

Fibber Island

They Might Be Giants

Here on Fibber Island
We strum rubber guitars.
Our friends live on mars.
And we sew buttons on our cars.

Here on Fibber Island
Our house is made of pie,
Our dog is 2 miles wide
And all he talks about is pie.

Here on Fibber Island
We swim on the ground.
Wheels are square not round.
We eat chocolate by the pound.

Here on Fibber Island
No one sings alone,
We just ride giraffes
And wear bicycles for hats

To get to Fibber Island
You just close your eyes
Start fibbing in your mind
And see what you can find.

Here on Fibber Island
We hide mittens in our hair,
You might need to stare
To see the mittens in our hair

Come to Fibber Island
And strum rubber guitars
Meet our friends from mars
And sew buttons on our cars