

Canajoharie

They Might Be Giants

Through the overgrowth
Of the underbrush
Shone a fossil tooth
That I must have dropped
Very long ago
Which reminded me
How we wound up where we are now

Right through those trees
I'm not insane
That's where we came
Into this place
And if you squint
If you squint your brain
I'll get my paints
And I'll try to paint

Canajoharie
Canajoharie
Where a frog flipper first evolved on the day
When a daring mudskipper dragged itself away

Out of Canajoharie
Canajoharie
Call me sentimental
But I want to go back
And commemorate the place
With a historical plaque

It's as if a fin
Reaching from the swamp
Grabbed me by my arm
Tried to pull me in
But my arm was strong
And the fin was an
Inaccurately reconstructed fake

It was right through those trees
I'm not insane

That's where the fin
Tried to drag me in
Don't look at me
Look at where I'm pointing
Close your eyes
See what I see

Canajoharie
Canajoharie
I get the creeping feeling
All my old friends are gone
And that this baby tooth
No longer fits in my skull

If you can draw
It in the air
Or write it down

Then you weren't there
What's gone is mute
Someone changed the truth
They swapped the proof
And there's nothing left of

Canajoharie
Canajoharie
Where a frog flipper first evolved on the day
When a daring mudskipper dragged itself away

Where a rocket ship
Experiment went awry
When the prototype
Exploded on the launching site

Like in Canajoharie
Canajoharie
Call me sentimental
But I want to go back
And commemorate the place
With a historical plaque