

The Ground Walks, With Time in a Box

Modest Mouse

Open up a window
All the air, all the air is falling out
Eyes vacuum up light
Sound gets trapped by the mouth
What to do with the remainder
When the dents, the dents get hammered out
Then we'll travel through time
The world's an inventor with its work
Crawling, running, squirming 'round
Trees drop colorful fruits
Directly into our mouths
The world's an inventor
We're the dirtiest thing it's thought about
And we really don't mind
We'll probably never get there
Bring your sightseers, schoolteachers down
It's a watercolor weekend
All the trees are turning colors now
We'll probably never get there
Bring your candy taster time wasters around
And we'll fuck with their minds
The world composes
With his shirttails wrinkled, hanging out
Bang us together
See what sort of sounds we make right now
The world plays music
Playing skin on teeth inside of the mouth
What sort of sounds?
What lovely sounds come about?
We greased all the roads
We're floating in the light
We're gonna break these borders
We're gonna move in time
We greased all the roads
We're floating in the light
We're gonna break these borders
We're gonna travel time
We're gonna throw a party
All the ghosts of trees are coming out
Don't move in any direction
Wait until the light's inside of the cloud
You're gonna wanna see this

Don't bring your camera around
Watch sun and sawdust alignWe greased all the roads
We're floating in the light
We're gonna break these borders
We're gonna pulse in time
We greased all the roads
We're floating in the light
We're gonna break these borders
We're gonna travel timeHold up a window
All the air, all the air is falling out
Eyes vacuum up light
Sound gets trapped by the mouth
Our predecessor left this box
And something's clawing around
I think it really wants out
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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