

Glass of the Microscope

Yeastayer

Yesterday was nice
And today looked fine
And we'll play, the sky opened up
The moon came crashing down I wish that I
Could tell you
That it's all alright
Wish that I
Could tell you
That it's all alright But in truth we're doomed
Consumed by all the truck fumes
That would kill you without uttering a sound
In truth we're doomed
Entombed by oil spills, the wicked law men and the benzene underground
The architecture ruining this town Tilt your head back, don't choke
Under the glass of the microscope
Tilt your head back, don't choke
Under the glass of the microscope Over and over
Over again I wish that I
Could tell you
That it's all alright
Wish that I
Could tell you
That it's all alright But in truth we're doomed
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