

Someone Keeps Moving My Chair

They Might Be Giants

Mr. Horrible, Mr. Horrible, telephone call for Mr. Horrible.

But before he can talk to the ugliness men,

There's some horrible business left for him to attend to.

Something unpleasant has spilled on his brain,

As he sponges it off, they say..."Is this Horrible? Is this Horrible? It's the ugliness men, Mr. Horrible,

We're just trying to bug you, we thought that our dreadfulness might be a thing to annoy you with."

But Mr. Horrible says, "I don't mind; the thing that bothers me is someone keeps moving my chair." "Would you mind if we balance this glass of milk where your visiting friend accidentally was killed?

Would it be okay with you if we wrote a reminder of things we'll forget to do today otherwise, Using a green magic marker, if it's alright, on the back of your head?" Mr. Horrible, Mr.

Horrible, we're not done with you yet, Mr. Horrible.

You have to try on these pants so the Ugliness Men Can decide if they're just as embarrassing as we think.

We have to be sure about this.

But Mr. Horrible says, "I don't mind; the thing that bothers me is someone keeps moving my chair."

"Someone keeps moving my chair..."

Mr. Horrible says, "I don't mind; the thing that bothers me is someone keeps moving my chair." Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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