

Impossibly New

They Might Be Giants

Walking through a world so dated
Made of bones and wood so ancient
Bitter dudes throwing rocks and flipping birds
In this town of rude deceivers
Please make way for two believers
They can't lie and their arms are open wide

The corner phone booth
In its youth
Loved burning leaves and morning suits
It's true
The only smokestack coming back is me for you
With love that's impossibly new

As we gather round the campfire
Telling tales of local vampires
Don't get scared of the shadows over there

Two for once
We'll have a ball
Run thru the sodium pentathol
It's true
The only smokestack coming back is me for you
With love that's impossibly new
Impossibly new