

All the Surveyors

Shellac

Who walks the king's road? (Who fears a king?)
Who fears a king? (Fuck the king!)
Fuck the king!

Caw! Caw!
Caw!
Should've buried you in the desert

Here come the surveyors
Here come all the surveyors
They show them
They show them some respect

Energy is mass multiplied by the speed of light squared
That's a big number
And you're pretty big
We've got more of you than we can use
And the cameras in orbit will survey
The lines on the earth that show where the corn is
And the crater that we made out of you times son-of-a-
bitch squared

Here come the surveyors
Here come all the surveyors
They show them
They slowly show them some re-

Caw! Caw! Caw!
Caw! Caw!
Surveyor! Surveyor! (Caw! Caw!)
Surveyor! Surveyor! (Caw! Caw!)
Surveyor! Surveyor!