

Custom Concern

Modest Mouse

Their custom concern for the people
Build up the monuments and steeples
To wear out our eyes I get up just about noon
My head sends a message for me to reach for my shoes and then walk
Gotta go to work, gotta go to work, gotta have a job Goes through the parking lot fields
Doesn't see no signs that they would yield and then thought
This'll never end, this'll never end, this'll never stop
Message read on the bathroom wall says,
"I don't feel at all like I fall"
And we're losing all touch, losing all touch, building a desert

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