

Modest Mouse

"Tiny Cities Made Of Ash"

Visit "[Tiny Cities Made Of Ash](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We're going down the road towards tiny cities made of
ashes

I'm gonna hit you on the face
I'm gonna punch you in your glasses
Oh no

I just got a message that says
*yeah, hell has frozen over
I got a phone call from the lord sayin
'Hey boy get a sweater, right now'

So we're drinkin, drinkin, drinkin,
drinkin coca, coca, cola
I can feel it flowin right on down on,
right on down my throat
And as we're headin down the road
towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm gonna get dressed up in plastic,
gonna shake hands with the masses

Oh no
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?

We're goin down the road towards tiny cities made of
ashes

I'm gonna hit you on the face
I'm gonna punch you in your glasses
I'm wearing myself a T-shirt that says 'the world is my
ashtray'
Our hearts pump dust and our hair's all grey
And I just got a message that says
your hell has frozen over
I got a phone call from the lord sayin
'Hey boy get a sweater, right now'

Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?
Does anybody know a way?

We're drinkin, drinkin, drinkin, drinkin coca, coca, cola
I can feel it flowin right on down my, right on down my
throat

And as we're headin down the road
Towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm gonna lay down the spa
Where they coat you in molasses
Oh no!

Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?

Visit [Modest Mouse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.