

Phages (Cedar)

The Most Serene Republic

Let's start this song with a stroll around
Late and cold we wander, smell of sale and cumber walks
The faster we go the quicker we'll end
With lack of homegrowns in the gardens we tendTada to town light, fire
Forks in the road we're notA rush of spring makes diamond rings
Of grass blades some and everything
Beige backed jumpers scared from those crooked stares
Proved wrong on public roads named by our attic airTada to town light, fire
Forks in the road we're not
Spoons more so we're caughtForks in the road we're not
Spoons more so we're caught
Forks in the road we're notThis town is dead from too much living
Let's make our ending from new beginnings
Let's raise the barn from strongest of cedar
And leave it all to forces of natureThis town is dead from too much living
Let's make our ending from new beginnings
Let's raise the barn from strongest of cedar
And leave it all to forces of natureThis town is dead from too much living
Let's make our ending from new beginnings
This town is dead from too much living
Let's make our ending from new beginnings
Let's raise the barn from strongest of cedar
And leave it all to forces of nature

Songwriters

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