

Cyclops Rock

They Might Be Giants

I tell you how to cyclops rock,
But then you go and turn around and break my heart,
You waste my cyclops time,
And mess up my cyclops mind.

I'm sick, like Chuckie was sick, my defeated heart keeps beatin
g on,
I won't die, like Chuckie won't die, but I'm not here to social
ize,
Gotta find a new place to hang out, 'cause I'm tired of living
in hell.
I'm a mess since you cut me out, but Chuckies arm keeps me comp
any,
I'm a fright, with my tombstone smile, all the children run awa
y from me.
Gotta find new friends to hang with, 'cause you're all afraid o
f me.

It was sweet, like lead paint is sweet, but the after-
effect left me paralyzed,
I just stare with my one glass eye, hoping you won't be back ag
ain.
There's a whole new generation, waiting to be wrecked by you.

Pony, twist, monkey and frug, these are the things that I taugh
t to you.
Hitchhike, boogie, hypocrite bop, I'm stuck in a van outside of
New York, ah!