

Clutch, Land Of Pleasant Living

Above there is no ending
For the Vodka spinning Mir
All that is is passing
And now is never here
So keep on raging
You frenzied pioneers
No time for the wringing of hands
Strange faced ambassadors, strike up the band
Bust out that Dom Perignon
Johnnie Walker Red on that fairway lawn

Remember tripping on the fourth of July?
Exploding octopuses in disguise?
They picked you up and they never let you down.
Everyone's forgiven in the land of Pleasant Living now.

Yuri Garagin sends
His kindest regards
How those Yankees doing?
Still Rock and Roll and Fancy cars?
But onto pressing matters
Such as the gluttony of the starving stars.

No time for the wringing of hands
Strange faced ambassadors, strike up the band
Bust out that Dom Perignon
Jonnie Walker Red on that fairway lawn

Remember tripping on the fourth of July?
Exploding octopuses in disguise?
They picked you up and they never let you down.
Everyone's forgiven in the land of Pleasant Living now