

# Teeth Like God's™s Shoeshine

## Modest Mouse

From the top of the ocean, yeah  
From the bottom of the sky, goddamn  
Well I get claustrophobic  
I can, you know that I can, well  
From the top of the ocean, yeah  
From the bottom of the sky, goddamn  
Well I get claustrophobic  
I can, you know that I can  
And he said, "I am not allowed much danger  
Keep in line you're an old friend stranger  
You'll burn me if effigy and I'll burn you in effigy"  
Well, a rattlesnake up in Buffalo, Montana  
He bit the leg of the old sheriff  
Ha, that boy fell down on his harelip, ow, ow  
Well I, I might be wrong, but you, you tag along  
And we, we've all been wronged  
And I feel dizzier by the mile  
Said, "Hell, the money's spent  
Went to the county line and paid the rent"  
I said, "Uh-oh", I said "Uh-oh"  
Oh, if you could compact your conscience  
Oh, and you might  
Oh, if you could bottle  
And sell it you might have done  
Oh, and you might  
Oh, if you could compact your conscience  
And sell it, save it for another time  
You know you might have to use it  
And the televisions on  
Go to the grocery store, buy some new friends  
And find out the beginning, the end, and the best of it  
Well, do you need a lot of what you've got to survive?  
Here's the man with teeth like God's shoeshine  
He sparkles, shimmers, shines  
Let's all have another Orange Julius  
Thick syrup standin in lines  
The malls are the soon to be ghost towns  
Well, so long, farewell, goodbye  
Take 'em all for the long ride  
And you'll go around town  
No one wants to be uptight anymore  
You can be ashamed  
Or be so proud of what you've done  
But not no one, not now, not ever or anyone  
Take 'em all for the sense of happiness  
That comes from hurting deep down inside  
Or you can add it up and give a shit, give a shit  
Go to the family doctor its all worth it, all worth it  
All, all wrong, and it's all, all gone  
Or, you can add it up and give a shit, give a shit  
Im on the corner of this and this  
All, all wrong, and its all, all gone  
Here's the man with teeth like God's shoeshine  
He sparkles, shimmers, shines

Let's all have another Orange Julius  
Thick syrup standin in lines  
The malls are the soon to be ghost towns  
Well so long, farewell, goodbye  
And the telephone goes off  
Pick the receiver up, try to meet ends  
And find out the beginning  
The end and the best of it  
Oh, my goddamn  
Take 'em all for the long ride  
And you'll go around town  
No one wants to be uptight anymore  
You can be ashamed  
Or be so proud of what you've done  
But not no one, not now, not ever or anyone

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