

Sun Kil Moon, Tiny Cities Made Of Ashes

We're goin' down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes
Gonna hit you on the face gonna punch you in your
glasses. Oh no!
Just got a message said "Yeah hell is freezin' over"
I Got a phone call from the Lord sayin' "boy go get a
sweater. Right now"
So we're drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' coca-coca-cola
I can feel it rollin' right on down
Right on down my throat
As we're headed down the road towards tiny cities
made of ashes
Gonna get dressed up in plastic gonna shake hands
with the masses. Oh no!
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away
Does anybody know a way
Were goin' down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes
Gonna hit you on the face goin' to punch you in your
glasses. Oh no!
I'm wearin' a t-shirt that says "The world is my ashtray"
Our hearts pump dust and our hairs all grey
Just got a message sayin' yeah hell has frozen over
Got a phone call from the Lord sayin' "boy go get a
sweater. Right now!"
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away
Does anybody know a way
Were drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' coca-coca-cola cola!
I can feel it rollin' right on down oh right on down my throat
And as we're headed down the road towards tiny cities
made of ashes
I'm gonna lay down in the baths where they coat you
in molasses. Oh no!
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away
Does anybody know a way