3rd Amendment

They Might Be Giants

At the bottom of the kitchen trash
I found the empty container of take out food
With my name clearly written on it

Following a trail of footsteps from
The standing water in the bathroom
I discovered my soaking wet bedroom slippers in the hallway

Maybe I've been spoiled by a life of solitude
Maybe there's some other way
I can express my gratitude

But the presence of so many friendly strangers makes me nervous
And it doesn't mean that I'm not truly thankful for your servic
e

Lately I've been spending more and more
Of my free time hanging out in the empty backroom
Of the diner just up the highway
And it's just to give you elbow room
That I've been making use of the sleeping bag
That I keep rolled up and stacked behind my couch

Do you think that I think I'm somehow better than you?
Please accept my word
That nothing could be further than the truth

But the presence of so many friendly strangers makes me nervous
And it doesn't mean that I'm not truly thankful for your servic
e

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