

They Might Be Giants "Fibber Island"

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Here on Fibber Island
We strum rubber guitars
Our friends live on Mars
And we sew buttons on our cars

Here on Fibber Island
Our house is made of pie
Our dog is two miles wide
And all he talks about is pie

Here on Fibber Island
We swim on the ground
Wheels are square not round
We eat chocolate by the pound

Here on Fibber Island
(Here on Fibber Island)
No one sings along
(No one sings along)
We just ride giraffes
(We just ride giraffes)
And wear bicycles for hats
(Bicycles for hats)

To get to Fibber Island
You just close your eyes
Start fibbin' in your mind
And see what you can find

Here on Fibber Island
We hide mittens in our hair
You might need to stare
And see the mittens in our hair

Come to Fibber Island
And strum rubber guitars
Meet our friends from Mars
And sew buttons on our cars

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