

The Matches, To Build A Mountain

Maybe a saint is just a dead prick with a good publicist
Maybe tomorrow's statues are insecure without their foes
Go ask the frog what the scorpion knows

While you build your mountain, but to build a mountain
I thought you all know, you gotta dig a hole
Thought everybody knows, we're digging holes
In solemn marble rows

And maybe ethanol is methadone for oil addiction
Maybe we'll all go green in desert shades of camouflage
Go ask the bloodhounds did they find the mirage

While you build your mountain, but to build a mountain
I thought we all know, you gotta dig a hole
Thought everybody knows, we're digging holes
By the grassy knoll

Maybe the wolf is not the Devil he just plays him on T.V.
Maybe a Cuban Bay stay leaves you less than overjoyed
Ask the fox about progress he'll list what's been destroyed

While you build your mountain, but to build a mountain
I thought you all know, you gotta dig a hole
Thought everybody knows, that we're digging holes
Just saying that's how it goes
You think everybody knows, we're stockpiling souls
And saying so it goes