

The Underside

School Is Cool

Even though it's two miles up ahead,
We'll camp down here and rest instead of going on,
But we're going on.
The gallows will be swinging low,
We've still got time left even though it won't be long,

Oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh
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The underside

I've got red skies comin' up my way,
'Cause all of this will end today.
It's bad timing, for a steady climb.
And soon this town will turn to dust,
The morning dew will turn to rust, it's about time.

Oh-oh-oh
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And now the question still remains
Which side loses, which side gains a grain of sand,
That is, time.
Tonight this town will turn to dust
The morning dew will turn to rust, it's about time
So take a side.

I guess it all boils down to whether
You can cope with stormy weather in a cup, a hefty task.
And whether worlds end overnight,
They might just not or they just might, don't even ask.

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