

Shins, The "Pressed In A Book"

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doted on like seeds planted in a row
the untied shoelaces of your life
nurtured all year then pressed in a book
or displayed in bad taste at the table
problems arise and you fan the fire
while there's a wild pack of dogs loose in your house
tonight
cut from bad cloth or soiled like bad socks
add it up and basically people never change

they just talk and make plans in the dark
or make haste with ideas that can't help
but creep good people out
as you talk to me too much you're assuming
we don't always want what's right

did i strike the right set of chords? you're annoyed
the goal is to ignite you then move on
you feel ill at ease. you got no squeeze
and the wise cracks won't make you more stable
you've learned your lines to scale and to time
why must i remind you know i'm only less able
cut from bad cloth or soiled like socks
we're ordinary people we can't help but to change

as we walk and make plans in the dark
or make haste with the boy who can't help
but creep good people out
as you talk to me too much you're assuming
we don't always want what's right

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