

Buffet Days

Futurebirds

The moon's a little fat man, lazy and trite
Creeping twelve feet over Tallahassee tonight
With a cheap fake tan that's glowing with a Crisco shine
And he's drunk on the cosmic comedic news
That Armageddon finally came and it's a total snooze
Gods telling a joke yeah, and taking Her time
I can't shake the feeling we're the punch line

Caught in some freak show
It makes you feel some kind of low
Got us dreaming of the buffet days
Where we once stood
But were they really ever all that good?

I paint my nails, floss my teeth
Over-analyze your life and make something to eat
Let your brain train steamroll right on through your mind
Train leaves the station every day on time

Caught in some freak show
It makes you feel some kind of low
Got us dreaming of the buffet days
Son, they're long gone
Yeah, the breakfast game is moving on
Yeah, a better morning is coming on