

# Future Foe Scenarios

## Silversun Pickups

The things we laid do not amount to much  
Made of abandoned wood, loose stones and such  
This revolution, baby  
Proves who you work for lately  
Release the castaways who run amok  
From self appointed winds which blow and such  
When present tense gets strangled in the mire  
Made of our cozy decomposing wires  
Who do you work for baby  
And does it work for you lately  
But when the night is over and the walls start burning  
When fire starts to matter and the clock's still churning  
Cliches and other chatter keeps our minds from learning  
Our minds keep learning  
It's alright  
It's alright  
The things we laid do not amount to much  
Made up of thought balloons and cotton swabs  
When present tense gets strangled in the woes  
Made of our future foe scenarios  
This revolution baby  
Proves who you work for maybe  
Who do you work for baby  
And does it work for you lately  
But when the night is over and the walls start linking  
When fire starts to matter and the clocks still sinking  
Cliches and other chatter keep our minds from thinking  
Our minds keep thinking  
It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright  
That's when it turned on me  
A motorcade of 'meant to be's'  
Parades of beauty queens  
Where soft entwines make kindling  
These many detailed things  
Like broken nails and plastic rings  
Will win by keeping me  
From speaking to my new darling  
And there's no way to know  
Our future foe scenarios  
That's when it turned on me  
Where bobby pins hold angel wings  
It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright  
It's alright

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

