

Belgium

Ghost Mice

We arrived really late at night
And we found a place to sleep under a small patch of trees
We didn't set up our tent that night
We just put sleeping bags right down in the weeds

The ground was covered in thorns
But the ground was dry and the ground was warm
And we could see the stars at night
So we knew we'd be alright

I heard some footsteps approaching the fence
So I picked my head up to get a look at it
It was the most monstrous cow I'd ever seen
With eyes like a devil burnin' straight into me

And I knew that if it could
It would hop over that fence and crush us with its hoofs
And I knew that we were in deep
Eighty days left, I'm glad that you are here with me

We woke up the next morning to discover
Our true enemy was beneath us the whole time
There were slugs all over our sleeping bags
And everywhere they went they left a trail of slime

And we packed up our things, we walked into town
Into a town I'd never heard of before
We ate fries in a Medieval market,
A thousand sauces
I chose ketchup of course
Of course, of course, of course, of course

Hung around for a few days then headed out
On our way we got dropped off without wanting to be
In the city where most of the world's diamonds are made
But the city had treasure and sparkly things

Didn't hold many splendors for you and me,
Just mean old ladies in the McDonalds bathroom that wanted us to pay to pee