

# 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

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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