

Shins, The

"Saint Simon"

Visit "[Saint Simon](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

After all these implements and texts designed by
intellects,
so vexed to find evidently there's still so much that
hides;
and though the saints dub us divine in ancient fading
lines
their sentiment is just as hard to pluck from the vine.

I'll try hard not to pretend
allow myself no mock defense
as I step into the night.

Since I don't have the time nor mind to figure out
the nursery rhymes that helped us out in making sense
of our lives,
the cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me;
I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out.

I'll try hard not to give in,
batten down to fare the wind,
rid my head of this pretense,
allow myself no mock defense
as I step into the night

But mercy's eyes are blue;
when she places them in front of you
nothing holds a roman candle to
the solemn warmth you feel inside.

There's no measuring love. Nothing else is love.

I'll try hard not to give in,
batten down to fare the wind,
rid my head of this pretense,
allow myself no mock defense
as I step into the night

But mercy's eyes are blue;
when she places them in front of you
nothing really holds a candle to
the solemn warmth you feel inside of you.

Visit [Shins. The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.