

# Song for Dan Treacy

MGMT

He spends his time  
Or maybe half of his time  
Or part of the time wandering  
'round the creeks and cobble stones of hackney lanes  
With a tear in his eye  
As the children walk by, he's thinking of a song  
Then stops to paint a picture of a frown  
Walking around  
Dan Treacy's smile  
Leaves you trying to decide who's the victim, what's the crime?  
No rest for the mind  
That's seen it all before  
And I don't know where he lives  
But he's a myth of a man  
And Texas Bob the cameraman  
Is off to fix his sit before the show  
Yeah, but where did he go?  
To know when your time's up  
You flip the glass and watch the hours quickening  
Oh oh oh oh oh  
In the back of the station  
Fluorescent lights about to quit their flickering  
Well he speaks his mind  
He says "what is crime?"  
Dan Treacy's eyes  
In the middle of the park  
When the underground is dark,  
He's a poet he's a lark  
He starts thinking about a place that no one knows  
And when the creeks run dry  
He stays frozen in time  
Strange lights in the sky  
Start blinking  
I can see the car outside but he's listening  
He's listening  
And he's making up his mind  
He made his mind up  
To get things done and overcome  
He made his mind up  
Yeah he's gonna let it go  
He made his mind up  
In the park and at the station  
He made his mind up  
Yeah, he's gonna get it done  
He made his mind up  
Ooh yeah he's gonna get it done  
He made his mind up  
Yeah, he's gonna let it go, uh oh  
No matter the time  
Oh oh  
When the creeps run by  
Oh no  
He's making his mind up  
Oh oh oh oh  
Yeah he's gonna get it done whoa  
Oh yeah, when the creeks run dry whoa oh  
Yeah, he's gonna listen to his soul,

Yeah, when the creeps walk by and say  
"come here boy, look me in the eye"  
Bow to the heart, back to the beat of  
Dan Treacy