

Making Flippy Floppy

Talking Heads

Nothing can come between us
Nothing gets you down
Nothing strikes your fancy
Nothing turns you on You don't have to wait for more instructions
No one makes a monkey out of me
We lie on our backs, feet in the air
Rest and relaxation rocket to my brain Snap into position
Bounce till you ache
Step out of line (and)
You end up in jail Bring me a doctor
I have a hole in my head
They are just people
And I'm not afraid
Doctor, doctor
We have nothing in our pockets
We continue
But we have nothing left to offer
Faces pressed against the window
Hey... they are just my friends
Check this out, don't be so slick
Break our backs, it goes like this We are born without eyesight
We are born without sin
And our mama protects us
From the cold and the rain
We're in no hurry
Sugar and spice
We sing in the darkness
We open our eyes (Open up)
I can't believe it
And people are strange
Our president's crazy
Did you hear what he said?
Business and pleasure
Lie right to your face
Divide it in sections
And give it away Well, there are no big secrets
Don't believe what you read
We have great big bodies
We got great big heads
Run--a, run--a, run it all together
Check it out
Still don't make no sense

Makin' flippy floppy
Tryin' to do my best
Lock the door
We kill the beast
Kill it!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>