

# See the Constellation

## They Might Be Giants

I lay my head on the railroad track  
Stare at the sky all painted up  
Your train is gone, won't be coming back  
See the constellation ride across the sky  
No cigar, no lady on his arm  
Just a guy made of dots and lines  
Just a guy made of dots and lines  
Two years ago moved from my town  
I was looking up past the city lights  
But the city lights got in my way  
See the constellation ride across the sky  
No cigar, no lady on his arm  
Just a guy made of dots and lines  
Just a guy made of dots and lines  
I found my mind on the ground below  
I was looking down, it was looking back  
I was in the sky all dressed in black  
See the constellation ride across the sky  
No cigar, no lady on his arm  
Just a guy made of dots and lines  
Just a guy made of dots and lines  
Just a guy made of dots and lines  
Can you hear what I see in the sky?  
Can you hear what I see in the sky?  
Can you hear what I see in the sky?

Songwriters

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