

# Doin' The Cockroach (Live @ JSP)

## Modest Mouse

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 taking your money  
Back of the Metro, ride on the Greyhound, drunk on the Amtrak, please shut up  
Another rider, he was a talker talking about TV, please shut up  
This one's a crazer, daydreaming disaster the origin of junk food, rutting through garbage  
Tasty but worthless, dogs eat their own shit we're doing 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  
Doin' the cockroach yeah, doin' the cockroach yeah, yeah alright not bad, not bad at all 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 move your mouth, you shake your tongue you  
vibrate my eardrums  
You're saying words But you know I ain't listening You're walking down the street your face, your lips, your  
hips, your eyes, they meet  
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 sleep in it  
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 sleep in it  
Well late last winter down below the equator they had a summer that would make you blister  
And oh, my mind is all, oh, my mind is all oh, my mind is all made up so I'll have to sleep in it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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