

They Might Be Giants "The Edison Museum"

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The edison museum, not open to the public

Its haunted towers rise into the clouds above

Folks drive in from out of town

To gaze in amazement when they see it

Just outside the gate I look into the courtyard

Underneath the gathering thunderstorm

Through the iron bars, I see the black maria

Revolving slowly in its platform

In the topmost tower, the lights burn dim

A coiling filament glowing within

The edison museum, once a bustling factory

Today is but a darkened cobweb covered hive of
industry

The tallest, widest and most famous haunted mansion
in new jersey

Behind a wooden door, the voice of thomas alva

Recites a poem on a phonograph

Ghosts float up the stairs, like silent moving pictures

The loyal phantoms of his in house staff

A wondrous place it is, there can be no doubt

But no one ever goes in, and no one ever goes out

The edison museum, not open to the public

Its haunted towers rise into the clouds above it

The oldest, greatest and most famous haunted
mansion in new jersey

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