

Moving To The Sun

They Might Be Giants

While they were staring at the Citgo sign
Is when they lost our trail
They thought we were part of a caravan
But we had other plans
You can't catch me, where I'm gonna fall
You can't catch me, where I'll hide
This world's too cold,
So I'm gonna roam,
I'm moving to the sun
93 miles times a million more
Quite a trip we've planned
I must drive now carefully
And figure where we'll land
You can't catch me, where I'm gonna fall
You can't catch me, where I'll hide
This world's too cold,
So I'm gonna roam
I'm moving to the sun