

# It Goes Back

David Byrne

It goes back  
It goes back  
To the completely senseless babble of the three stooges  
It goes back

The ravings of the Marx Brothers  
To Laurel and Hardy  
And the foreign legion  
To the old holy  
Warning the hot bloods  
That Ramadan is near

It goes back  
To the Werewolf of London  
Distinguished doctor in his velour smoking jacket  
Smoking his pipe over a lamp lit poem on botany  
Suddenly hairs begin to grow on his hands  
His cat hisses, slips out into the night

It goes back  
To Lamont Cranston  
So cool, so sure  
Suddenly becoming the frantic Shadow  
Going, "Wee, ha, ha, ha!"  
In the alleys of New York

It goes back to Captain Easy, Wash Tubbs  
Screaming with ecstasy over a can of creamed peaches  
It goes back to Wimpy lookin' cross eyed for a juicy hamburger like they don  
't make anymore  
It goes back to King Kong, with huge tender eyes for Fay Wray  
To dear old Basil Rathbone

It goes back to the glee of America  
To the honesty of America  
To the honesty of old time grafters in straw hats  
To the funny spitelessness of old big fisted America  
Like Big Boy Williams saying, "Ooh, eee, ahhh!"  
In a movie about MAC trucks

It goes back to Clark Gable  
His dirty smile  
His confident leer

This America was invested with wild self-believing  
Individuality  
And all this had begun to disappear around the end of World War II  
So many great guys were dead  
And suddenly, it began to emerge again  
The hipsters began to appear, gliding around  
Saying  
"Crazy, Man."