

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 beating on,
I won't die, like Chuckie won't die, but I'm not here to socialize,
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 Chuckie's arm keeps me company,
I'm a fright, with my tombstone smile, all the children run away from me.
Gotta find new friends to hang with, 'cause you're all afraid of 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 again.
There's a whole new generation, waiting to be wrecked by you.

Pony, twist, monkey and frug, these are the things that I taught to you.
Hitchhike, boogie, hypocrite bop, I'm stuck in a van outside of New York, ah!