

# Great Big Sea, End Of The World

It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine  
That's great, it starts with an earthquake, birds,  
snakes, an aeroplanes, Lenny Bruce is not afraid.  
Eye of a hurricane, listen to yourself churn - world  
serves its own needs, dummy serve your own needs. Feed  
it off an aux speak, grunt, no, strength, Ladder  
start to clatter with fear fight down height. Wire  
in a fire, representing seven games, a government  
for hire and a combat site. Left of west and coming in  
a hurry with the furies breathing down your neck. Team  
by team reporters baffled, trumped, tethered cropped.  
Look at that low playing! Fine, then. Uh oh,  
overflow, population, common food, but it'll do. Save  
yourself, serve yourself. World serves its own needs,  
listen to your heart bleed dummy with the rapture and  
the revered and the right, right. You vitriolic,  
patriotic, slam, fight, bright light, feeling pretty  
psyched.

CHORUS:

It's the end of the world as we know it.  
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It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine.  
Six o'clock - TV hour. Don't get caught in foreign  
towers. Slash and burn, return, listen to yourself  
churn. Locking in, uniforming, book burning, blood  
letting. Every motive escalate. Automotive incinerate.  
Light a candle, light a votive. Step down, step down.  
Watch your heel crush, crushed, uh-oh, this means no  
fear cavalier. Renegade steer clear! A tournament,  
tournament, a tournament of lies. Offer me solutions,  
offer me alternatives and I decline.

CHORUS x 2

The other night I dreamt of knives, continental  
drift divide. Mountains sit in a line, Leonard  
Bernstein. Leonid Brezhnev, Lenny Bruce and Lester  
Bangs. Birthday party, cheesecake, jelly bean, boom! You  
symbiotic, patriotic, slam book neck, right? Right.

CHORUS x 2