

# So Says I

## The Shins

An address to the golden door  
I was strumming on a stone again  
Pulling from the pimps of gore  
When hatched a tragic opera in my mind  
And it told of a new design  
In which every soul is duty bound  
To uphold all the statues of boredom, therein lies  
The fatal of the red age 'Cause it was nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
Our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated  
And because it made no money  
Nobody saved no one's life this time  
So we burned all our uniforms  
And let nature take its course again  
And the big ones just eat all the little ones  
That sends us back to the drawing board  
In our darkest hours, we have all asked for some angel  
to come  
Sprinkle his dust all around  
But all our crying voices, they can't turn it around  
You've had some crazy conversations of your own  
We've got rules and maps and guns in our  
backs  
But we still can't just behave ourselves  
Even if to save our own lives  
So says I, we are a brutal kind  
'Cause this is nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
Tell Sir Thomas More we've got another failed attempt  
'Cause if it makes them money  
They might just give you life this time

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