

# What People Are Made Of

Modest Mouse

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