

They Might Be Giants "Until My Head Falls Off"

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There were 87 Advil in the bottle now there's 30 left
I ate 47 so what happened to the other 10?
Why do you suspiciously change the subject and break
my concentration
As I dump the bottle out and I count the Advil up again?
Don't interrupt me as I struggle to complete this
thought
Have some respect for someone more forgetful than
yourself
And I'm not done
And I won't be till my head falls off
Hitting every pocket on my shirt, pants and overcoat
And I'm hitting them again but I don't know where I put
my notes
Clearing my throat, and gripping the lectern I smile and
face my audience
Clearing his throat and smiling with his hands on the
bathroom sink
And when I lean my head against the frosted shower
stall
I see stuff through the glass that I don't recognize at all
And I'm not done
And I won't be till my head falls off
Though it may not be a long way off
I'm not done talking yet
I'm not done talking yet
And when I lean my head against the frosted shower
stall
I see a broken figure silhouetted on the wall
And I'm not done
And I won't be till my head falls off
Though it may not be a long way off
I won't be done until my head falls off

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