs
Im only holding your hand
So I can look at your bangs

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