

They Might Be Giants "Museum Of Idiots"

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They built this whole neighborhood out of wood, out of wood

I guess I'll still be around when they burn, burn it down

I will be standing around when they burn it down

Even the Museum of Idiots

Honey, I'm there when you need me

Please believe me, please believe me

I'll still be right where you left me, if you manage to forget me

Where we met is where you may forget

Here in the Museum of Idiots

If you and I had any brains, we wouldn't be in this place

Chop me up into pieces if it pleases, if it pleases

And when the chopping is through, every piece will say,

"I love you"

Every piece of me will say, "I love you"

Here in the Museum of Idiots

Every piece of me will say, "I love you, you, you"

Here in the Museum of Idiots

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