

They Might Be Giants "Nothing's Gonna Change My Clothes"

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All the people are so happy now, their heads are caving
in
I'm glad they are a snowman with protective rubber
skin
But every little thing's a domino that falls on different
dots
And crashes into everything that tries to make it stop

And the mirror, it reflects a tiny dancing skeleton
Surrounded by a fleshy overcoat and swaddled in
A furry hat, elastic mask, a pair of shiny marble dice
Some people call them snake-eyes, but to me they look
like mice

And nothing's smelling like a rose
But I don't care if no one's coming up for air
I know nothing's gonna change my clothes ever
anymore

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in
I'm glad they are a snowman with protective rubber
skin
But every little thing's a domino that falls on different
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And crashes into everything that tries to make it stop

And nothing's smelling like a rose
But I don't care if no one's coming up for air
I know nothing's gonna change my clothes ever
anymore

No, no, no, no
Nothing's smelling like a rose
But I don't care if no one's coming up for air
I know that nothing's gonna change my clothes ever
anymore

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