

# Tiny Cities Made of Ashes

## Modest Mouse

We're going down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes  
I'm gonna hit you on the face, I'm gonna punch in your glasses  
Oh, no! just got a message that said yeah, hell has frozen over  
I got a phone call from the Lord saying hey boy, get a sweater  
Right now! So we're drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking Coca, Coca-Cola  
I can feel it rollin' right on down, oh right on down my throat  
And as we're headed down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes  
I'm gonna get dressed up in plastic, gonna shake hands with the masses  
Oh no! Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?  
Does anybody know a way?  
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?  
Does anybody know a way?  
We're going down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes  
I'm gonna hit you on the face, I'm gonna punch you in your glasses  
I'm wearing myself a T-shirt that says the world is my ashtray  
Our hearts pump dust and our hair's all gray And I just got a message that says yeah, hell has  
frozen over  
I got a phone call from the Lord saying hey boy get a sweater  
Right now! Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?  
Does anybody know a way?  
Does anybody know a way? We're drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking Coca, Coca-Cola  
I can feel it rollin' right on down my, oh right on down my throat  
And as we're heading down the road towards tiny cities made of ashes  
I'm gonna lay down at the spa where they coat you in molasses  
What now?  
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?  
Does anybody know a way?  
Does anybody know a way that a body could get away?  
Does anybody know a way?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>