Earthquakes

Moxy Fruvous

(random guitar noodling)(Jian speaking)
I'm gonna go and see where we're at...(Murray says something non-understandable)
yeah...???(can hear studio workers in the background,
even after the song begins)(Dave, w/ Jian)
1...2...3...uhh...ehh...uhhh...ssss(instrumental intro, Murray says something like "oh baby" or "ready")(Dave)
He doesn't care if you're punctual
no reward for an early bird.(Jian)
Ho!(Mike whistles like a bird)(Dave)
And he don't care if you're dysfunctional,
we've only recently heard that word.And the infamous nictotine user.
I think he doesn't really care about that.(Murray)
No.(Dave)
The butcher, the baker, the boozer.
It doesn't matter if you're skinny or fat.(All)
But, look at the clouds, look at the earthquakes.
Look at the moon that the light of the sun makes.
Look at the wind...
(Dave)
Woo! How it's loose and free...
(All)
Look at these tiny things botherin' me.(Dave)
I've been watching for seven straight hours
(others, in the background)
there hasn't been a damn thing on!
(Dave)
And there hasn't been a damn thing on.
And I feel like I'm losin' my powers.
(Mike)
uhh-huh-ho...
(Dave, w/ Jian in the background saying "hey, hey, hey...")
All my get up and go has all gone(Dave) (others in the background)
And I lied to my local panhandler I told a big fat lie to the pan-man
Said I couldn't have the change
Start off straight but I get to meander
I got the aim but I don't have the range
(others)
woah...(All, w/ voices in the background even louder)
Look at the clouds, yeees, look at the earthquakes.
Look at the moon that the light of the sun makes.

Uh, Look at the wind...
(Dave) (others)
How it's loose and free... fa-du-da-du-da, fa-du-da-du-da
(All)
Look at these tiny things botherin' me.(voices in background still audible, random scat solos follow)(Dave, w/ others, do scat trumpet-like singing)(Dave)
Wooooahhhhh.....(All)
Well, the future looks like distant thunder.
(Dave)
Well, because
(All)
I'm never sure that I'll get paid.
And I'm pissed that I'm not gettin' younger.
Gettin' pretty, gettin' love, gettin' laid.
And on the talk show, cat fight, playoff,
well, everybody gives 'em a hand.
And the radio sounds like a payoff,
I just don't understand.(All, w/ voices in the background even louder)
Look at the clouds, look at the earthquakes (shhhhh...)
Look at the moon that the light of the sun makes.
(Dave)
Hey!
(All)
Uh, Look at the wind...
(Dave) (others)
Wooo!, how it's loose and free... fa-du-da-du-da, fa-du-da-du-da
(All)
Look at these tiny things botherin' me.
Look at these tiny things botherin' me.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/