Teeth Like Godâ€™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, wellFrom the top of the ocean, yeah
From the bottom of the sky, goddamn
Well I get claustrophobic
I can, you know that I canAnd 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, owWell I, I might be wrong, but you, you tag along
And we, weve all been wronged
And I feel dizzier by the mileSaid,"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 mightOh, if you could compact your conscience
And sell it, save it for another time
You know you might have to use itAnd 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 JuliusThick syrup standin in lines
The malls are the soon to be ghost towns
Well, so long, farewell, goodbyeTake 'em all for the long ride
And you'll go around town
No one wants to be uptight anymoreYou 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 insideOr 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 goneOr, 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 goneHere's the man with teeth like God's shoeshine
He sparkles, shimmers, shines

Let's all have another Orange JuliusThick syrup standin in lines
The malls are the soon to be ghost towns
Well so long, farewell, goodbyeAnd the telephone goes off
Pick the receiver up, try to meet ends
And find out the beginning
The end and the best of itOh, my goddamn
Take 'em all for the long ride
And you'll go around town
No one wants to be uptight anymoreYou 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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