

Wicked Campaign

Modest Mouse

Well I just found the fence where I am going to lean
Take my handkerchief out and rub my eyeglasses clean
So I just learned my face, but I forgot my name
I'm gonna wear this smile like it's some stupid toupee
And say "Oh, that's too bad"
Oh, I just learned your face, but it is bound to change
You can say what you want but try to think it my way
And say "Oh, this wicked campaign"
I said, "Oh, this was not my plan"
You know I'm a bastard and we only just met
I guess I probably shouldn't wear this big old sign around my neck
I've still got some opinions that I'm willing to claim
I'm gonna carry them around like they're some wicked campaign
I started the debate, but now I'm sure I can't win
I should, I probably should just exit the same way I came in
Well counted, calculator, you didn't calculate this
That there's a lot more nothing than you knew exists
"Oh, this wicked campaign"
I said, "Oh, this was not my plan"
"Oh, this wicked campaign"
Every day is a wicked campaign
Well I just found the fence where I am going to lean
Take my handkerchief out and rub my eyeglasses clean
And just wait, and just wait, and wait, wait, wait
I'm not dead but I misplaced the will
I'm gonna wear this smile like it's a \$100 bill and just wait
I'm not a doctor, but I'll sell you an itch
I could apologize, but then a bit more nothing exists
The world's got plenty of good and bad liars
But our lies should come with chariots and choirs
Singing, "Oh, things are not so bad"
And we sing, "Oh, it's our wicked campaign"
And they sing, "Oh, things are not so bad"
We sing, "Oh, what a wicked campaign"

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