

# 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.