

## **They Might Be Giants**

### **"Canajoharie"**

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Through the overgrowth  
Of the underbrush  
Shone a fossil tooth  
That I must have dropped  
Very long ago  
Which reminded me  
How we wound up where we are now

Right through those trees  
I'm not insane  
That's where we came  
Into this place  
And if you squint  
If you squint your brain  
I'll get my paints  
And I'll try to paint

Canajoharie  
Canajoharie  
Where a frog flipper first evolved on the day  
When a daring mudskipper dragged itself away

Out of Canajoharie  
Canajoharie  
Call me sentimental  
But I want to go back  
And commemorate the place  
With a historical plaque

It's as if a fin  
Reaching from the swamp  
Grabbed me by my arm  
Tried to pull me in  
But my arm was strong  
And the fin was an  
Inaccurately reconstructed fake

It was right through those trees  
I'm not insane  
That's where the fin  
Tried to drag me in

Don't look at me  
Look at where I'm pointing  
Close your eyes  
See what I see

Canajoharie  
Canajoharie  
I get the creeping feeling  
All my old friends are gone  
And that this baby tooth  
No longer fits in my skull

If you can draw  
It in the air  
Or write it down  
Then you weren't there  
What's gone is mute  
Someone changed the truth  
They swapped the proof  
And there's nothing left of

Canajoharie  
Canajoharie  
Where a frog flipper first evolved on the day  
When a daring mudskipper dragged itself away

Where a rocket ship  
Experiment went awry  
When the prototype  
Exploded on the launching site

Like in Canajoharie  
Canajoharie  
Call me sentimental  
But I want to go back  
And commemorate the place  
With a historical plaque

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