

Golden Parachutes

Fair to Midland

Here they come, shaking in their boots,
They'll be skipping stones with your bones,
When these ants know,
Where to find you!
And steal all your thunder,
The windows will shutter,
And I'll wear a tie.
And I'll wear a tie.

Were you shaking in your boots,
Did it scare you half to death,
When you saw the falling arrows?

Won't that be a sight?
Won't that be a sight?

Here they come, attached at the hip,
Swallowing swords when they soar,
Now my clones know,
Where to find you!
Your bread and your butter,
Your dim flying colors,
We'll both pick a side,
And I'll wear a tie.

Were you shaking in your boots,
Did it scare you half to death,
When you saw the falling arrows?
Did you stop dead in your tracks,
Or join the whole stampede,
Just to keep from spilling over?

Won't that be a sight?
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