

The Tortoise and the Tourist

Modest Mouse

Wake up, get ready
Wake up, get ready
Such a wonderful trip's ahead
Well wake up, get ready
Wake up, get ready
Such a wonderful trip's ahead
We get dressed as ghosts with sheets taken from the bed
Inside our socks we hide traveler checks
We are tourists of the dead
So let's pack up, let's go
So let's pack up, let's go
So let's pack up, let's go
Let's go
There was this tortoise
Its shell covered with jewels and had been since time began
It knew the world through all its histories and the universe and its mysteries
One day it came across a man
The two were talking
The tortoise offered to tell him about the future and how the universe ran
Oh the man killed the tortoise, took its shell and with a song of his lips walked off again
So let's walk off, let's go
So let's walk off, let's go
So let's walk off, let's go
So let's walk off, let's go
Pack a lunch, wander 'round, toss the map on the ground
It is inaccurate anyway
We've been getting away, We've been getting away
We are strangers to ourselves
We sneak out, drip by drip
Through papercuts on our hands, day after day
Nothing's quite the same
We are tourists in our own heads
So let's walk on, let's go
So let's walk on, let's go
(I think I feel ready to go)
So let's walk on, let's go
So let's walk on, let's go
I think I feel ready to go
I think I feel ready to go
I think I feel ready to go
I think I feel ready to go
I think I feel ready to go

I think I feel ready to go

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