

Menomena

"Tantalus"

Visit "[Tantalus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A rainbow tour bus winds upwards through a scenic turf
war
If your kinetosis doesn't get you first, the white guilt will
will will

The view from broken bottle make out spots is
panoramic
If nostalgia hasn't slit my wrists this premonition will
will will

Volcanic dirt stains feet and won't wash out of clothing
this is
Where your ashes should be strewn instead of some
cold mainland suburb

I'd say hello if I remembered how to find your
headstone
If Tantalus can't save us then a vigil never will will will
will

The motor coach floats upwards
Then it's gone completely

Tantalus, Tantalus, we are tourists on a bus
Now the skies are watching us

Tantalus, Tantalus, we are tourists on a bus
Now the skies are watching us

Tantalus, Tantalus, we are tourists on a bus
Now the skies are watching us

Tantalus, Tantalus, we are tourists on a bus
Now the skies are watching us

Tantalus, Tantalus, we are tourists on a bus
Now the skies are watching us

