

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