

The New Underground

Guster

Welcome
You're under control
And buried like a mole
A thousand feet below
Waiting
We're all that we've got
Our reputation's shot
A ninety-story fall

No one here can make a sound
We're all ghosts in this town
We are standing in the trenches
Of the new underground

Pipe down
Stay under control
It's getting so absurd
Soon everything will turn
It's our time
To see the Sun
There'll be a crack
And our day will come
Maybe then we'll be the ones
You never can be sure
The shot heard 'round the world

No one here can make a sound
We're just ghosts in this town
We are standing in the trenches
Of the new underground

No one here can make a sound
We're just ghosts in this town
We are standing in the trenches
Of the new underground

All the walls are coming down
We're still hanging around
We are digging in the trenches
Of the new underground

(All right, yeah, all right, uh-huh)
(All right, yeah, all right, uh-huh)
(Yeah, I got it, uh-huh, all right)
(Uh-huh, all right, yeah, uh-huh)
(Uh huh, I got it, morning, I know you are)
(I got it, I got it, make that shit funky, yeah)