

They Might Be Giants

"Self Called Nowhere"

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They Might Be Giants Lyrics

Self Called Nowhere

I'm sitting on the curb
By the empty parking lot
Of the store where they let me play the organ
I'm waiting for my ride
But I want to wait inside
Of the store where they let me play the organ

But I'm thinking of a wooden chair
In a room at the top of a stair
And I'm looking down the stairwell
At the vanishing dot
On the map of the spot
Let me take you there
The dotted line
Surrounding the mind
Of a self called nowhere
It's a thing named "it"
In a bottomless pit
You can't see it there
The sunken head
That lies in the bed
Of a self called nowhere

Standing in my yard
Where they tore down the garage
To make room for the torn down garage
I'm looking for my car
But I must have sold my car
When I needed to buy an electric organ

But I'm thinking of a wooden chair
In a room at the top of a stair
And I'm looking down the stairwell
At the vanishing dot
On the map of the spot
Let me take you there
The dotted line

Surrounding the mind
Of a self called nowhere
It's a thing named "it"
In a bottomless pit
You can't see it there
The sunken head
That lies in the bed
Of a self called nowhere

Nowhere

The vanishing dot
On the map of the spot
Let me take you there
The dotted line
Surrounding the mind
Of a self called nowhere
It's a thing named "it"
In a bottomless pit
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The sunken head
That lies in the bed
Of a self called

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