

Nightgown Of The Sullen Moon

They Might Be Giants

Fell in the door and you fell on the floor
With your hand on the knob, looking up and abruptly
Forget what you're thinking
Fire alarms go off in your head, you live

In the nightgown of the sullen moon
How the windows lean into the room
In the nightgown of the sullen moon

Drug trip, it's not a drug trip
So you feel a bit insulted
Space walk, it's like a space walk
With the corresponding weight loss

And you're nothing but air with your hand in the air
And your shoelaces tied up together with care
There's a feeling of boredom of the big whoredom
Following dressing up

In the nightgown of the sullen moon
How the windows lean into the room
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In the nightgown of the sullen moon
How the windows lean into the room
In the nightgown of the sullen moon

Your head is on the moon
It's not necessary to breathe
Forever is a long time
Your head is on the moon
It's not necessary to breathe
Forever is a long time

Your head is on the moon
Your head is on the moon