

Future Foe Scenarios

Silversun Pickups

The things we laid do not amount too much
Made of abandoned wood, loose stones and such
This revolution, baby
Proves who you work for maybe
Release the castaways who run amok
From self-appointed winds which blow and such
When present tense gets strangled in the mire
Made of our cozy decomposing wires Who do you work for, baby?
And does it work for you lately? But when the night is over and the walls start burning
When fire starts to matter and the clock's still churning
Clicks and other chatter keeps our minds from learning
Our minds keep learning
It's all right
It's all right The things we laid do not amount too much
Made of hot thought balloons and cotton swabs
When present tense gets strangled in the woes
Made of our future foe scenarios This revolution, baby
Proves who you work for maybe
Who do you work for, baby?
And does it work for you lately? But when the night is over and the walls start linking
When fire starts to matter and the clock's still sinking
Clicks and other chatter keeps our minds from thinking
Our minds keep shrinking
It's all right It's all right It's all right It's all right
That's when it turned on me
A motorcade of meant-to-be's
Parade of beauty queens
Where soft entwines make kindling
These many detailed things
Like broken nails and plastic rings
Will win by keeping me
From speaking to my new darling
And there's no way to know
Our future foe scenarios
That's when it turned on me
When bobby pins held angel wings It's all right It's all right It's all right It's all right It's all right It's all right

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