

# The Darlings of Lumberland

## They Might Be Giants

Yes, it's the darlings of Lumberland  
Their voices are the echoes' mausoleums turned to sand  
Empty hollow sockets freeze the soldiers where they stand  
The darlings of Lumberland

It's getting difficult for a ghoul  
Wax museum dreams are so foolish  
No rehearsal, no finishing school  
It's getting difficult for a ghoul

Hold my cold dead hand for a bit  
Just got my cast off, I'm gonna blast off  
A little melody if time permits  
Hold my cold dead hand for a bit

Yes, it's the darlings of Lumberland  
Pull you off the bank and by popular demand  
Drag you by your mind, now you're under their command  
The darlings of Lumberland

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