

They Might Be Giants, Edison Museum

The Edison Museum, not open to the public
Its haunted towers rise into the clouds above
Folks drive in from out of town
To gaze in amazement when they see it

Just outside the gate I look into the courtyard
Underneath the gathering thunderstorm
Through the iron bars, I see the Black Maria
Revolving slowly in its platform
In the topmost tower, the lights burn dim
A coiling filament glowing within

The Edison Museum, once a bustling factory
Today is but a darkened cobweb covered hive of
industry
The tallest, widest and most famous haunted mansion
in New Jersey

Behind a wooden door, the voice of Thomas Alva
Recites a poem on a phonograph
Ghosts float up the stairs, like silent moving
pictures
The loyal phantoms of his in house staff
A wondrous place it is, there can be no doubt
But no one ever goes in, and no one ever goes out

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Its haunted towers rise into the clouds above it
The largest independently-owned and operated
mausoleum.