

David Byrne

"Glass, Concrete And Pain"

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Now I'm wakin' at the crack of dawn
To send a little money home from here to
The moon is rising like a disco tech
And now my bags are down and packed for travelin'

Lookin' at happiness
Keepin' my flavor fresh
Nobody knows I guess
How far I'll go
I know

So I'm leaving at six o'clock
Meet in a parking lot
Have me a hand to shot
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 cities blowin in and out
And this is what it's all about
Your life fully

Everythings possible when you're an animal
Not inconceivable
How things can change I know

So im putting on after shave
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 its glass and concrete and stone
It is just a house not a home
And my head is fifty feet high
But my body and soul be not God

