

You'll Miss Me

They Might Be Giants

You'll always miss my big old body
In its prime and never shoddy,
While bloodhounds wait down in the lobby you'll eulogize my big
old body

You'll miss me with effigies
Lighting up your house like Xmas trees
As tears roll down below your knees
You'll miss me with effigies

Go find a man to fit my shoes
Left one's old and the right one's new
And I bought the right one just for you
Go find a man to fit my shoes

You'll see my teeth in the stars above
Every tree a finger of my glove
And every time push comes to shove
You'll see my teeth in the stars above

Your money talks but my genius walks
Morticians wait with a shovel and a fork
As detectives trace my hands with chalk
Your money talks but my genius walks

You'll miss me so
You will miss me
It must be raining because a man ain't supposed to cry
But I look up and I don't see a cloud