

Music Jail, Pt. 1 & 2

They Might Be Giants

Where you going, buddy?
Where you going, buddy?
Where you going, buddy?
Where you going, buddy?
Won't you come with me to music jail?

Where you going, darling?
Where you going, darling?
Where you going, darling?
Where you going, darling?
Won't you come with me to music jail?

Let's form a band
Let's take a stand

Where you going, fella?
Where you going, fella?
Where you going, fella?
Where you going, fella?
Won't you come with me to music jail?

Don't turn away
Why don't you stay?

I was not prepared
To do time, to do time
Frankly, I was scared
About time, about time

I was in a cloud
Everything so loud
Life's a riot
No one's quiet at all

In this music crowd
I'm alone, I'm alone
Just one call allowed
No one's home, no one's home

I am getting pale
Who could post my bail?
Don't believe it
Dreams of leaving are gone