

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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