

David Byrne "I Feel My Stuff"

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I think I waited too long
I'm moving into the dollhouse
Some days we exercise, some days we harmonize
Look away, look away, look away, aw yeah

Emily said she'd suddenly waken
Look at that guy with the government coupon
Yoo hoo, ay, yoo hoo
Gonna get you

Japanese chairs in somebody's concert
Telephone bills on the company paycheck
Who knew? Who knew?
I do

Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da

Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da
Da, da da, da da, da

Emily lost her mobile phone
(Da, da da, da da, da)
Last nights dance on a bumpy road
(Da, da da, da da, da)
I won't go out in the cold
(Da, da da, da da, da)

Lebanese Chinese in my school
(Da, da da, da da, da)
Imagine who can make you cool
(Da, da da, da da, da)
Who's gonna pay for this call?
(Da, da da, da da, da)

The cheapest dog, the hottest sun
The fiercest cat and the meanest gun
You got to hold the peelings in your hands

Baby

It's a safety belt, it's a Christian crime
A rocket ship, it's a joke of mine
I took away the day that I'd be gone
Shoot

Lebanese take their sailors home
(Da, da da, da da, da)
The broken stuff in the outer wall
(Da, da da, da da, da)
I'm sticking out in the road
(Da, da da, da da, da)

Memorize toilets
(Da, da da, da da, da)
Chang Mai School
(Da, da da, da da, da)
I liked my song but I lost my cool
(Da, da da, da da, da)
I need my laser, don't move

Put him in the ground where the Duchess grows
Where the word is true
And the girls are strong
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it
Going by

Take another life of a wretched soul
When they get too high and the bushes grow
They rope it, squeeze it, push it
Side to side

The chicken shack, the rising sun
The written word in a foreign tongue
You got to hold it all before it drops
Baby

It's a little bit, it's a lot inside
It's a bigger thing than you can hide
I took away the parts
That need controlling

Hooligans jump in the budget sign
In the tropic zone when the fix is fine
Gonna chase it, place it, face it
With my eye

A stinky little bird in a dirty tree
Gonna figure out, it's your lucky day
If ya smell it, sell it

Tell it to my ear

Lowered in the ground where the Duchess grows
Where the word is true and the girls are strong
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it
Going by

Take another life from a wretched soul
If they get too high and the bushes grow
And they rope it, squeeze it, push it
Side to side

I'm sayin' that feel my stuff, I get enough
I come back to be stronger
And I feel my stuff, I changed my luck
I come back to be stronger

I'm sayin' I rule my stuff, I get enough
I come back to be stronger
And I feel my stuff, I changed my luck
I come back to be stronger

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