

Every Day Is a Miracle

David Byrne

The rose is pruned to a perfect shape
Perfect for whom, I wonder
The chicken thinks in mysterious ways
But beauty is not what we're after

Now the chicken imagines a heaven
Full of roosters and plenty of corn
And God is a very old rooster
And eggs are like Jesus, his son

Every day is miracle
Every day is an unpaid bill
You've got to sing for your supper
Love one another

Cockroach might eat Mona Lisa
The pope don't mean shit to a dog
And elephants don't read newspapers
And the kiss of a chicken is hot

The brain of a chicken
And the dick of a donkey
A pig in a blanket
And that's why you want me

What does it feel like
To be your tongue
Moving around in your mouth
To be free in the forest of your love
A cockroach in the cosmos of your house

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I'm a blond, a brunette and a redhead
I thought up the birds and the bees
My software is famous all over
My money is growing on trees

The mind is a soft boiled potato
A jewel in a chocolate shell
I staple my love to your heart dear
With memories and beautiful smells

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