

## Fibber Island

## They Might Be Giants

Here on Fibber Island  
We strum rubber guitars.  
Our friends live on mars.  
And we sew buttons on our cars.

Here on Fibber Island  
Our house is made of pie,  
Our dog is 2 miles wide  
And all he talks about is pie.

Here on Fibber Island  
We swim on the ground.  
Wheels are square not round.  
We eat chocolate by the pound.

Here on Fibber Island  
No one sings alone,  
We just ride giraffes  
And wear bicycles for hats

To get to Fibber Island  
You just close your eyes  
Start fibbing in your mind  
And see what you can find.

Here on Fibber Island  
We hide mittens in our hair,  
You might need to stare  
To see the mittens in our hair

Come to Fibber Island  
And strum rubber guitars  
Meet our friends from mars  
And sew buttons on our cars