

Modest Mouse

"Tundra/desert"

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Every sick fickle fucker
Childhood's what makes ya
Till they treat you like tundra
Weigh those opinions, more like air than lead

Every planned occupation
Surefire disappointment up ahead
Till they treat you like desert
See mirages of friendship, face turns red

He's soon to be an anchor
Build the bridges to nothing, you'll get nowhere
Every governor's mother knows
That their bread is buttered by Sam

And what about science?
Then find the proof
And let you make
Your own decisions

Every child star wonders
If they have a future up ahead
Every kind hearted banker
I don't think there is one

Every winning opinion
I wish I had one
Every winning opinion
I, I wish I had one

Stand on platforms in water
Filling jars full of silence you'll get nowhere
[Incomprehensible]

[Incomprehensible]

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