

Glass, Concrete and Stone

David Byrne

Now, I'm wakin' at the crack of dawn
To send a little money home from here to the moon
Is risin' like a discotheque
And now my bags are down and packed for traveling Lookin' at happiness, keepin' my flavor fresh
Nobody knows I guess, how far I'll go, I know
So I'm leavin' at six O' clock, meet in a parkin' lot
Harriet Hendershot, sunglasses on, she waits by this Glass and concrete and stone
It is just a house, not a home Skin that covers me from head to toe
Except a couple tiny holes and openings
Where the city's blowin' in and out
And this is what it's all about, delightfully Everything's possible when you're an animal
Not inconceivable, how things can change, I know
So I'm puttin' on aftershave, nothing is out of place
Gonna be on my way, try to pretend, it's not only Glass and concrete and stone
And it's just a house, not a home And it's glass and concrete and stone
It is just a house, not a home
And my head is fifty feet high
Let my body and soul be my guide

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