

History Sticks to Your Feet

Modest Mouse

At the movies eyes iced over
Walking sideways through them gutters
And you realize that the floor sticks to your feet like history
Well, don't you look at me like life don't hold you anymore mystery

Bag of splinters boiling over on your back expose your belly
Optimism doesn't change the facts just what you're gonna to see

Like it was stated that we're walking salt and coal
Plants solidify sunshine, how this start I don't know
Causing feet and entire chain shoe stores
The sun's diary pulled up from deep canary holes
And when we read it our skin it becomes warm

At the movies eyes iced over
Walking sideways through the gutter
And you realize life sticks to your feet, you're history
I'm gonna slap that look off your face
Like life don't hold no mystery

All those red marks on our shoulders
Self back patting, homemade trophies
Well, the path only exists as tiny bricks
We burn to release all, it's memory
I've had enough with rolling boulders, I want more moss on me

Clocks to splinters but time goes forward
And when them tree drop leaves your feet collect their memories
I guess all us snakes find our tails pretty damn tasty

I heard you mention that we're walking salt and coal
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And when we read it our skin it becomes warm

At the movies eyes iced over
Walking sideways through the gutters
And you realize that the floor sticks to your feet, you're history
I'm gonna knock that look off your face
Like life don't hold you no more mystery