

The Most Serene Republic "Phages"

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Let's start this song with a stroll around
Late and cold we wander, smell of sale and cumber
walks
The faster we go the quicker we'll end
With lack of homegrowns in the gardens we tend

Tada to town light, fire
Forks in the road we're not

A rush of spring makes diamond rings
Of grass blades some and everything
Beige backed jumpers scared from those crooked
stares
Proved wrong on public roads named by our attic air

Tada to town light, fire
Forks in the road we're not
Spoons more so we're caught

Forks in the road we're not
Spoons more so we're caught
Forks in the road we're not

This town is dead from too much living
Let's make our ending from new beginnings
Let's raise the barn from strongest of cedar
And leave it all to forces of nature

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