

Modest Mouse, Gravity Rides Everything

Oh gotta see, gotta know right now
What's that riding on your everything?
It isn't anything at all
Oh gotta see, gotta know right now

What's that writing on your shelf
In the bathrooms and the bad motels?
No one really cared for it at all
Not the gravity plan

Early, early in the morning
It pulls all on down my sore feet
I wanna go back to sleep
In the motions and the things that you say
It all will fall, fall right into place

As fruit drops, flesh it sags
Everything will fall right into place
When we die, some sink and some lay
But at least I don't see you float away
And all the spilt milk, sex and weight
It all will fall, fall right into place

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