

Custom Concern

Modest Mouse

Their custom concern for the people
Build up the monuments and steeples
To wear out our eyes I get up just about noon
My head sends a message for me
To reach for my shoes and then walk
Gotta go to work, gotta go to work, gotta have a job Goes through the parking lot fields
Didn't see no signs that they will yield
And then thought, this'll never end
This'll never end, this'll never stop Message read on the bathroom wall
Says, "I don't feel at all like I fall"
And we're losing all touch
Losing all touch building a desert

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