

Modest Mouse, Custom Concern

Their custom concern for
the people build up the monuments
and steeples to wear out our eyes

I get up just about noon,
My head sends a message for me
to reach for my shoes and then walk.
Gotta go to work, gotta go to work, gotta get a job

Goes through the parking lot fields
doesn't see no signs that they will yield.
And then thought, This'll never end,
this'll never end, this'll never stop.

Message read on the bathroom stall says,
"I don't feel at all like I fall"
and we're losin' all touch, losin' all touch
building a desert.