

What Will Become Of Us

Passenger

Well, wood burns, and metal rusts,
So, darling, what's to become of us,
When the weather turns, and they say it must,
Well, we'll need coats for the both of us,
But the wool is thin and it's full of holes,
And there's no heat in this abandoned bus,
So will we go alone, out on our own,
Oh, darling, what's to become of us

Well, boats sink into the sea,
And airplanes that crash like computer screens,
And signals fail, trains derail,
And car bonnets crumple like magazines,
'Til they're put in piles like stacks of tiles,
In a yard full of fridges and broken stuff,
Will we go alone out on our own,
Oh, darling, what's to become of us

We will bite our noses off to spite our faces,
Both of us will rust like metal fences in the rain,
You will pour the gasoline and I will spark the matches,
We will burn within our fire, we will burn within our flames

Well, yeast ferments and milk sours,
When it's out of the fridge for too many hours,
Well, we lament in separate towers,
Never knowing if we're brave or if we're cowards,
For they pour cement down this hole of ours,
And we'll be stuck under stones and flowers,
Will we go alone out on our own,
Oh, darling, that's what will become of us