

The Tortoise and the Tourist

Modest Mouse

Wake up, get ready
Wake up, get ready
What a wonderful trip's ahead
Well, wake up, get ready
Wake up, get ready
Such a wonderful trip's ahead
We get dressed as ghosts
With sheets taken from the bed
Inside our socks we hide travelers' checks
We are tourists of the dead
So let's pack up
Let's go
So let's pack up
Let's go
Let's pack up
Let's go
There was this tortoise, its shell was covered with jewels
And had been since time began
It knew the world through all its histories
And the universe and its mysteries
One day it came across a man
The two were talking
The tortoise offered to tell him
About the future and how the universe ran
Oh, the man killed the tortoise, took his shell
And with a song on his lips walked off again
So let's walk off
Let's go
So let's walk off
Let's go
Let's walk off
Let's go
So let's walk off
Let's go
Pack a lunch wander 'round
Toss the map on the ground
It isn't accurate anyways
We've been getting away
We've been getting away
We are strangers to ourselves
We sneak out
Drip by drip
Through paper cuts on our hands
Day after day

Nothing's quite the same
We are tourists in our own heads
So let's walk on
Let's go
Let's walk on
Let's go
Let's walk on (I think I feel ready to go)
Let's go
Let's walk on
Let's go
(I think I feel ready to go)
(I think I feel ready to go)

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