

The Bumps

David Byrne

I could never be a professional lover
I don't even know what to say
It doesn't really matter I'm drunk or I'm sober
Talkin' only gets in the way

But I ride in the middle of the road
Traffic all around me
I've got a language of my own
Ridin' in the back of the van waitin' for the show to begin

Hittin' all the bumpity-bumps
Feelin' it go thumpity-thump
Tappin' on the window outside
Now are they gonna let us tonight?

All the pretty girls have their own special language
Anyone can see that they do
What do they mean when they whisper sweet nothings
Keepin' all their boyfriends confused?
But I don't have no reason or no rhyme
None of them could find me
Feel like I've practiced all my life
Nothin' ever happens on time, waitin' for the show is all

Ride in the middle of the road
Traffic swirls around me
I have got a language of my own
I don't know what to do with my hands, I never had a very good plan

Now the band is starting to play
I can sorta hear it okay
Now I can feel the music inside
Wanted, wanted, wanted tonight

I ride in the middle of the road
Traffic all around me
I have got a lanugage of my own
Any little music will do
Listen for a minute or two

Hittin' all the bumpity-bumps
Feelin' it go thumpity-thump
Tappin' on the window outside
Now are we gonna go for a ride?