

Peter Bjorn And John, Poor Cow

When all is gone, and things go wrong,
We don't need them anymore.
The artifacts and all they lack,
We don't need them anymore.

I don't have the means, and so it seems
For now I can't participate.
But I've waited long,
Now the dollar's strong again,
I still can't participate.

When we don't consume it seems we are immune
To all of the thoughts they sell,
You know as well as I, that's a lie...

'Cause I want to spend, I want to spend,
In a never-ending story, but it always ends.
I want to spend, I want to spend,
In a never-ending story, but it always ends.

And when I die, the angels will try
To count all my belongings.
To measure my worth, pure gold, solid dirt,
To see if I'm worth keeping.

But the house I rent and the car I drive,
I'm sorry but they ain't mine.
You know as well as I, that's no lie...

'Cause I want to spend, I want to spend,
In a never-ending story, but it always ends.
I want to spend, I want to spend,
In a never-ending story, but it always ends.
And it always ends, and it always ends...