

Sold My Mind to the Kremlin

They Might Be Giants

With no place in the processional
And no seats in the convention hall
I sold my mind to the Kremlin
On the 4th of July.
I was wearing a Yoda mask
You were talking like Lou Ferigno
A hat made of paper
A vest made of ugly
An intercom with just one button
'This bag is almost empty'
That was your sole communication
From unimproved roads on the 4th of July
Fishing holes don't exist
And country music with all those lists
Of things from yesterday you can no longer get
Let's talk about Patti Hearst,
Skeletor, and Charles Manson
Reagan closed the hospitals for the mentally ill
Train stations filled up with the mentally ill
And I'm singing into a tape recorder
Trapped in this thing that I can't get away from
'This bag is almost empty'
That was your sole communication
From unimproved roads on the 4th of July
No place in the processional
And no seats in the convention hall
I sold my mind to the Kremlin
On the 4th of July
No place in the processional
And no seats in the convention hall
I sold my mind to the Kremlin
On the 4th of July

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.