

What People Are Made Of

Modest Mouse

{ What's up?
Make love } Rag weed tall
Better hope that his ladder don't crack
Or hell hit the ground low, hard and
Under his back At the battle at the bottom of the ocean
Where the dead do rise
You need proof I got proof
At the surface you can watch 'em float by Way in back of the room
There sits a cage
Inside it's a clock that you can win if
You can guess its age Which you never can do
'Cause the time it constantly change
For a lack or a luck
I guess that is the saying On the first page of the 'Book of Blue'
It read
"If you read this page
Then that'll be your death" By then it was too late and you wound up on
An island of shells and bones that bodies had left
And the one thing you taught me 'bout human beings was this
They ain't made of nothin' but water and shit

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