

Trouble Awful Devil Evil

They Might Be Giants

Sweetly as I fall backwards in slow motion and sink into bliss
My unconscious face smiles for I am totally oblivious to all of
the

Trouble awful devil evil
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Bat wings flapping just over my bed
Swooping whirling around overhead

The weight of my insensate body draws all the bedclothes down w
ith it
Unknowing ecstatically lowering into a bottomless pit surrounde
d by

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Shadows lengthen
Darkness spreads across a cold benighted land
Ten thousand years have passed and still I continue to descend
Arms folded 'cross my chest, I dream of happiness without end,
unaware of the

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