

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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