

Doin' the Cockroach

Modest Mouse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I was in heaven, I was in hell
Believe in neither, but fear them as well
This one's a doctor
This one's a lawyer This one's a cash fiend, takin' your money
Back on the metro, ride on the greyhound
Drunk on the Amtrak
Please, shut up Another rider, he was a talker
And well, talkin' 'bout TV
Please, shut up This one's a crazier, daydreamin' disaster
The origin of junk food, ruttin' through garbage
Tasty but worthless, dogs eat their own shit
We're doin' the cockroach, yeah Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Doin' the cockroach, yeah, yeah
Alright, not bad Doin' the cockroach, yeah
Doin' the cockroach, yeah, yeah
Alright, not bad, not bad You move your mouth, you shake your tongue
You vibrate my eardrums
You're saying words
But she felt I'm not listenin' One year, twenty years, forty years, fifty years
Down the road in your life
You'll look in the mirror
And say, "My parents are still alive" You're walking down the street
Your face, your lips, your hips
Your eyes, they meet
You're not hungry though You say, you're acting you
Now you tell me anything
You're not hu hu hu hu
You're not hungry though Well, late last winter down below the equator
They had a summer that would make you blister
Oh, my mind is all made up
So I'll have to be comin' Well, late last winter down below the equator
They had a summer that would make you blister

Oh, my mind is all made up
So I'll have to be comin' Well, late last winter down below the equator
They had a summer that would make you blister
And oh, my mind is all made up, oh, my mind is all made up
Oh, my mind is all made up
So I'll have to sleep in it

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