

Mink Car

They Might Be Giants

It's knocking off my diamond wig
Knocking me down unto the platinum ground
Woke up in a beautiful dream alone, alone

I got hit by a mink car
Hit by a mink car, driven by a guitar
And the silver chauffeur says, that it's all in your head
When you're 24 carat dead, dead

In my dream she is reaching past
My hollow core
Then her smile's an open sign
On an abandoned store

I got hit by a mink car
Hit by a mink car, driven by a guitar
And the silver chauffeur, says that it's all in your head
When you're 24 carat dead, dead, dead