

Shins, The

"Pink Bullets"

Visit "[Pink Bullets](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was just bony hands as cold as a winter pole
you held a warm stone out new flowing blood to hold
oh what a contrast you were
to the brutes in the halls
my timid young fingers held a decent animal.

Over the ramparts you tossed
the scent of your skin and some foreign flowers
tied to a brick
sweet as a song
the years have been short but the days were long.

Cool of a temperate breeze from dark skies to wet
grass
we fell in a field it seems now a thousand summers
passed
when our kite lines first crossed
we tied them into knots
and to finally fly apart
we had to cut them off.

Since then it's been a book you read in reverse
so you understand less as the pages turn
or a movie so crass
and awkwardly cast
that even I could be the star.

I don't look back as much as a rule
and all this way before murder was cool
but your memory is here and I'd like it to stay
warm light on a winter's day.

Over the ramparts you tossed
the scent of your skin and some foreign flowers
tied to a brick
sweet as a song
the years have been short but the days go slowly by
two loose kites falling from the sky
drawn to the ground and an end to flight.

