

Modest Mouse, The World At Large

Ice-age heat wave, can't complain
If the world's at large, why should I remain?
Walked away to another plan
Gonna find another place, maybe one I can stand

I move on to another day, to a whole new town with a whole new way
Went to the porch to have a thought
Got to the door and again, I couldn't stop

You don't know where and you don't know when
But you still got your words and you got your friends
Walk along to another day
Work a little harder, work another way

Well, uh-uh, baby, I ain't got no plan
Well I float on, maybe, would you understand?
Gonna float on, maybe, would you understand?
While I float on, maybe, would you understand?

The days get shorter and the nights get cold
I like the autumn but this place is getting old
I pack up my belongings and I head for the coast
It might not be a lot but I feel like I'm making the most

The days get longer and the nights smell green
I guess it's not surprising but it's spring and I should leave

I like songs about drifters, books about the same
They both seem to make me feel a little less insane
Walked on off onto another spot
I still haven't gotten anywhere that I want

Did I want love? Did I need to know?
Why does it always feel like I'm caught in an undertow?

The moths beat themselves to death against the lights
Adding their breeze to the summer nights
Outside, water like air was great
I didn't know what I had that day

Walk a little farther to another plan
You said that you did, but you didn't understand

I know that starting over is not what life's about
But my thoughts were so loud I couldn't hear my mouth
My thoughts were so loud I couldn't hear my mouth
My thoughts were so loud