

Talking Heads "Burning Down The House"

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Ah

Watch out, you might get what you're after
Cool babies, strange but not a stranger
I'm an ordinary guy
Burning down the house

Hold tight, wait 'til the party's over
Hold tight, we're in for nasty weather
There has, got to be a way
Burning down the house

Here's your ticket pack your bags
Time for jumpin' overboard
Transportation isn't here
Close enough but not too far,
Maybe you know where you are
Fightin' fire with fire, huah

All wet, hey you might need a raincoat
Shakedown, dreams walking in broad daylight
Three hundred, sixty five degrees
Burning down the house

It was once upon a place sometimes, I listen to myself
Gonna come in first place
People on their way to work say baby what did you
expect
Gonna burst into flame
Go ahead

Burning down the house
My house, is out of the ordinary
That's right, don't want to hurt nobody
Some things, sure can sweep me off my feet
Burning down the house

No visible means of support and you have not seen
nothin' yet
Everything's stuck together
I don't know what you expect staring into the TV set

Fightin' fire with fire, huah

Yea

Burning down the house

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