

## Shins, The

### "Sphagnum Esplanade"

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How lovely a find that's entered my mind along this  
mossy trail  
And how coyly it hides the truth about how it is we can  
ask how

Crowds jump to their deaths from the bridges I drive by  
tonight  
They missed out on it all  
The whole gist there as they fall  
You're not expected to know why in such a short time

There are stanzas never meant to rhyme

Far better a find it is if we try to span the weird divide  
With no real rationale  
We step out of bounds and think we've escaped the lies

And we're marched so long  
but we've much farther than we've gone to go  
And we'll make a new ship  
Christen it for the trip with a toddler at the helm this  
time

There are things we never will define...

Crowds jump to their deaths from the bridges I drive by  
tonight  
But they missed on it all  
The whole gist there as they fall  
You're not expected to know why in such a short time

There are things we never will define...

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