

Tundra/Desert

Modest Mouse

Every sick, fickle fucker
Childhood's what makes ya
'Til they treat ya like tundra
Weigh those opinions

More like air than lead
Every planned occupation
Surefire disappointment up ahead
'Til they treat ya like desert

See mirages of friendship, face turns red
Here's the soon to be anchor
Build bridges to nothing, you'll get nowhere
Every governor's mother knows

That their bread is buttered by Sam
And what about science?
they find proof and let you make your own decisions
Every childstar wonders

If they have a future up ahead
Every kindhearted banker
I don't think there is one
Every winning opinion

Stand on platforms in water
Filling jars full of silence you'll get nowhere