

Modest Mouse, TundraDesert

Every sick, fickle fucker
Childhood's what makes ya
Till they treat ya like tundra
Weigh those opinions
More like air than lead
Every planned occupation
Surefire disappointment up ahead
Till they treat ya like desert
See mirages of friendship, face turns red
Here's the soon to be anchor
Build bridges to nothing, you'll get nowhere
Every governor's mother knows
That their bread is buttered by Sam
And what about science?
they find proof and let you make your own decisions
Every childstar wonders
If they have a future up ahead
Every kindhearted banker
I don't think there is one
Every winning opinion
Stand on platforms in water
Filling jars full of silence you'll get nowhere