

# Wham City

## Dan Deacon

There is a mountain of snow  
up past the big glen  
We have a castle enclosed  
There is a fountain  
Out of the fountain flows gold  
into a huge hand  
That handsa held by a bear  
who had a sick bandOf ghosts and cats and pigs and bats  
with brooms and bats and wigs and rats  
That play big dogs like queens and kings  
and everyone plays drums and sings  
'Bout big sharks sharp swords  
Beast bees bead lords  
Sweet cakes maste lakes  
a ma ma ma ma ma ma ma oooooo  
I hope in my heart that we on a whole  
will die and the earth be left alone  
just beast and bee and fish and tree  
this hope I wish will someday be  
that bacteria will have ate our remains  
that all knowledge of us has decayed  
our burden raised the world set free  
the earth returns to land and sea  
our buildings burned and highways gone  
I love my friends and everyone  
but we've had our chance let's move aside  
let time wash us out with the tide

Lyrics provided by

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