

# 40 Mark Strasse

## The Shins

Is it all so very simple  
And horribly complex  
You're suffering  
And there's nothing coming next  
Your mom smokes in the kitchen  
Her voice a cutting down  
They're creeping out, you pass the bar  
Your father's second home  
That leaves you on your own  
Nights I'd often watch you  
Float across the ground  
Out the gate to the motorway  
What secrets have you found?  
You had to know I wanted  
Something from you then  
Too young to know just what it was  
Something more than a friend  
Is that you at the end  
Well, you play in the street at night  
You blow like a broken kite  
My girl, you're giving up the fight  
Are you gonna let these Americans  
Put another dent in your life?  
My mother says your dirty  
They're gonna find you dead  
But have you got that final chapter  
Written in your head  
Cause every single story  
Is a story about love  
Both the overflowing cup  
And the painful lack thereof  
You got the heart of a dove  
But you play in the street at night  
You blow just like a broken kite  
My girl, you're giving up the fight  
You'll have to lose all them childish notions  
If you're gonna let these American boys  
Put another dent in your life  
You play in the street at night  
You blow just like a broken kite  
My girl, you're giving up the fight  
You'll have to lose all them childish notions  
Are you gonna let these Americans  
Put another dent in your life?

