

## How Now Dark Cloud

### They Might Be Giants

I have been poisoned by lead  
And from this one pencil it's spread  
And now it's seeped into the thread  
Of all my black clothes

Get back in the white panel van  
Reshuffle the old master plan  
For we are the Flying Dutchmen  
And that's all we know

This is the end of the half-written tale  
Of a man and the cake and the rain  
How now dark cloud?

I got a lazy eye  
Attached to a lazy mind  
Attached to a lazy guy  
Adrift on the sea

And these are the dispatches  
No sequins or mismatches  
All tied up in small batches  
Left under a tree

You had your fun and had love put aside  
Been crushed by the tumblin' tide  
How now dark cloud?

Wake up Miss Mysterious  
And the slideshow projectionist  
And we will all swing from the truss  
Until the dawn

So this is the end of the half-written tale  
Of a man and the cake and the rain  
How now dark cloud?