

## **They Might Be Giants "House Of Mayors"**

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They are crowding the stage of these hallowed  
confines  
Representing the parties  
In here are enshrined the one hundred-odd figures of  
men  
Wearing suits, who in sum  
Constitute the assembly of the house of mayors

Stacked in columns and rows  
Dressed in period clothes  
Near a wig, a pince-nez affixed to a nose  
And the full complement's in attendance at the house  
of mayors  
(house of mayors)  
House of mayors  
(house of mayors)  
House of mayors  
(house of mayors)  
House of mayors  
(house of mayors)  
House of mayors

And they're all up there, on the stage  
And we're introduced to them all  
And they're all still standing up there  
When the last tour exits the hall  
The effect is so real  
That it's chilling to watch  
As the creaking automatons all lurch  
Into action, and act out historical deeds  
And make speeches, sign legislation  
And turn their heads and blink their eyes

Though the room has a faintly musty smell  
You forget where you are, you are under their spell  
And the spell that was cast was the ballot for the house  
of mayors

George finby!  
Alexander whigmore!  
Patrick o'barr!  
Conrad spectacle!

Carl van krieg!  
Antonio botton!

They are all still standing in there  
In the dark in there, in the night  
Similarity lurks under styles of moustache  
These anemic, loyal, ? ? ? \*  
With a woman attending in fashion  
In fashion; if some other face  
Looked too much out of place  
Would it spoil it for everyone else?

Some express disappointment when leaving the hall  
Some feel cheated or mad--bear in mind, one and all  
The next act of the show is an infinite row  
Of unoccupied chairs, in a big room upstairs  
In the house of the yet-to-be mayors

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