

Talking Heads "Swamp"

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Now lemme tell you a story
The devil he has a plan
A bag o' bones in his pocket
Got anything you want
No dust no rocks
The whole thing is over
All these beauties in solid motion
All those beauties, they're gonna swallow you up
Lets go
Hi
Hi hi hi hi hi,
Hi
Hi hi hi hi hi
One time too many
Too far to go
Hi... we're gonna take you home

And when they split those atoms
It's hotter than the sun
Burnin' a special substance
They gonna pray for that man

So wake up young lovers
The whole thing is over
Watch out touch monkeys
All that blood, they gonna swallow you whole

Hi
Hi hi hi hi hi
Hi
Hi hi hi hi hi
So soft, hard feelings
No tricks, Lets go
Hi - We come to take you home

How many people do you think I am
Pretending I'm somebody else
You can pretend I'm and old millionaire
A millionaire washing his hands
Rattle of bones, dreams that stick out
A medical chart on the wall
Soft violins and hands touch your throat

Ev'ryone wants to explode

And when your hands get dirty
Nobody knows you at all
Don't have a window to slip out of
Lights on, nobody home

Click click- see ya later
Beta beta- no time to rest
Peeka peeka- risky business
All that blood, they were covered in mess.

Hi
Hi hi hi hi hi
Hi
Hi hi hi hi hi

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