

They Might Be Giants

"Cloisonné"

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Mind your business
Mind your business
Mind your never-shut, Quonset hut business

My craft is exploding
It's like I'm making cloisonné
Choking on my dust
With my three blind cats

You have a friend in law enforcement
Don't go calling law enforcement
Business
Mind your business

Got too busy explaining
Now it's just raining pain
Pain in the form of a rain drop
Yes, a rain drop made of pain

Tell 'em the story, rain drop
"I don't want to tell 'em, mister!"
Tell 'em the story, rain drop
"I don't want to tell 'em!"

Keep your voice down
Keep your voice down
Keep your window-shaking, godforsaken voice down

I'm sick of this beeswax
I'm sick of these second-story sleestaks
Breathing on my dice
Giving me back rubs

When I'm deep in concentration
You start getting no conversatin'
Sleestak

What's a sleestak?
That's your heart attack
Towel rack
Fallback

You got no doctors
All your doctors have gone home
What's a sleestak?
What's a sleestak?

You have a friend in law enforcement
Don't go calling law enforcement
CloisonnÃ©

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