

Old Pine Box

They Might Be Giants

They tried the handcuffs but they won't lock
Electrical courses but they won't shock
You pulled the fire alarm you tried punching a cop
You're just too tired to stop
Old pine box

You old pine box
With your head full of rocks
Sharp like a cracked flowerpot
Your old paper hat
On your skull full of bats
There's no percentage in bats

They called relations but they declined
They called the fanclub but they resigned
Left your car in a field
And some questions behind
Your mom thinks you're out of your mind

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