

Sold My Mind to the Kremlin

They Might Be Giants

With no place in the processional
and no seat in the convention hall
I sold my mind to the Kremlin on the Fourth of July

I was wearing a Yoda mask
You were talking like Lou Ferrigno
A hat made of paper. A vest made of ugly
An intercom with just one button
"This bag is almost empty"
That was your sole communication
From unimproved roads on the Fourth of July

Fishing holes don't exist and country music with all those lists
Of things from yesterday you can no longer get
Let's talk about Patti Hearst, Skeletor and Charles Manson
Reagan closed the hospitals for the mentally ill
Train stations filled up with the mentally ill
And I'm singing into a tape recorder
Trapped in this thing that I can't get away from
"This bag is almost empty"
That was your sole communication
From unimproved roads on the Fourth of July

With no place in the processional
and no seat in the convention hall
I sold my mind to the Kremlin on the Fourth of July

With no place in the processional
and no seat in the convention hall
I sold my mind to the Kremlin on the Fourth of July