

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Where You Come

It's not where you come from
It's more where you're going
And knowing the going might get strange
The world's greatest writers
Are all drunks and fighters
Get going, that isn't going to change

Will you still wager on the egg?
Is it the egg or are you chicken?
There's an outside possibility
Your life might start to kick in
Your heart will start to race
Will you chase or set the pace?
Brace yourself
The plot's about to thicken

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It's been a thousand years or two
And still the seconds keep on clicking
Clogging cogs and greasing gears
Still you can't stop the clock from ticking
It's time that's overrated
And being great's become outdated
The apples, oranges?
Not worth picking

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Where is it we're going?
Who was it who said it?
Which stones are worth throwing?
Who will we discredit?
A pathetic aesthetic
In a world less poetic
It's not where you come from
It's going, go get it