

Circular Karate Chop

They Might Be Giants

Never took a class before in
Self defense
Never looked at you before with
Common sense

Gird myself for a short sharp shock
Trace myself in sidewalk chalk
I'll shut my mouth, you do the talking

You're so proud of your circular karate chop
Afternoons in the mirror doing pop and lock
From the junk shop to the truck stop to the big big top

Detention hall, name on the wall and
Locker dent
Never mind the withered words of
Encouragement Pulling off my anorak
Dumping out my black backpack
Take what you like I'll keep on walking

You're so proud of your circular karate chop
Afternoons in the mirror doing pop and lock
From the junk shop to the truck stop to the big big top

You're still bragging about your telescoping roundhouse kick
You're still looking for your
Commodore's old control stick
So myopic, stay on topic
And this world is sick

Three rules from your sensei
One, Outsource your feelings.
Two, Limit your training to be task-specific.
Three, Assign regret to those accountable.

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