

Yeasayer, Glass of the Microscope

Yesterday was nice
And today looked fine
And we're glad the sky opened up
The moon came crashing down

I wish that I
Could tell you
That it's all alright
Wish that I
Could tell you
That it's all alright

But in truth we're doomed
Consumed by all the truck fumes
That would kill you without uttering a sound
In truth we're doomed
Entombed by the wicked law men and the benzene underground
The architecture ruining this town

Tilt your head back, don't choke
Under the glass of the microscope
Tilt your head back, don't choke
Under the glass of the microscope

Over and over
Over again

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