

Know Your Onion!

The Shins

Shut out, pimpled and angry
I quietly tied all my guts into knots
Gave up on trying to make 'em
I figured it'd take 'em too long to look up and besides...It was undeniably clear to me I don't
know why
When every other part of life seemed locked behind shutters
I knew what worthless dregs we've always been Lucked out found my favorite records
Lying in wait at the Birmingham Mall
The songs that I heard
The occasional book
Were the only fun I ever took
And I got on with making myself
The trick is just making yourself
But when they're parking their cars on your chest
You've still got a view of the summer sky
To make it hurt twice when your restless body
Caves to its whims
And suddenly struggle to take flight...
Three thousand miles north east
I left all my friends at the morning bus stop shaking their heads
"What kind of life do you dream of? you're allergic to love"
Yes, I know but I must say in my own defense
It's been undeniably dear to me, I don't know why
When every other part of life seemed locked behind shutters
I knew the worthless dregs we are
The selfless, loving saints we are
The melting, sliding dice we've always been

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