

David Byrne "A Self Made Man"

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We're living in a dump
Trying to figure out what sex we are
Exchanging chromosomes
Trying to bargain for a better future
Well I'll trade you my potential mental illness
For your bad teeth
How 'bout trading your sexy body for a full head of hair
Well we can't predict the future
But we're trying to do the best that we can
My cards are on the table
I'm gambling everything that I am
And some of us are hoping
To end up with a perfect life
I'll trade you everything that I got
For the chance to be someone else
But what you see is what you get
And what you give is what you choose
And what I am
What you see
Is exactly what I chose to be

Now we got a black market
Black market in designer genes
Most beautiful, most intelligent criminals you've ever
seen

Now you're paying top dollar
For what you used to get for free
They'll stun you with their looks
And charm you with effortless ease

They've taken everything from you
The way you walk
The way you smile
The sound of your voice
Don't even know who you are
Who are you now?
Who are you now?

I'm a self made man, I'm a self-made man
I'm a self-made man (I got nothing left to give)
I'm a self-made man (I got nothing left to lose)

On down the hallway
The freaks are waiting for you
Somebody calls me
The freaks are waiting for you
And the clown will laugh in your face
Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho
The clown will laugh in your face
Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho
The clown will laugh in your face

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