

# The New Underground

Guster

Welcome  
You're under control  
And buried like a mole  
A thousand feet below  
Waiting  
We're all that we've got  
Our reputation's shot  
A ninety-story fall

No one here can make a sound  
We're all ghosts in this town  
We are standing in the trenches  
Of the new underground

Pipe down  
Stay under control  
It's getting so absurd  
Soon everything will turn  
It's our time  
To see the Sun  
There'll be a crack  
And our day will come  
Maybe then we'll be the ones  
You never can be sure  
The shot heard 'round the world

No one here can make a sound  
We're just ghosts in this town  
We are standing in the trenches  
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No one here can make a sound  
We're just ghosts in this town  
We are standing in the trenches  
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All the walls are coming down  
We're still hanging around  
We are digging in the trenches  
Of the new underground

(All right, yeah, all right, uh-huh)  
(All right, yeah, all right, uh-huh)  
(Yeah, I got it, uh-huh, all right)  
(Uh-huh, all right, yeah, uh-huh)  
(Uh huh, I got it, morning, I know you are)  
(I got it, I got it, make that shit funky, yeah)