

OK Go, Shortly Before The End

How long did we all think this all would last?
Who could have counted days as they flew past?
But before we go, sing us a song.
Sing us a song to hum through the hours of dying.

Who would have though it'd come as such a show?
A pink and silver day... who was to know?
Even as we go, sing us a song.
Sing us a song, to hum through the hours of dying.