

One day in September you come here  
You pull my head down and you whisper in my ear  
And you tell me the sidewalk is as far as the world really goes  
But that's a secret everybody knows

You hold my head in your hands, you say my name  
How is it that though you say it some 20,000 times, it's never  
quite the same?  
And you tell me that Hercules died burning, consumed by an arti  
cle of his own clothing  
That's something I'd rather not be reminded of