

# Silversun Pickups, Future Foe Scenarios

The things we laid do not amount to much  
Made of abandoned wood loose stones and such

This revolution baby  
Proves who you work for lately

Release the castaways who run amok  
From self appointed winds which blow and such  
When present tense gets strangled in the mire  
Made of our cozy decomposing wires

Who do you work for baby  
And does it work for you lately

But when the night is over and the walls start burning  
When fire starts to matter and the clock is churning  
Cliches and other chatter keeps our minds from  
Learning

It's alright

The things we laid do not amount to much  
Made up of thought balloons and cotton swabs  
When present tense gets strangled in the woes  
Made of our future foe scenarios

This revolution baby  
Proves who you work for lately  
Who do you work for baby  
And does it work for you lately

But when the night is over and the walls keep linking  
When fire starts to matter and the clock keeps sinking  
Cliches and other chatter keeps our minds from  
Thinking  
Our minds keep thinking

It's alright

That's when it turned on me  
A motorcade of 'meant to be's'  
Parades of beauty queens  
Where soft entwines make kindling  
These many detailed things  
Like broken nails and plastic rings  
Will win by keeping me  
From speaking to my new darling  
And there's no way to know  
Our future foe scenarios  
That's when it turned on me  
Where bobby pins hold angel wings

It's alright