

# Tundra/Desert

## Modest Mouse

Every sick fickle fucker  
Childhood's what makes you  
'Till they treat ya like tundra  
Weigh those opinions more like air than lead Every planned occupation  
Surefire disappointment up ahead  
Till they treat ya like desert  
See mirages of friendship, face turns red Here's the soon-to-be anchor  
Build bridges to nothing, you'll get nowhere  
Every governor's mother knows  
That their bread is buttered by Sam  
And what about science?  
They find proof and let you make your own decisions Every child star wonders  
If they have a future up ahead  
Every kind-hearted banker  
I don't think there is one  
Every winning opinion  
I wish I had one  
Every winning opinion  
I wish I had one Stand on platforms in water  
Filling jars full of silence, you'll get nowhere

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