

# Modest Mouse, Styrofoam Boots It's All Nice On Ice

Well all's not well  
but i'm told that it'll all be quite nice  
you'll be drowned in boots like Mafia  
but your feet will still float like Christ's  
and i'll be damned  
they were right  
i'm drowning upside down  
my feet afloat like Christ's  
i'm in heaven  
trying to figure out which stack  
they're going to stuff us atheists into  
when Peter and his monkey laugh  
and i laugh with them  
i'm not sure what at  
they point and say  
we'll keep you in the back  
polishing halos, baking manna and gas  
well some guy comes in looking a bit like everyone i ever seen  
he moves just like crisco disco  
breath 100% listerine  
he says looking at something else  
but directing everything to me  
ever time anyone gets on their knees to pray  
well it makes my telephone ring  
and i'll be damned  
he said you were right  
no one's running this whole thing  
he had a theory too  
he said that god takes care of himself  
and you of you  
it's all nice on ice alright  
and it's not day  
and it's not night  
but it's all nice on ice alright