

## Clutch

# "Land Of Pleasant Living"

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Above there is no ending  
For the Vodka spinning Mir  
All that is is passing  
And now is never here  
So keep on raging  
You frenzied pioneers  
No time for the wringing of hands  
Strange faced ambassadors, strike up the band  
Bust out that Dom Perignon  
Johnnie Walker Red on that fairway lawn

Remember tripping on the fourth of July?  
Exploding octopuses in disguise?  
They picked you up and they never let you down.  
Everyone's forgiven in the land of Pleasant Living now.

Yuri Garagin sends  
His kindest regards  
How those Yankees doing?  
Still Rock and Roll and Fancy cars?  
But onto pressing matters  
Such as the gluttony of the starving stars.

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