

Minus

"Houston, We Have Uh Oh"

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Stand here with the mountain in background
The copper mine up the hill from the town
Sits asleep like a retiree
Once used and now no use for

People used to work here
And mined their lives from this ground
Crushed them in these machines
And forged them in the future
We just take pictures
Of hearts that stopped beating

[Chorus:]

Sometimes you're a tourist with a camera
Stealing souls for scrapbooks
Sometimes you've got a life back home
Sometimes you're really alone, you're really alone
Sometimes you're really alone
Sometimes you're really alone, you're really alone
Sometimes you're really alone

We go home, after fishin' all day
And get our hands dirty
Getting the catch clean
And Mike is in the kitchen
He's heating up the fry pan
And we're in the front yard
We're watching the sun fall

People used to live here
And lived their lives on this ground
Raised them in these fields
And lost them in the future
And we just take pictures
Of hearts that stopped beating

[Chorus]

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