

Styrofoam Boots/ It's All Nice On Ice, Alright

Modest Mouse

Well all's not well
But I'm told that it'll all be quite nice
You'll be drowned in boots like Mafia
But your feet will still float like Christ's
And I'll be damned
They were right
I'm drowning upside down
My feet afloat like Christ's
I'm in heaven
Trying to figure out which stack
They're going to stuff us atheists into
When Peter and his monkey laugh
And I laugh with them
I'm not sure what at
They point and say
We'll keep you in the back
Polishing halos, baking manna and gas
Well some guy comes in looking a bit like everyone I ever seen
He moves just like Crisco disco
Breath a hundred percent Listerine
He says looking at something else
But directing everything to me
Ever time anyone gets on their knees to pray
Well it makes my telephone ring
And I'll be damned
He said you were right
No one's running this whole thing
He had a theory too
He said that God takes care of himself
And you of you
It's all nice on ice alright
And it's not day
And it's not night
But it's all nice on ice alright

Songwriters

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