

# Circular Karate Chop

## They Might Be Giants

Never took a class before in  
Self defense  
Never looked at you before with  
Common sense

Gird myself for a short sharp shock  
Trace myself in sidewalk chalk  
I'll shut my mouth, you do the talking

You're so proud of your circular karate chop  
Afternoons in the mirror doing pop and lock  
From the junk shop to the truck stop to the big big top

Detention hall, name on the wall and  
Locker dent  
Never mind the withered words of  
Encouragement  
Pulling off my anorak  
Dumping out my black backpack  
Take what you like  
I'll keep on walking

You're so proud of your circular karate chop  
Afternoons in the mirror doing pop and lock  
From the junk shop to the truck stop to the big big top

You're still bragging about your telescoping roundhouse kick  
You're still looking for your Commodore's old control stick  
So myopic, stay on topic  
And this world is sick

Three rules from your sensei:  
One: Outsource your feelings.  
Two: Limit your training to be task-specific.  
Three: Assign regret to those accountable.

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Locker dent  
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You're still braggin' about your telescoping roundhouse kick  
You're still looking for your Commodore's old control stick  
So myopic, stay on topic  
Man, this world is sick