

## Modest Mouse

### "Tunda Desert"

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Every sick, fickle fucker  
Childhood is what makes ya  
Till they treat ya like tundra  
Weigh those opinions  
More like air than lead  
Every planned occupation  
Surefire disappointment up ahead  
Till they treat ya like desert  
See mirages of friendship, face turns red  
aaaaaaah shit  
Here's the soon to be anchor  
Build bridges to nothing, you'll get nowhere  
I don't feel and it feels fine  
Every governor's mother knows  
That their bread is buttered by Sam  
And what about science?  
they find proof and let you make your own decisions  
Every childstar wonders  
If they have a future up ahead  
Every kindhearted banker  
I don't think there is one  
Every winning opinion  
I wish I had one  
Stand on platforms in water  
Filling jars full of silence you'll get nowhere

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