

# Gravity Rides Everything

Modest Mouse

Oh gotta see, gotta know right now  
What's that riding on your everything?  
It isn't anything at all  
Oh gotta see, gotta know right now  
What's that writing on your shelf  
In the bathrooms and the bad motels?  
No one really cared for it at all  
Not the gravity plan  
Early, early in the morning  
It pulls all on down my sore feet  
I wanna go back to sleep  
In the motions and the things that you say  
It all will fall, fall right into place  
As fruit drops, flesh it sags  
Everything will fall right into place  
When we die, some sink and some lay  
But at least I don't see you float away  
And all the spilt milk, sex and weight  
It all will fall, fall right into place