

Port of Morrow

The Shins

Through the rain
and all the clatter,
under the Freemont bridge,
I saw a pigeon fly,
fly in fear
from a raptor
come to take its life. Does it closed
and for the captured,
I funnel the fear through my ancient eyes.
See in flight
where I know all the bitter mechanics of life.
Under my hat,
it breathes,
the lines are all imagined.
A fact of life
I know
to hide from my little girls.
I know my place amongst
the bugs and all the animals.
And it's from these ordinary people
you were longing to be free. In my hotel,
and on the TV,
a pitcher on the stage
like a buzzard cries
out a warning,
a phony sorrow.
He's trying to get a rise.
Sign of life
of an almot.
Let him look at your hands,
get the angles right.
Ace of spades,
Port of Morrow,
life is death
is life. I saw a photograph
of Cologne in '27,
and then a postcard after the bombs in '45.
Must have been a world of evil clowns
that let it happen.
But now I recognize,
dear,
in these eyes,

that you were there
and so was I. Under my hat, I know
the lines are all imagined.
A fact of life,
I must impress my little girls.
I know my place amongst
the creatures
in the pageant.
And there are flowers
in the garbage,
and a skull
under your curls.

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