

# Teeth like God's Shoeshine

Modest Mouse

From the top of the ocean - Yeah  
From the bottom of the sky -Goddamn  
Well I get claustrophobic  
I can you know that I can  
And he said:  
"I am not allowed much danger  
keep in line you're an old friend stranger.  
you'll burn me if effigy and I'll burn you in effigy."  
A rattle snake up in buffalo Montana  
he bit the leg of the old sheriff  
Ha! That boy fell down on his harelip -Ow! Ow!  
Well I might be wrong  
but you you tag along  
and we we all been wronged  
and I get dizzier by the mile  
Said hell! The money's spent  
went to the county line  
and paid the rent said "Uh-oh."  
Oh! If you could compact your conscience  
Oh! And you might.  
Oh! If you could bottle and sell it you might have done  
Oh! And you might  
Oh! If you could compact your conscience  
and sell it save it for another time  
you might have to use it.  
And the televisions gone  
Go to the grocery store, buy some new friends  
and find out the beginning, the end, and the best of it  
Well, do you need a lot of what you've got to survive?  
Here's the man with teeth like God's shoeshine  
He sparkles shimmers shines  
let's all have another Orange Julius  
This syrup standing in lines  
The malls are the soon to be ghost towns  
so long, farewell, good-bye  
Take 'em all for the long ride  
and you'll go around town  
no one wants to be uptight anymore  
You can be ashamed  
or be so proud of what you've done  
but not no one, not now, not ever or anyone  
take 'em all for the sense of happiness  
that comes from hurting deep down inside  
Or you can walk th line and give a shit  
I'm on the corner of this and this and this and this  
and its all all wrong, and its all all gone  
Well, you can add it up and give a shit  
go to the family doctor  
Its all worth it  
and its all all gone, and its all all wrong  
Here's the man with teeth like God's shoeshine  
He sparkles shimmers shines  
let's all have another Orange Julius  
Thick syrup standing in lines  
The malls are the soon to be ghost towns  
so long, farewell, good-bye  
And the telephone goes off

pick to receiver up, try to meet ends  
and find out the beginning, the end and the best of it