

FRONT+BACK COVER

Produced by **PAT DILLETT** and **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**

1. DRINKIN' Bass saxophone JOHN LINNELL, baritone guitar JOHN FLANSBURGH, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **2. (She Thinks She's)** **EDITH HEAD** Vocal, acoustic guitar JOHN FLANSBURGH, piano JOHN LINNELL, electric guitars DAN MILLER, bass DANNY WEINKAUF, drums DAN HICKEY **3. MAYBE I KNOW** Vocal JOHN FLANSBURGH, organ, harmony vocal JOHN LINNELL, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **4. RAT PATROL** Vocal, organ John Linnell, electric guitar, vocal JOHN FLANSBURGH, electric guitar ERIC SCHERMERHORN, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **5. TOKEN BACK TO BROOKLYN** Vocal JOHN FLANSBURGH, drums YUVAL GABAY **6. OLDER** Vocal, keyboards JOHN LINNELL, electric guitar JOHN FLANSBURGH, electric guitar DAN MILLER, bass DANNY WEINKAUF, drums DAN HICKEY **7. OPERATORS ARE STANDING BY** Vocal JOHN FLANSBURGH, organ JOHN LINNELL, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **8. DARK AND METRIC** Vocal, keyboards JOHN LINNELL, slide guitar JAY SHERMAN-GODFREY, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **9. REPREHENSIBLE** Clarinet, horns JOHN LINNELL, vocal JOHN FLANSBURGH, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **10. CERTAIN PEOPLE I COULD NAME** Vocal, keyboards JOHN LINNELL, electric guitar JOHN FLANSBURGH, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **11. COUNTERFEIT FAKER** Vocals, acoustic guitar JOHN FLANSBURGH, bass, banjo, fiddle JOHN LINNELL, cello JAY SHERMAN-GODFREY, acoustic guitar solo ERIC SCHERMERHORN **12. THEY GOT LOST** Vocal, keyboards JOHN LINNELL, electric guitar JOHN FLANSBURGH, electric guitar ERIC SCHERMERHORN, bass GRAHAM MABY, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **13. LULLABYE TO NIGHTMARES** Vocal JOHN FLANSBURGH, baritone saxophone JOHN LINNELL, tenor saxophone KURT HOFFMAN, trumpet FRANK LONDON, bass TONY MAIMONE, drums BRIAN DOHERTY **14. ON EARTH MY NINA** Vocal JOHN LINNELL **15. EDISON MUSEUM** Vocal NICK HILL, keyboards JOHN LINNELL

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Related web pages: TMBG news and touring info at theymightbegiants.com. Complete site and mailing list at tmbg.com. Free songs from dialasong.com

All songs written by They Might Be Giants, published by TMBG Music, BMI except "Maybe I Know" written by Jeff Barry & Ellie Greenwich, published by Universal-Songs of Polygram and Trio Music, BMI and "The Edison Museum" written by Brian Dewan and They Might Be Giants, published by TMBG Music, BMI



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DRINKIN'



(SHE THINKS SHE'S) EDITH HEAD

Back in high school I knew a girl
Not too simple and not too kind
We both grew up but I heard she changed
From a New Wave fan to another kind

She thinks she's Edith Head but you might know she's not
The accent in her speech, she didn't have growing up
She thinks she's Edith Head or Helen Gurley Brown
Or some other cultural figure we don't know a lot about

It's been years since I moved away but at Christmas I come home
I saw her reflection in the window of a store
She was talking to herself. Not too simple and not too kind
I walked on by. It was complicated and it stuck in my mind

She thinks she's Edith Head but you might know she is not
The accent in her speech, she didn't have growing up

She thinks she's Edith Head
She thinks she's Edith Head now

MAYBE I KNOW

Maybe I know that she's been cheating
Maybe I know that she's been untrue
But what can I do

I hear them whispering as I walk by
"She's gonna break his heart and make him cry"
I know it's me they're talking about
I bet they all think I'll never find out

Maybe I know that she's been cheating
Maybe I know that she's been untrue
But what can I do

My friends keep telling me that she's no good
She isn't treating you the way she should
I feel so badly that's all I can say
Before my tears fall I just walk away

Deep down inside she loves me
Though she may run around
I know someday she'll love me
Someday she'll settle down



RAT PATROL

Moths beat on the window pane
telling me I'm not the same
Sounds of nothing, sounds of fear
speak to me when no one's here

Come on rat patrol
I'm on rat patrol

Wilderness of mirrors shine,
floorboards creak or footsteps heard
Headlights turn into the drive
then disappear into the night



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TOKEN BACK TO BROOKLYN

The token back to Brooklyn
fell between the grating
And we're just watching it sinking
The fare went up to one hundred dollars
And we can never go home again
Bill collectors drinking lighter fluid
And says he'll tell our parents
Our feet start running at a furious pace
But we can't get away



OPERATORS ARE STANDING BY

Operators are standing by
Smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee
Bounce their shoes on the end of their feet
And wish they could go home

Operators are standing by
Poking holes in the ceiling tiles
Making jokes about their old boyfriends
And days gone by

Operators are standing by
Talking about their portrayal
On the TV when an actress sits
with a headset in outer space

That's enough talking, ladies

Operators are standing by
Smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee
Pass around a picture of a mobius strip
And wish they could go home

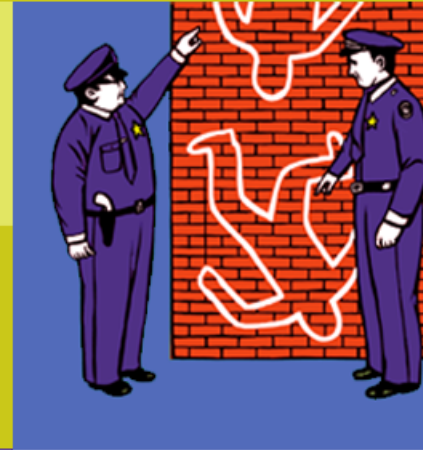


OLDER

You're older than you've ever been
And now you're even older
And now you're even older
And now you're even older
You're older than you've ever been
And now you're even older
And now you're older still

Time is marching on
And time is still marching on

This day will soon be at an end
And now it's even sooner
And now it's even sooner
And now it's even sooner
This day will soon be at an end
And now it's even sooner
And now it's sooner still



DARK AND METRIC

No taxi could take you, no trains rolling by
No bicycle shop, no planes in the sky
Not a night spent in jail, parrot on my arm
Not a man of the world, no patch on my eye

Dark and metric is my town
every day and night
Just because you're floating
doesn't mean you haven't drowned

No spoiler, no windscoop, no magazine back
No hydraulic shocks, no privacy glass

Dark and metric is my town,
North, East, West and South.
Just because you're smiling
doesn't mean you haven't drowned

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REPREHENSIBLE

Each night I lie awake completely alone
A voice is speaking
and I tremble for it's not my own
I can't ignore it although I try
The intrusive whisper fascinates me
Here's why, here's why

The shadows gather round as the voice recites
The secret history of my immortal soul
Indestructible
Indefensible
Reprehensible
Ten thousand years of unerasable acts
and permanent facts
The record of my unspeakable crimes
In previous lives, in previous times
Indelibly stains the pages of history

Indestructible
Indefensible
Reprehensible

Night after night the voice recites my misdeeds
And puts me to sleep and tells me
I won't remember a thing

When morning comes at last
I rub my eyes
Forgetting everything and thinking only of my plans
The world is spinning round and I'm on the top
And nothing in the world can ever make me stop
Indestructible
Indefensible
Reprehensible
Ten thousand years of unerasable acts
and permanent facts and only I know
Who's responsible
Indefensible
Reprehensible me



CERTAIN PEOPLE I COULD NAME

The few surviving samurai survey the battlefield
Count the arms the legs the heads and then divide by five
Drenched in blood they move across the screen
Do I need to point or do you see the one I mean

The one in back, the way he acts
Is he reminding you of anyone we know
Isn't he so like certain people I could name

Halfway through the 30 minutes halfway round the world
Here's the story of a genocidal overlord
In the palace with her epaulets
Watch her little gestures as she lights her cigarette

Look at her you must see it too
Is she reminding you of anyone we know
Isn't she so like certain people I can name

Disembodied and detached a voice describes the scene
As a lizard stalks a helpless creature on TV
Music underscores the tragedy

Eyes with no expression watch the unsuspecting prey

Who is it like, doesn't it strike you
as the very image of someone we know
Isn't it so like certain people
How could anybody miss the obvious
And the uncanny and clear resemblance
Isn't it just like certain people I could name



COUNTERFEIT FAKER

Call out the undertaker
Call out the police
The counterfeit faker is coming after me
Yes I loved him like a brother
I loved him ambivalently
There's no way to measure
the damage he has done

Counterfeit faker carries a grudge

Nervous, I walked through windows
I walked through plate glass doors
Silent his presence mocks me
and waves me on some more

Counterfeit faker the damage has been done
Counterfeit faker bring him on



THEY GOT LOST

Julie at the station says they'll be here any minute now
But she's running out of records and her show is ending anyhow
They can hear her saying their name on the car radio
But the signal keeps fading out no matter which way they go

I heard they might be somewhere near this town
They Might Be Giants got lost driving around

John said to John "I think we make a left at the light,
There should be a big B assuming this map is right"
John looked over and he said "hey, no it's not,
It's a crumpled up wrapper from the fast food that we got"

I heard they might be somewhere near this town
They Might Be Giants got lost driving around
Graham said to Brian "I see somebody walking this way"
So Eric rolled down the window and said "hello, excuse me, hey
Could you tell us where we are and the best way out of here"
They could tell from his expression he had absolutely no idea

They're still driving around





LULLABYE TO NIGHTMARES

Have you ever seen a bloody head
Egg glass in hand lying up in bed
That's the time to sing this cowardly lullabye
and you ought to know why

Lullabye to nightmares, whisper low
In the night when bat wings flow
That's where all the nightmares go
When the elephants die
Would you like to try

Have you ever heard the blackbird song
Summer days all summer long
Underneath the shady tree
A shadow sitting next to me
And we stare at the sun



EDISON MUSEUM

The Edison Museum, not open to the public
Its haunted towers rise into the clouds above it
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 on its platform
In the topmost tower a light burns 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
hosts float up the stair 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

So when your children quarrel and nothing seems to quell them
Tell them that you'll take them to the Edison Museum
The largest independently owned
and operated mausoleum

ON EARTH MY NINA

Her burden of things walking out
Her burden of things walking out
On earth my Nina, on earth my Nina
God forbid a vaguer feat
National hell mugged me
Hey, the sparrow wants a morbid arrow
Here's a quarter, that's the one I wanna
Maybe I'll buy the whirlwind
that always keeps me yearning
Her sitter's down there mourning
Her burden of things walking out
Her burden of things walking out
On earth my Nina, on earth my Nina



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