

Cuomoville

Weezer

There's magic on a Summer evening
The frogs are croaking in the pond
We're turning toward salvation
Across the rubicon

All the day we work with our hands
Digging in the Tuscan soil
Planting peas and cabbage
Nourished by the toil

Here in Cuomoville
We don't need chains of gold
Woah oh!
Leave it for the Roman soldiers
In their winged chariots

It's like a surrogate for heaven
As the wicked world turns round
We bring each other comfort
Never let each other down

If this is all we are given
I'm sure that I'll be satisfied
To know that you are with me
On the day I die

Feed em
Feed em
To the lions

Feed em
Feed em
To the lions

Taste
Your own
Medicine

Feed em
Feed em
To the lions

Wave your hands
As they are dying

Taste
Your own
Medicine

Here in Cuomoville
We don't chains of gold
Woah oh!
Leave it for the Roman soldiers
All hail the Roman soldiers
In their winged chariots