

## **They Might Be Giants "A Self Called Nowhere"**

Visit "[A Self Called Nowhere](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Im sitting on the curb  
By the empty parking lot  
Of the store where they let me play the organ  
Im waiting for my ride  
But I want to wait inside  
Of the store where they let me play the organ

But Im thinking of a wooden chair  
In a room at the top of a stair  
And Im looking down the stairwell  
At the vanishing dot  
On the map of the spot  
Let me take you there  
The dotted line  
Surrounding the mind  
Of a self called nowhere  
Its a thing named it  
In a bottomless pit  
You can't see it there  
The sunken head  
That lies in the bed  
Of a self called nowhere

Standing in my yard  
Where they tore down the garage  
To make room for the torn down garage  
Im looking for my car  
But I must have sold my car  
When I needed to buy an electric organ

But Im thinking of a wooden chair  
In a room at the top of a stair  
And Im looking down the stairwell  
At the vanishing dot  
On the map of the spot  
Let me take you there  
The dotted line  
Surrounding the mind  
Of a self called nowhere  
Its a thing named it  
In a bottomless pit  
You can't see it there

The sunken head  
That lies in the bed  
Of a self called nowhere

Nowhere

The vanishing dot  
On the map of the spot  
Let me take you there  
The dotted line  
Surrounding the mind  
Of a self called nowhere  
Its a thing named it  
In a bottomless pit  
You can't see it there  
The sunken head  
That lies in the bed  
Of a self called

Visit [They Might Be Giants](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.