

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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