

# Fair To Midland, Vice/Versa (Inter.Funda.Stifle Ve

mountains of molehills  
a grapevine in my ear  
spots on the tiger while the townspeople gather to hear  
while the nests in my hands starve for rest  
sticklers for cheap fun  
you oughta be ashamed to trade in your heirlooms  
for black market all day parades  
for a grand prize a slap in the face for you  
bold faced type covers your text  
it must have been winter  
still frame  
no dice  
where do you get your evidence?  
move, now stay still  
it takes a luminescent hue  
the wood  
the crest that's weaved outside your vest  
still frame  
no dice  
loons light the skyline  
while you sleep on concrete with both your eyes open  
i just kept pullin' on both your feet  
someday together we'll breathe on mountains of molehills