

# Tiny Apocalypse

David Byrne

Raise up, shake them lazy bones  
Read the T-shirt but still don't understand  
Comin' home with a little apocalypse  
It comes, now do you have time for this? A 3-tone carpet and a Jackie Chan spear  
Lookin' at a hairdo and a belly full of beer  
Well, I ain't no poet, ain't got no rhyme  
But I got me a car and I know how to drive In the event of pressure loss  
All our lines are busy now  
I will be laughing out loud anyhow Every day a little apocalypse  
Lay down, lay down next to this  
Lookin' at the body, well, I don't even know his name  
Call me in the morning, was a friend of mine  
Well, the wind so strong, it's blowing us all around  
Wind so strong, nobody settle down  
Every day, another apocalypse  
Had a TV but I don't know how deep it is Please read the print advisory  
Would you like to go ahead?  
Dancin' wherever she goes, tippy toes Rhetorical  
Memorial  
Invisible  
Incredible  
Unstoppable  
Emotional  
Illogical  
Sensational  
Little sister gotta take her medicine  
Baby brother, gonna do it all again  
Runnin' fast but cannot catch the bus  
Funny feelin', this is part of us And you must take your medicine  
Getting better every day  
Good for a limited time, feelin' fine We will return your things to you  
When it's time for you to leave  
So quiet nobody knows, tippy toes

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>