

They Might Be Giants "Circular Karate Chop"

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Never took a class before in
Self defense
Never looked at you before with
Common sense

Trace myself in sidewalk chalk
Get myself full of short chop shot
Shut my mouth, you do the talking

You're so proud of your circular karate chop
Afternoons in the mirror doing pop and lock
From the junk shop to the truck stop to the big big top

Detention hall is on the wall and
Lock her down
Never mind the withered words of
Encouragement
Pulling off my anorak
Pouring out my black backpack
Take what you'd like
I'll keep on walking

You're so proud of your circular karate chop
Afternoons in the mirror doing pop and lock
From the junk shop to the truck stop to the big big top

You're still talking about your telegraphing roundhouse
kick
You're still looking for your Commodore's old control
stick
So my eyes will stay on target
Man, this world is sick

Three rules from your sensei
One:
Outsource your feelings
Two:
Limit your training to be task specific
That's very important
Three:
Assign regret to those accountable

Those are the rules from your sensei

Lock her down
Nevermind the withered words of
Encouragement
Put myself in a short chop shot
Trace myself in sidewalk chalk
To repeat myself
I'll keep on walking

You're so proud of your circular karate chop
Afternoons in the mirror doing pop and lock
From the junk shop to the truck stop to the big big top

You're still braggin' about your telescoping roundhouse
kick
You're still looking for your Commodore's old control
stick
So my eyes will stay on target
Man, this world is sick

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