

tiny cities made of ashes (BBC radio)

Modest Mouse

We're goin' down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes
Gonna hit you on the face gonna punch you in your
Glasses, oh no! I just got a message that said "Yeah hell is freezin' over"
I Got a phone call from the Lord sayin' "Hey boy get a
Sweater. Right now" So we're drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' coca-coca-cola
I can feel it rollin' right on down
Oh right on down my throat
And as we're headed down the road towards tiny cities
Made of ashes I'm gonna get dressed up in plastic gonna shake hands
With the masses, oh no!
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away
Does anybody know a way Were goin' down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes
I'm goin' to hit you on the face I'm goin' to punch you in your
Glasses, oh no! I'm wearin' myself a t-shirt that says "The world is my ashtray"
Our hearts pump dust and our hairs all gray
And I just got a message sayin' that hell has frozen over
Got a phone call from the Lord sayin' "Hey boy get a
Sweater. Right now!" Does anybody know a way that a body could get away
Does anybody know a way Were drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' drinkin' coca-coca-cola
I can feel it rollin' right on down oh right on down my throat
And as we're headed down the road towards tiny cities
Made of ashes I'm gonna lay down in the spa where they coat you
In molasses, oh no! Does anybody know a way that a body could get away
Does anybody know a way

Songwriters

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