

Fat Man's Comin'

David Byrne

Coming from the land of the ice and the snow
A roly-poly man in the dark is ridin'
Everybody knows that he's out there now
Everybody knows that the fat man's comin'

His hair is white as the snow
The funky man with the bedroom color
Coming in from the coast

Everybody sensed that you can't be real
People say it's just my imagination
Everybody claims that they don't believe
But everybody knows that the fat man's comin'

When will we turn a boat of leather?
Here me creeping into the unknown
Leaving pack of dreams on a candy
Before you know it, he's come and gone

He will be chopped through the bone
And you know he will keep returning
Coming in from the coast

His hair is white as the snow
The funky man with the bedroom color
Coming in from the coast