

## Sleeping In The Flowers

They Might Be Giants

I got a crush  
Copy shop clerk  
But she won't look up at me  
Don't want to be known as the freak who just comes around to catch her eye  
We could be sleeping in the flowers  
We could sleep all afternoon  
You'd proclaim that you're an island  
I proclaim that I'm one too  
Then we float into the harbor with just piers and boats around  
I declare that I am England  
You declare that I have drowned  
I got a ride home with a drunk guy  
How ungrateful I must have seemed  
He showed me how to spin my head round and round  
We'll be sleeping in the flowers  
Tell my boss that I've been fired