

Tiny Cities Made of Ashes

Sun Kil Moon

We're goin' down the road
Towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm gonna hit you on the face
I'm gonna punch you in your glasses, oh no I just got a message that said
"Yeah Hell has frozen over"
I got a phone call from the Lord sayin'
"Hey boy, get a sweater, right now" So we're drinkin', drinkin', drinkin'
Drinkin' Coca, Coca-Cola
I can feel it rollin' right on down
Oh, right on down my throat And as we're headed down the road
Towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm gonna get dressed up in plastic
Gonna shake hands with the masses, oh no Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way? We're going down the road
Towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm going to hit you on the face
I'm going to punch you in your glasses I'm wearin' myself a T-shirt that says
"The world is my ashtray"
Our hearts pump dust and our hair's all gray
And I just got a message that says
"Yeah, Hell has frozen over" I got a phone call from the Lord sayin'
"Hey boy, get a sweater, right now" Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?
Does anybody know a way? We're drinkin', drinkin', drinkin'
Drinkin' Coca, Coca-Cola
I can feel it rollin' right on down
Oh, right on down my throat And as we're headed down the road
Towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm gonna lay down in the baths
Where they coat you in molasses, right now Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?
Does anybody know a way?

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