

Pripyat

Mogwai

The science halls have hollow walls
And sodden carpet
At least the cops don't come in
Spare us the legal poems, broken legs can't run anyway
Some days were missed, ten kegs at
Albers
And Albers turns into gear and hours become years
Well get back to work right back to work I swear
Our beakers are still full of beer
Crotch rockets and violins
We chiseled and we switched
Naw, but their not gonna mix
So please can our dying brains, take another break
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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