Of Course We Know

Modest Mouse

The streets are just blankets and we sleep on their silky corpse

Covered up by them, why would we ever want to wake up?

Oh, noWell, of course, of course, of course, of course

Of course we just do not knowWhat in hell are we here for?

We just do not knowLord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down your own damn soul

Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down your own damn soul

Lord lay down, Lord lay down your own damn soulThe end is like cotton that we wear wherever we go

Covered up by this, why would we ever want to try on your clothes? Well of course, of course, of course, of course

Of course we just do not knowWell, Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down (Let down your guard)

Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down your own damn soul Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down your only sonOf course we know, ah ah ah ah ah

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