

## Everything Everything "Hiawatha Doomed"

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And in the end, we bend, but easily break...

When the forest circuit shorts  
And the wolves surround your wired ports  
Oh Jupiter your storm is naught!  
UV lazer beams will dance all night

Just quarantine the chief and squaws  
And email every breath he draws  
To the ringtone maker in New York  
Bleating wilderness; so festive like

Awake, Hiawatha as the howling dies  
Helicopter purring like a mammoth child

I think we'll put Casinos here  
Make the reservation disappear  
Just swap your tomahawks for tablets dear  
Wade the insect carpet I can make friends

Now tear gas billows as you crawl  
I see kevlar through the acrid wall  
Seems the rain-dance worked out after all!  
Bloodshot eagle spasm all the way down

So curb these addictions, Big-Sea-Water shine  
Information sickness of a worthless kind

Pale face and Pepsi wave - the gentle hum  
This is what will happen when the waters come

And it's on with the contract  
You lose enough; all becomes abstract  
So why don't you do what they ask you?  
The sickness coming over again

Believe me boy, I circled round the sun before I made  
the savage  
Onomatopoeia in the bedroom I discovered pink  
amongst the rushes,  
Carried by the stork I helped deliver you in teepees we

erected a flame

And we can stop, son, find the spillage,  
drop your ipod - save the village, thrashing in a bowl of  
your germs

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We're taking to the trees and holes  
And the orphan boy is coming home  
Reek of smoke signals and microphones  
Crown of feathers pressed against the warm glass

And yeah you got bubonic plague  
But a purple heart is all the rage  
Nobody likes an earthquake Craig  
It's just a vision that you'll have to trust

So pout, Hiawatha like you smell the trees  
We can get that Totem sponsored easily

Pale face and Pepsi wave - the gentle hum  
This is what will happen when the waters come

And it's on with the contract  
You lose enough; all becomes abstract

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the savage Onomatopoeia in the bedroom I discovered  
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And we can stop, son, find the spillage,  
drop your ipod - save the village, thrashing in a bowl of  
your germs

And we can stop, this, thrashing in a bowl of your  
germs  
Don't need an atlas, Jesus we knew just who we were

And in the end, we bend, but easily break

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