

Moonbeam Rays

They Might Be Giants

By the time you hear this it will be too late
By the time you hear this I'll be far away
Moving out at the break of dawn
Moving out past the guns and pawn
All of those times that I missed you
But you weren't missing me

You called it self-improvement but I had other words
Half asleep and brainwashed like shaking off a curse
You at night by the bonfire blaze
Dancing there in the moonbeam rays
All of the times that I warned you but you ignored my pleas

You were warned with my pleas
Like a scold were the pleas
You were warned

Haircuts in the mirror now
ATMs for a twenty-dollar bill
Knife a pan an empty can
Hallway bulbs and peepholes covered up

By the time you read this it will be too late
By the time you read this I'll be in another state
Singing out the dials spinning round
Singing out with cicadas now
All of the times that I warned you but you ignored my pleas

You were warned with my pleas
Like a scold with my pleas
You were warned

Aaa dee aaa de aa de ay
Aaa dee aaa de aa de aa de ay
Aaa dee aaa de aaa de ay