

# The Moment Of Conception

David Byrne

At the moment of conception  
I could see someone approaching  
Will you be my disco dancer?  
I could use a little coaching  
Will you be my secret lover?  
Mother, Father, Sister, Brother too

I was born without a conscience  
Full of freedom, full of nonsense  
From the mountains to the beaches  
Eat the apples, steal the peaches  
Will you be this wild child's lady?  
Will you carry me to safety?

Lock me up and take me home  
I don't wanna be free  
Goin' crazy - on my own  
It's not where I wanna be

I behave without compassion  
I see things I want to smash them  
When I put our love in danger and treat you like a total stranger  
I don't really want to hurt you  
I would stop it if I could do

Blame my school and blame my parents  
And the genes that I inherit  
Blame it on my older sister for showing me her dirty pictures  
Blame the TV and the movies  
Blame the lawyers & the juries

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