

# They Might Be Giants, Existential Blues

Hey, man, what are you really into, huh?

The elusive butterfly has just tip-toed past my door.  
My buddy likes the Yankees; she says "Hey, T-Bone, what's the score?"  
And I say, "Well, Reggie got 1 in 1 in 3, and 25 is 6 to 4."  
Is the left-wing really pinko? Colonel Sanders, what a bore!  
You ask so many questions, what answers should I choose?  
Is this schizoid paranoia, or just existential blues?

The amenities of life have been chasing my soul,  
And my mind is transcendental, and I'm losing all control,  
And I'm sinking in the quagmire of illusions and Thoreau,  
I cry out, "My name is T-Bone!" as a hound dog digs a hole.  
You ask so many questions, what answers should I choose?  
Is this Plato's heebie-jeebies, or just existential blues?

Sailing, sailing, what is 'lusion? What is tru-ue?  
Sailing, sailing, over the existential blues.  
God bless America, and Old Glory too!  
May she always wave o'er us with the red, white, and existential blues!  
Hey, ba-ba-de-ba-ba-da-ba-da-da,  
Ba-de-bom-ba-de-bom--ba-ding-a-ding-ding ding-existential blues.  
Hey, you can do what you want but lay off my existential blues!  
My blue suede existential blues!

(Spoken:)  
I was on a quest!  
To dream the impossible dream.  
Walking down the road one day, doo-dah, doo-dah,  
I was walking down the road, I was looking for the truth of life,  
When I came across all these little people, little people  
Little people all around me.  
They looked up at me and said, "Hey, mister, are you tall?"  
I said, "Yes, I'm tall, but who are you weird little whiners?"  
And they looked up at me with their big, red, bloodshot eyes and said:

We are the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids,  
The lollipop kids.  
We are the lollipop kids!  
And we'd like to welcome you to Munchkinland!

I said, "Hey! Hey, weird little whiners, I am on a quest  
To dream the impossible dream.  
Walking down the road one day, doo-dah, doo-dah,  
I said, "Hey kids, I'm looking for the truth of life.  
Where do I go, who do I see?"  
They said, "Slow down, mister, in order to find the truth of life,  
one must see THE WIZARD!"  
I said, "THE WIZARD? Well, where does this wizard, old wise one, live?"  
They said, "You see the big, green, glow-in-the-dark house up on the hill?"  
I said, "Yes, I see the big, green, glow-in-the-dark house up on the hill.  
There's a big, dark forest between me and the big, green, glow-in-the-dark house up on the hill.  
And a little old lady on a Hoover vacuum cleaner going  
"I'll get you, my little pretty, and your little dog, Toto, too!"  
I don't even have a little dog, Toto."

Such predicaments, I must forge ahead!  
To dream the impossible dream.  
Walking down the road one day, doo-dah, doo-dah.  
I must find the truth of life.  
I said, "But you know, kids, I can handle a big, green, glow-in-the-dark house up on the hill,  
I can handle a darn forest,  
I can handle the little old lady,  
But that's a very strange road you're sending me down!

I've seen yellow stripes in the middle of a road before, but kids, uh, never quite that wide!&quot;  
All right, tighten your shorts pilgrim, and sing like da Duke.

Follow the yellow brick road (Come on)  
Follow the yellow brick road (Everybody sing)  
Follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow the yellow brick road  
If ever a wonderful wiz there was,  
The Wizard of Oz is one because,  
Because, because, because, because, because,  
Because of the wonderful things he does!  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la, ha-ha!  
We're off to see the wizard,  
The wonderful Wizard of Oz!

Wellllll, I got a little bit tired of  
Walking down the road one day, doo-dah, doo-dah.  
I got a little bit tired of walking down this old blinding yellow road,  
So pulled my little tired old body off to a little rest area  
And lo and behold there's a little field of little red flowers out there,  
And they, heh, smelled so good. Whoa.  
I was gettin' pretty tired and they smelled so good, and I  
Figured, well, I'll just stretch out in this little field of

POPPIES! POPPIES! POPPIES! poppies!  
(Cough)  
Hey, what a strange dream, man!  
The little flowers, they smell awfully good, and I was pretty tired.  
The old wizard's just gonna have to wait, man, because I'm just gonna  
Stretch out again in the little field of

POPPIES! POPPIES! POPPIES!  
OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!  
Dorothy! Dorothy! Dorothy!  
(SNIFFFFFFFFF)  
DOROTHY! DOROTHY! DOROTHY!  
...confidence in herself, man.  
Along came this old man in a green El Dorado II, screeched to a halt,  
A little short man with a big red nose  
Toking a bottle of Yukon Jack  
Strolled up to me and said, &quot;Hey, son.&quot;  
I said, &quot;Old man, don't bother me. POPPIES, MMMMMMMMMM!&quot;  
He said, &quot;T-Bone!&quot;  
I said, &quot;Wait a minute, this old man knows my name, he must be  
THE WIZARD!&quot;

He must be the Wizard,  
The Wizard of Oz.  
Why have you come to haunt me?  
Oh, Wizard of Oz.

I said, &quot;Oh, Wizard, old wise one, I have been on a quest  
To dream the impossible dream  
Walking down the road one day, doo-dah, doo-dah  
And I met these little people  
We are the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids, the lollipop kids,  
Follow the yellow brick road  
Follow, follow, follow  
I got tired  
POPPIES! POPPIES!  
Little old man, I've been through hell!&quot;  
He said, &quot;Hey, son, slow down, relax.&quot;  
I said, &quot;But, wizard, old wise one, I have come so far to find the truth of life!&quot;  
He says, &quot;Hey, son, slow down, relax.&quot;  
He said, &quot;To tell you the truth, son...&quot;

I said, &quot;Wizard, that's what I've come to find is the truth.&quot;  
He said, &quot;No, no, no, son, you've got me all wrong. Heh heh.  
To tell you the truth, son...uh...how can I tell you this? Uh...  
I've been in this field of poppies a long time myself, and I've come to find, son, that the only truth in  
I said, &quot;Wizard!&quot;  
He said, &quot;No, truly, son. In fact, I'd rather have this bottle in front of me than A FRONTAL LOB  
How profound, Wizard!

Some girl with psychic power, she said, &quot;T-Bone, what's your sign?&quot;  
I blink and answer, &quot;Neon!&quot; I thought I'd blow her mind.  
She's reading Moby Dick by some fruitcake named Herman,  
She's chomping on a knockwurst, was the duchess really German?  
You ask so many questions, what answers should I choose?  
Is this really Butte, Montana, or just existential blues?

Really Butte, Montana?  
Is this Plato's heebie-jeebies?  
Is this schizoid paranoia?

(Star Trek-like sound effects)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la, existential blu-uu-uuuuu-ues!