## They Might Be Giants "O, Do Not Forsake Me"

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O, do not forsake me, my indolent friends O, do not forsake me though you know I must spend All my darkest hours talking like this For I am one thousand years old One thousand years old

Sure, you think that's old One thousand years old But what do you know? In my darkest hour I'm talking like this For I am one thousand years old

Oh, some have forgotten a flower of speech And walks through the garden where I go to defend Misbegotten notions while talking like this For I am one thousand years old

One thousand years old Sure, I'd say that's old One thousand years old But what do I know? In your darkest hour, my indolent friends We'll be one thousand years old

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