

The Most Serene Republic "You're A Loose Cannon McArthur...But You Get The Job Done"

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Where you'll be, I'll be from
In a while, it will rain up, back into clouds
Where it first plotted its escape

We will take this time to strip down to our linens
And plot out excuses for going inside
We will take this time to strip down to our linens
And plot out excuses for going inside

And the skies won't believe what they say
Forecast talks anything of how we'll all stay the same
With what they'll stay for we can't get out anyway
With what they'll stay for there's no way out anyway

I wonder now what they'll say, no way, no way
People, keep the horses at bay, okay, okay
You'll say, don't ever fall down

With what they'll say, don't ever fall down, anyway
With what they'll say, don't ever fall down, anyway

I wonder now what they'll say, no way, no way
People keep the horses at bay, okay, okay

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