

# Sleeping Lessons

## The Shins

Go without 'til the need seeps in  
You low animal, collect your novel petals for the stem  
And glow, glow, melt and flow, eviscerate your fragile frame  
Spill it out on the ragged floor, a thousand different versions of yourself  
And if the old guard still offend  
They've got nothing left on which you depend  
So enlist every ounce of your bright blood and off with their heads  
Jump from the hook, you're not obliged to swallow anything you despise  
See, those unrepenting buzzards want your life  
And they got no right  
As sure as you have eyes  
They've got no right  
Just put yourself in my new shoes and see that I do what I do  
Because the old guard still offends (their pudgy hearts and slimy hands)  
They've got nothing left on which we depend  
So enlist every ounce of your bright blood and off with their heads  
Jump from the hook, you're not obliged to swallow anything you despise  
That you despise  
You despise

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