

# The Scarecrows Are Marching

Radical Face

My wisdom teeth still stab my cheek  
And I'm always sucking aspirin  
The life I stole is full of holes  
And my pants don't fit me right  
My dreams are old and faded and  
My head feels thick and useless  
We're on the road to nowhere  
But we won't arrive tonight so let's go home

The weather man's excited  
'Cause Mother Nature is getting restless  
The telephone keeps screaming  
As I sit and count my scars  
The window is always open  
Beause the glass is always broken  
And the things we lost never looked so good  
As the day we knew they were gone

Build it up  
Then watch it crumble  
Save the talk  
You're going down  
Take the fall  
There's nothing to it  
Sell the world  
And coin the sound  
'Cause I will be around  
When you awake

The scarecrows are marching  
The fields are in flames  
There's nothing to eat  
But I can't complain

The axes have fallen  
My strings have been cut  
My puppeteer's lonely  
But he's plum out of luck

The roads are misshapen  
The signs are all boards  
I remember this room  
'Cause I've been here before

The floorboards are rotten  
The sink's full of rust  
And using my pinky  
I draw you in the dust

The Winter has lost His touch  
And now His snow is made of plastic  
The kids are all in line  
But they will never get a turn  
The city is made of cardboard  
And it's foggy with pollution  
Let's sit down on the moon  
So we can watch this planet burn

Cover us and we'll start sinking  
Nothing ever lasts for long  
I'm not dead, I just quit living  
I'm not sure if it's right or wrong

But I will be around  
When you awake