

Modest Mouse, Doin' The Cockroach

I was in heaven
I was in hell
Believe in neither
But fear them as well

This one's a doctor
This one's a lawyer
This one's a cash fiend
Taking your money

Back of the Metro
Ride on the Greyhound
Drunk on the Amtrak
Please shut up

Another rider
He was a talker
Talking about TV
Please shut up

This one's a crazer
Daydreaming disaster
The origin of junk food
Rutting through garbage

Tasty, but worthless
Dogs eat their own shit
We're doing the cockroach, yeah

Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Yeah
Alright, not bad

Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Yeah
Alright, not bad

Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Yeah
Alright, not bad
Not bad, not bad
No

One year
Twenty years
Forty years
Fifty years
Down the road in your life
You'll look in the mirror
And say, "My parents are still alive."

You move your mouth
You shake your tongue
You vibrate my eardrums
You're saying words
But you know I ain't listening

You're walking down the street
Your face
Your lips
Your hips

Your eyes
They meet
You're not hungry though

Well late last winter
Down below the equator
They had a summer that would make you blister

Oh, my mind is all made up
So I'll have to sleep in it

Well late last winter
Down below the equator
They had a summer that would make you blister

Oh, my mind is all made up
So I'll have to sleep in it

Well late last winter
Down below the equator
They had a summer that would make you blister

Oh, my mind is all
Oh, my mind is all
Oh, my mind is all made up
So I'll have to sleep in it