

They Might Be Giants

"Albany"

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The Egg, exciting and old
The Egg, you'll do what you're told
The Egg, the Egg, no corners for you

The Egg, permission to land
The Egg, where should I stand?
The Egg, the Egg, no corners for you

Poured concrete flowing into organic shapes
Carpet, wood trim, and some velvet drapes
Combine to make one perfect place

From the outside I am thinking
I'm a number, not a man
From the outside I am thinking
What were they thinking?

The Egg, when will it hatch?
The Egg, please leave off the latch
The Egg, the Egg, no corners for you
No corners for you
No corners for you

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