

## **They Might Be Giants**

### **"Charlottesville"**

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Yeah!

Starr Hill Music Hall  
Glazed with alcohol  
Spun from sugar by woodland creatures  
You're the pupils, they're the teachers

Gonna pack my rucksack in my backpack  
And scamper down the train track  
Sell the car, sell the house, sell the keys

Yeah!

Starr Hill Music Hall  
Exploded like a basketball  
Filled with devils from the depths of Hell  
Hey, what's that smell?

Gonna pack my backpack in my rucksack  
And scamper down the train track  
Sell the dog, sell the fish, sell the birds

Hoo hoo hoo  
Hoo hoo hoo

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