

Modest Mouse, Parting Of The Sensory

There's no work in walking in to fuel the talk
I would grab my shoes and then away I'd walk
Through all the stubborn beauty I start at the dawn
Until the sun had fully stopped
Never walking away from
Just a way to pull apart
Dehydrate back into minerals
A life long walk to the same exact spot

Carbon's anniversary
The parting of the sensory
Old old mystery
The parting of the sensory

Who the hell made you the boss?
We placed our chips in all the right spots
But still lost
Any shithead who had ever walked
Could take the ship and do a much finer job
This fit like clothes made out of wasps
Aw, fuck it I guess I lost

The parting of the sensory
Carbon's anniversary
Just part it again if you please
Carbon's anniversary

Who the hell made you the boss
If you say what to do I know what not to stop
If you were the ship then who would ever get on
The weather changed it for the worse
And came down on us like it had been rehearsed
And like we hope, but change will surely come
And be awful for most but really good for some
I took a trip to the exact same spot
We pulled the trigger, but we forgot to cock
And every single shot

Aw, fuck it I guess we lost

Some day you will die and
Somehow something's going to steal your carbon

Some day you will die and
Somehow something's going to steal your carbon

Well some day you will die somehow and
Something's going to steal your carbon

Some day you will die and
Someone's or something's will steal your carbon

Some day something will die and
Somehow you'll figure out how
Often you will die somehow and
Something going to steal your carbon

Well some day you will die somehow and
Something's going to steal your carbon