

Modest Mouse

"Tiny Cities Made Of Ashes"

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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, oh no

I just got a message that said, "Yeah hell is freezin'
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 rollin' right on down, oh right on down my
throat

And as we're headed 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 goin' to hit you on the face

I'm goin' to punch you in your glasses

I'm wearin' myself a T-shirt that says "The world is my
ashtray"

Our hearts pump dust and our hairs all gray

And 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"

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 rollin' right on down, oh right on down my
throat
And as we're headed down the road
Towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm gonna lay down in the spa
Where they coat you in molasses, right now

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?

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