

EVERYBODY'S COMING TO MY HOUSE

by David Byrne

I wish I was a camera,
I wish I was a postcard.
I welcome you to my house.
You didn't have to go far.
A house and a garden.
There are, there's plants and trees.
Make a - closer inspection,
If you get, get down on your knees.

Everybody's coming to my house, and I'm never gonna be alone.
And everybody's coming to my house, and they're never gonna go back home.

I'm pointing and describing, and I can be your guide.
The skin is just a roadmap, the view is very nice.
Imagine looking at a picture, imagine driving in a car.
Imagine rolling down the window, imagine opening the door.

Everybody's coming to my house, everybody's coming to my house,
I'm never gonna be alone, and they're never gonna go back home.

Everybody's coming to my house, everybody's coming to my house,
I'm never gonna be alone, and they're never gonna go back home.

Ah...

We're only tourists in this life, only tourists but the view is nice.
And we're never gonna be alone, no, we're never gonna go back home.

We're only tourists in this life, only tourists but the view is nice.
And we're never gonna be alone, no, we're never gonna go back home.

Now everybody's coming to my house, and I'm never gonna be alone.
Everybody's coming to my house, Everybody's coming to my house,
I'm never gonna be alone, and I'm never gonna go back home.

Ah...

Everybody's coming to my house.