

They Might Be Giants

"How Now Dark Cloud?"

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I have been poisoned by lead
And from this one pencil it's spread
And now it's seeped into the thread
Of all my black clothes

Get back in the white panel van
Reshuffle the old master plan
For we are the Flying Dutchmen
And that's all we know

This is the end of the half-written tale
Of a man and the cake and the rain
How now dark cloud?

I got a lazy eye
Attached to a lazy mind
Attached to a lazy guy
Adrift on the sea

And these are the dispatches
No sequins or mismatches
All tied up in small batches
Left under a tree

You had your fun and had love put aside
Been crushed by the tumblin' tide
How now dark cloud?

Wake up Miss Mysterious
And the slideshow projectionist
And we will all swing from the truss
Until the dawn

So this is the end of the half-written tale
Of a man and the cake and the rain
How now dark cloud?

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