

## Tundra/Desert

Modest Mouse

Every sick, fickle fucker  
Childhood's what makes ya  
'Til they treat ya like tundra  
Weigh those opinions

More like air than lead  
Every planned occupation  
Surefire disappointment up ahead  
'Til they treat ya like desert

See mirages of friendship, face turns red  
Here's the soon to be anchor  
Build bridges to nothing, you'll get nowhere  
Every governor's mother knows

That their bread is buttered by Sam  
And what about science?  
they find proof and let you make your own decisions  
Every childstar wonders

If they have a future up ahead  
Every kindhearted banker  
I don't think there is one  
Every winning opinion

Stand on platforms in water  
Filling jars full of silence you'll get nowhere