

## Number Three

### They Might Be Giants

There's only two songs in me  
And I just wrote the third  
Don't know where I got the inspiration  
Or how I wrote the words  
Spent my whole life just digging up  
My music's shallow grave  
For the two songs in me  
And the third one I just made

A rich man once told me  
Hey, life's a funny thing  
A poor man once told me  
That he can't afford to speak  
Now I'm in the middle  
Like a bird without a beak 'cause

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And I just wrote the third  
Don't know where I got the inspiration  
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So, I went to the President  
And I asked old what's-his-name  
Has he ever gotten writer's block  
Or something like the same  
He just started talking  
Like he was on TV  
If there's just two songs in ya, boy  
Whaddaya want from me?

So, I bought myself some denim pants  
And a silver guitar  
But I politely told the ladies  
You'll still have to call me 'Sir'  
Because I have to keep my self-respect  
I'll never be a star  
Since there's just two songs in me  
And this is number three