

## Your Own Worst Enemy

### They Might Be Giants

It's your own worst enemy  
Ringing the bell on the door  
And the person inside says nobody's home  
So your own worst enemy peeks inside  
And sees you softly weeping as some music fills the room

And the song they play  
Is that guy with the messed up face  
Going, precious and few are the moments that you  
And your own worst enemy share

Full bottle in front of me  
Time to roll up my sleeves  
And get to work  
And after many glasses of work  
I get paid in the brain

And the song they play  
Is that guy with the messed up face  
Going, precious and few are the moments that you  
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