Modest Mouse, Bad Weight

Buh duh buh buh buh

Bud duh buh buh buh buh buh buh

You go right through me

I go right through but I'm about to

Go on reminding you I am about to see you through it

Buh duh buh buh buh

Bud duh buh buh buh duh buh buh

Buh duh buh buh buh

Your mouth not mind is open wide

You don't have a clue

II am a reminder

You've got a voice so talk to yourself

Lift the bad weight off your mullet

And let the thoughts fall off your tongue

Cause I'm callin' callin' callin'

I've never written to anyone

So this is about ugly lovers

And this is about pretty songs

Cause I'm a bastard bastard bastard

In my lipstick I'm so much fun

Connect your wood feet to a motor

And the chrome dance trophy is won

A little classy plastic lumber

I'm embarassed but I ain't that stunned

Looks like the humans' days are numbered

That's a sitcom that was number one

Cause we're a past tense late rate (?)

I must've thouroughly failed to convince us not to mess this place up

(Shameful shameful shameful)