

David Byrne "Poison"

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When time is tight, huh?
You can use it, uh huh
Gonna break this up, what?
Before we lose it, uh huh, uh huh

We just let things slide
All the way home
Over all these years
And nothing was done

Sp turn over once, turn over twice
And now the clock has stopped for me and for you
I'm not afraid of bursting at the seams
And there's nothing that we can do

Gotta check these out, right
He don't like it, uh huh
Got an empty head huh?
She can't stand it, uh huh, uh -huh

We just let things slide
All the way home
Over all these years
And nothing was done

Get a hold of his hands, hold of this legs
Hold on curly top, hold over blue
Dragged through the dust, what do I care?
And there's nothing that we can do

When time is tight, huh?
When time is tight, uh huh, uh huh
When time is tight, uh huh
Gonna break this up, uh huh

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