

# The Ground Walks, with Time in a Box

## Modest Mouse

Open up the window,  
all the air, oh the air is falling out.

Eyes vacuum up light;  
sound gets trapped by the mouth  
We'll deal with the remainder when the dents,  
the dents get hammered out.

Then we'll travel through time. The world's an inventor with its work  
crawlin, runnin, squirmin 'round.

Trees drop colorful fruits  
directly into our mouths.  
The world's an inventor,

we're the dirtiest thing its thought about...

And we really don't mind. We'll probably never get there,  
Bring your sightseer school teachers down.

It's a water color weekend,  
all the trees are turning colors now.

We'll probably never get there,  
bring your candy taster, time wasters around  
and we'll fuck with their minds. The world composes with his  
shirt tails wrinkled hangin' out  
Bang us together see what sort  
of sounds we make right now.

The world plays music  
playing skin on teeth inside of a mouth  
What sort of sounds?

What lovely sounds come about? We greased all the ropes, (The part of the ground)  
we'll throw you a line. (that's above the ground.)

We're gonna break these boulders, (We're the part of the ground,)  
we're gonna pull things out. (that when things come together,) We greased all the ropes, (come bubbling  
outwards)

we'll throw you a line. (and then sink back.)

We're gonna break these boulders, (Come bubbling outwards)  
we're gonna travel time. (when things come together.) We're gonna throw a party.

All the ghosts of trees are coming out,  
Don't look any direction,  
wait until the light's inside of the clouds.

You're gonna wanna see this;  
don't bring your camera around.

Watch sun and sawdust align. We greased all the ropes, (Come bubbling outwards)

we'll throw you a line. (then sinking back.)  
We're gonna break these boulders, (The part of the ground,)  
we're gonna pull things out. (that when things come together,)  
We greased all the ropes, (come bubbling outwards,)  
we'll throw you a line. (gets above the ground,)  
We're gonna break these boulders, (come bubbling outwards,)  
we're gonna travel time. (and then sink back.)Close up the window!  
All the air - all the air is falling out.  
Eyes vacuum up light  
sound gets trapped by the mouth.  
Our predecessor left this box  
and something's clawing around,  
I think it really wants out.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>