

They Might Be Giants, Spy

I see you from my spy plane, baby
I see you walking on the ground
I see you through my spy glasses, baby
I can see right through the ground
If you want to be a spy
Then you must really see
And you must really see
If you want to be a spy like me

Come on

I might gaze on a submarine
I see your face smiling at me
Even when I close my eyes
Your silhouette is smiling at me
But you will never understand me
Because I have a special job
I wish I could break the spy glass
Set it free
So we could be

Spy spy spy spy
Spy spy spy spy
Spy spy spy spy
Spy spy spy spy

Spy