

Future Foe Scenarios

Silversun Pickups

The things we laid do not amount to much
Made of abandoned wood, loose stones and such
This revolution, baby
Proves who you work for latelyRelease the castaways who run amok
From self appointed winds which blow and such
When present tense gets strangled in the mire
Made of our cozy decomposing wiresWho do you work for baby
And does it work for you latelyBut when the night is over and the walls start burning
When fire starts to matter and the clock's still churning
Cliches and other chatter keeps our minds from learning
Our minds keep learning
It's alright
It's alright
The things we laid do not amount to much
Made up of thought balloons and cotton swabs
When present tense gets strangled in the woes
Made of our future foe scenariosThis revolution baby
Proves who you work for maybe
Who do you work for baby
And does it work for you latelyBut when the night is over and the walls start linking
When fire starts to matter and the clocks still sinking
Cliches and other chatter keep our minds from thinking
Our minds keep thinking
It's alright
It's alrightIt's alright
It's alright
That's when it turned on me
A motorcade of 'meant to be's'
Parades of beauty queens
Where soft entwines make kindling
These many detailed things
Like broken nails and plastic rings
Will win by keeping me
From speaking to my new darling
And there's no way to know
Our future foe scenarios
That's when it turned on me
Where bobby pins hold angel wingsIt's alrightIt's alrightIt's alrightIt's alrightIt's alrightIt's alright

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