

## My Man

## They Might Be Giants

My man muscles from hand to foot  
Completely covered in uninterrupted skin  
My man signals command the leg  
To follow orders coming down from headquarters  
Why then am I in bed? I guess my man's fallen out with my head

May I direct your attention to the following simile  
You're like the coasts of an ocean  
Buried beneath is a submarine cable  
Connecting the opposite shores that surround it

My man how can he stand?  
Your fingers could encircle clear around the ankle  
My man won't walk again  
In conflict with express instructions given by the brain  
Why can't the message be sent?  
I guess my man's fallen out with my head

When something happens to drag on the floor of the ocean  
For instance an anchor or mooring  
The cable can be disrupted and even be severed  
Which halts the transmission across it  
There is no way to repair the break

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