

# Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, Some Loud Thunder

All this talking  
You'd think I'd have something to say  
But I'm just talking  
Like a siren getting louder and farther away  
From the energetic kids in the park  
Yes that was me breaking glass and pretending to start  
Something big  
Some new taste

Did you wander  
As my voice went from station to station to state?  
Some loud thunder  
Sometimes there's no telling if we're ok  
There are buildings up for sale  
On the other side of town which are falling down for people  
To stand in their place; to try to make something great

That's just a part of the story  
And it could be something complete someday  
At the end of the quarry  
Yes that was me digging holes for all the world to see

A cannonball as big as the ocean could come from the sky and slap us all on the teeth  
But there's always more unless I'm mistaken  
Tell me when do mouths close  
And people gracefully retreat

New York calling  
At the bottom of the ocean city gritting its teeth  
But there's no telling  
From the telepathic Mrs. Crying on live TV  
Whoah the misanthropic topical arrangement that is met with a shark bite by the terminal patient  
That's me  
Am I late?

That's a part of the story  
And it may be one day something complete  
At the end of the quarry  
I have dug a hole for all the world to see  
A cannonball as big as the ocean could come from the sky and slap us all on the feet  
But there's always more unless I'm mistaken  
Tell me when do mouths close  
And people gracefully retreat?