

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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