

In Twenty Years or So

Father John Misty

What's there to lose
For a ghost in a cheap rental suit
Clinging to a rock that is hurtling through space?

And what's to regret
For a speck on a speck on a speck
Made more ridiculous the more serious he gets?

Oh, it's easy to forget

Oh, I read somewhere
That in twenty years
More or less
This human experiment will reach its violent end
But I look at you
As our second drinks arrive
The piano player's playing "This Must Be the Place"
And it's a miracle to be alive

One more time

There's nothing to fear
There's nothing to fear
There's nothing to fear