

Modest Mouse, Classy Plastic Lumber

Buh duh buh buh buh
Bud duh buh buh buh buh buh buh
You go right through me
I go right through but I'm about to
Go on reminding you I am about to see you through it
Buh duh buh buh buh
Bud duh buh buh buh buh duh buh buh
Buh duh buh buh buh
Your mouth not mind is open wide
You don't have a clue
I I am a reminder
You've got a voice so talk to yourself
Lift the bad weight off your mullet
And let the thoughts fall off your tongue
Cause I'm callin' callin' callin'
I've never written to anyone
So this is about ugly lovers
And this is about pretty songs
Cause I'm a bastard bastard bastard
In my lipstick I'm so much fun
Connect your wood feet to a motor
And the chrome dance trophy is won
A little classy plastic lumber
I'm embarassed but I ain't that stunned
Looks like the humans' days are numbered
That's a sitcom that was number one
Cause we're a past tense late rate (?)
I must've thouroughly failed to convince us not to mess this place up
(Shameful shameful shameful)