

Silversun Pickups, Future Foe Scenario

The things we laid do not amount to much
Made of abandoned wood loose stones and such
This revolution baby
Proves who you work for lately
Release the castaways who run amok
From self appointed winds which blow and such
When present tense gets strangled in the mire
Made of our cozy decomposing wires
Who do you work for baby
And does it work for you lately
But when the night is over and the walls start burning
When fire starts to matter and the clock is churning
Cliches and other chatter keeps our minds from
Learning
It's alright
The things we laid do not amount to much
Made up of thought balloons and cotton swabs
When present tense gets strangled in the woes
Made of our future foe scenarios
This revolution baby
Proves who you work for lately
Who do you work for baby
And does it work for you lately
But when the night is over and the walls keep linking
When fire starts to matter and the clock keeps sinking
Cliches and other chatter keeps our minds from
Thinking
Our minds keep thinking
It's alright
That's when it turned on me
A motorcade of 'meant to be's'
Parades of beauty queens
Where soft entwines make kindling
These many detailed things
Like broken nails and plastic rings
Will win by keeping me
From speaking to my new darling
And there's no way to know
Our future foe scenarios
That's when it turned on me
Where bobby pins hold angel wings
It's alright