

History Sticks to Your Feet

Modest Mouse

At the movies, eyes iced over, walking sideways, through them gutters
And you realize that the floor sticks to your feet like history
Well don't you look at me like life don't hold you anymore mystery
Bag of splinters boiling over, on your back expose your belly
Optimism doesn't change the facts, just what you're gonna see
Like it was stated that we're walking salt and coal
Plants solidify sunshine, how'd this start, I don't know
Causing feet and entire chain shoe stores
The sun's diary pulled up from deep canary holes
And when we read it, our skin, it becomes warm
At the movies, eyes iced over, walking sideways, through the gutter
And you realize life sticks to your feet, your history
I'm gonna slap that look off your face like life don't hold no mystery
All those red marks on our shoulders
Self back patting, homemade trophies
Well the past only exists as tiny bricks we burn to release all it's memory
I've had enough with rolling boulders, I want more moss on me
Clocks to splinters but time goes forward
And when them trees drop leaves your feet collect their memories
I guess all us snakes find our tails pretty damn tasty!
I heard you mention we're walking salt and coal
Plants solidify sunshine, how'd it start, I don't know
Causing feet and entire chain shoe stores
The sun's diary pulled up from deep canary holes
And when we read it, our skin, it becomes quite warm
At the movies, eyes iced over
Walking sideways, through the gutters
And you realize that the floor sticks to your feet, your history
I'm gonna knock that look off your face like life don't hold you no more mystery

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