

# Swamp

## Talking Heads

Now lemme tell you a story  
The devil he has a plan  
A bag a' bones in his pocket  
Got anything you want  
No dust and no rocks  
The whole thing is over  
All these beauties in solid motion  
All those beauties, gonna swallow you up

Hi hi hi hi hi,  
One time too many  
Too far to go  
I- We come to take you home

And when they split those atoms  
It's hotter than the sun  
Blood is a special substance  
They gonna pray for that man

So wake up young lovers  
The whole thing is over  
Watch but touch monkeys  
All that blood, gonna swallow you whole

Hi hi hi hi hi  
What's that? Who's driving?  
Where we goin'? Who knows?  
I- We come to take you home

How many people do you think I am  
Pretend I am somebody else  
You can pretend I'm an old millionaire  
A millionaire washing his hands  
Rattle the bones, dreams that stick out  
A medical chart on the wall  
Soft violence and hands touch your throat  
Ev'ryone wants to explode

And when your hands get dirty  
Nobody knows you at all  
Don't have a window to slip out of  
Lights on, nobody home

Click click- see ya later  
Beta beta- no time to rest  
Pika pika- risky business  
All that blood, will never cover that mess.

Hi hi hi hi hi  
So soft hard feelings  
What's that, who's driving  
No tricks lets go  
I- We come to take you home  
I- We come to take you home  
Hi hi hi hi hi  
etc.

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