

The Scarecrows Are Marching

Radical Face

My wisdom teeth still stab my cheek
And I'm always sucking Aspirin
The life I stole is full of holes
And my pants don't fit me right
My dreams are old and faded
And my head feels thick and useless
We're on the road to nowhere
But we won't arrive tonight, so let's go home

The weatherman's excited
'Cause Mother Nature is getting restless
The telephone keeps screaming
As I sit and count my scars
The window is always open
Because the glass is always broken
And the things we lost never looked so good
As the day we knew they were gone

Build it up then watch it crumble
Save the talk, you're going down
Take the fall, there's nothing to it
Sell the world and coin the sound
'Cause I won't be around
When you awake

The scarecrows are marching
The fields are in flames
There's nothing to eat
But I can't complain
The axes have fallen
My strings have been cut
My puppeteer's lonely
But he's plumb out of luck

The roads are misshapen
The signs are all boards
I remember this room
'Cause I've been here before
The floorboards are rotten
The sink's full of rust
And using my pinky
I draw you in the dust

The winter has lost his touch
And now his snow is made of plastic
The kids are all in line
But they will never get a turn
The city is made of cardboard
And it's foggy with pollution
Let's sit down on the moon
So we can watch this planet burn

Cut the ropes and we'll start sinking
Nothing ever lasts for long
I'm not dead, I just quit living
I'm not sure if it's right or wrong
But I won't be around

When you awake