

Land Of Pleasant Living

Clutch

Above there is no ending for the Vodka spinning Mir
All that is is passing and now is never here
So keep on raging you frenzied pioneers
No time for the wringing of hands
Strange faced ambassadors, strike up the band
Bust out that Dom Perignon
Johnnie Walker Red on that fairway lawn
Remember tripping on the Fourth of July?
Exploding octopuses in disguise?
They picked you up and they never let you down
Everyone's forgiven in the land of Pleasant Living now
Yuri Garagin sends his kindest regards

How those Yankees doing?
Still rock and roll and fancy cars?
But onto pressing matters
Such as the gluttony of the starving stars
No time for the wringing of hands
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