

Shins, The

"Phantom Limb"

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Foals in winter coats,
White girls of the North,
File past one, five and one
They are the fabled lambs,
Of Sunday ham,
The EHS norm

And they could float above the grass,
In circles if they tried,
A latent power I know they hide,
To keep some hope alive,
That a girl like I'm could ever try,
Could ever try.

So we just skirt the hallway signs,
A phantom and a fly,
Follow the lines and wonder why
There's no connection.

A week of rolling eyes,
And cheap shots from the trite

And we're of to Nemarca's porch again,
Another afternoon with the goat head tunes,
And pilfered booze.

We wandered through her mama's house,
The milk from the window lights,
Family portrait circa ninety-five,
This is that foreign land,
With the sprayed on tans,
And it all feels fine,
Be it silk or slime,
So, when they tap our Monady heads,
Two zombies walk in our stead,
This town seems hardly worth our time,
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,
Too far along in our climb,
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,
With no connection.

Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo

So, when they tap our Sunday heads,
Two zombies walk in our stead,
This town seems hardly worth our time,
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,
Too far along in our crime,
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,
With no connection.

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