

Les Savy Fav, Yawn, Yawn, Yawn

One was a piper.
One was a rat.
They couldn't decipher
How it came to that.
And at the cockadoodle
They crawled out of their beds.
As if the rooster knew
Each rising dawn they dread.
Lost in a flurry.
Looking for land mines
Hid in a ribcage
Back at the front line.
And when the sun is falling
They crawl out of their skins.
They hear the moonlight calling
Them from this mess they're in.

Take deep breaths and waste sweet seconds.
The late day beckons
And if you save it, it will slip away-
Spend 7 nights like Saturday.
Yawn, Yawn, Yawn,
We're all long gone.
If we get lucky we'll be dead by dawn.
So let's get it on.
I want to get it on!

Charging the windmill
And missing the mark.
Blinded by sunlight
But building an ark.
I've got 1,000,000 dollars
Made of 10,000,000 dimes
Paid for 1,000,000 failures
Of others' good advice.