

Modest Mouse, Teeth Like God's Shoeshine

From the top of the ocean
Yeah
From the bottom of the sky
God damn
Well I get claustrophobic
I can you know that I can

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God damn
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And he said:
"I am not allowed much danger
keep in line you're an old friend stranger.
you'll burn me if effigy and I'll burn you in effigy."
Well, a rattle snake up in buffalo Montana
he bit the leg of the old sheriff
Ha! That boy fell down on his harelip -Ow! Ow!
Well I, I might be wrong
but you, you tag along
and we, we all been wronged
and I feel dizzier by the mile
Said hell yeah, the money's spent
went to the county line
and paid the rent said "Uh-oh."

Oh! If you could compact your conscience
Oh! And you might.
Oh! If you could bottle and sell it you might have done
Oh! And you might
Oh! If you could compact your conscience
and sell it save it for another time
you might have to use it.

And the television's gone
Go to the grocery store, buy some new friends
and find out the beginning, the end, and the best of it

Well, do you need a lot of what you've got to survive?

Here's the man with teeth like God's shoeshine
He sparkles, shimmers, shines
Let's all have another Orange Julius
This syrup standing in lines
The malls are the soon-to-be ghost towns
Well, so long, farewell, good-bye

Take 'em all for the long ride
and you'll go around town
no one wants to be uptight anymore
You can be ashamed
or be so proud of what you've done
but not no one, not now, not ever or anyone
take 'em all for the sense of happiness
that comes from hurting deep down inside

Or you can add it up and give a shit give a shit
I'm on the corner of this and this and this and this
and its all all wrong, and its all all gone
well, you can add it up and give a shit
go to the family doctor

and it's all worth it, all worth it
and it's all all gone, and its all all wrong

Here's the man with teeth like God's shoeshine
He sparkles shimmers shines
let's all have another Orange Julius
Thick syrup standing in lines
The malls are the soon to be ghost towns
so long, farewell, good-bye
And the telephone goes off
pick to receiver up, try to meet ends
and find out the beginning, the end and the best of it

Hold on, God damn!
Take 'em all for the long ride
and you'll go around town
no one wants to be uptight anymore
You can be ashamed
or be so proud of what you've done
but not no one, not now, not ever or anyone