

Shins, The

"Flake Music"

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Is it too near when they're nice?
Is that why there's sand in your eyes?
You should look up cause they're nothing at all
Blow me a kiss and I'll try
Wade through the mud and return wearing white
Hanging like clothes on a line
And I'll wait for you to spend all your time
Waiting like grapes on a vine
All of the goals you have yet to design

Wheels are off the track
I'm dripping everywhere
Eyes are in the clouds
While they pull the rug out
Pull me to the track
I'll give this a try
Down's the wrong way out
Fools himself to climb
But then you look back and wonder why
What made it so hard to decide
When the difference isn't black and white
Will the settled always have to fly for a home

Is it too near when they're nice?
Is that why there's sand in your eyes?
Don't wait, it's hard to get around when you're old
Blow me a kiss and we'll try
We'll scale the walls and go five miles high
We'll scale the walls and go five miles high

Wheels are off the track
I'm dripping everywhere
Eyes are in the clouds
While they pull the rug out
Pull me to the track
I'll give this a try
Down's the wrong way out
Fools himself to climb
But then you look back and wonder why
What made it so hard to decide
When the difference isn't black and white

Will the settled always have to fly for a home

Wheels are off the track
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Wheels are off the track

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