

## **Shins, The**

### **"Know Your Onion!"**

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Shut out, pimpled and angry  
I quietly tied all my guts into knots  
Gave up on trying to make 'em  
I figured it'd take 'em too long to look up and besides...

It was undeniably clear to me I don't know why  
When every other part of life seemed locked behind  
shutters  
I knew what worthless dregs we've always been

Lucked out found my favorite records  
Lying in wait at the Birmingham Mall  
The songs that i heard  
The occasional book  
Were the only fun I ever took  
And I got on with making myself  
The trick is just making yourself

But when they're parking their cars on your chest  
You've still got a view of the summer sky  
To make it hurt twice when your restless body  
Caves to its whims  
And suddenly struggle to take flight...

Three thousand miles north east  
I left all my friends at the morning bus stop shaking  
their heads  
"What kind of life do you dream of? you're allergic to  
love"  
Yes, I know but I must say in my own defense  
It's been undeniably dear to me, I don't know why  
When every other part of life seemed locked behind  
shutters  
I knew the worthless dregs we are  
The selfless, loving saints we are  
The melting, sliding dice we've always been

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