

Sentimental Physics

The Menzingers

I heard a ghost whisper to a teacher

He said "We're going off to war"

I heard a ghost whisper to a preacher

He said "We're going to start a war"

A newsman put a paper in my hand, telling me his truth

Jesus and The Scientist will never reconcile this
We're pieces on, we're pieces on the board
When you're lonely,
you can fine me

When you're feeling lost in a bidding war

When you're lonely, you can come fine me

When you're feeling lost in a bidding war
Guns and Lawyers, Gods and Aeroplanes
Promises, white cloaks, white jackets

Songwriters

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