

Whistling In The Dark

They Might Be Giants

A woman came up to me and said
"I'd like to poison your mind
With wrong ideas that appeal to you
Though I am not unkind."
She looked at me, I looked at something
Written across her scalp
And this is what it faintly said
As I tried to call for help:

There's only one thing
That I know how to do well
And I've often been told that you only can do
What you know how to do well
And that's be you
Be what you're like
Be like yourself
And so I'm having a wonderful time
But I'd rather be whistling in the dark
There's only one thing that I like
And that is whistling in the dark
A man came up to me and said
"I'd like to change your mind
By hitting with a rock," he said,
"Though I am not unkind."
We laughed at his little joke
and then I merrily walked away
And hit my head on the wall of the jail
Where the two of us live todaay