

Guster "New Underground"

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Welcome, you're under control
And buried like a mole, a thousand feet below
Waiting with all that we've got
Our reputation's shot, a ninety-story fall

No one here can make a sound
We're all ghosts in this town
We are standing in the trenches
Of the new underground

Pipe down, stay under control
It's getting so absurd, soon everything will turn

It's that time to see the sun
There'll be a crack and a day will come
Maybe then we'll be the ones
Never can be sure, the shot heard 'round the world

No one here can make a sound
We're just ghosts in this town
We are standing in the trenches
Of the new underground

No one here can make a sound
We're just ghosts in this town
We are standing in the trenches
Of the new underground

All the walls are coming down
We're still hanging around
We are digging in the trenches
Of the new underground

All right, yeah, all right, uh huh
All right, yeah, all right, uh huh
Yeah, I got it, uh huh, all right
Uh huh, all right, yeah, uh huh
Uh huh, I got it, morning, I know you are
I got it, I got it, make that shit funky, yeah

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