

Shins, The

"Those Bold City Girls"

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you slide out at night to show your self
you need to hang yourself
under water and your cold friends
memorized a thousand lines and kissed your
thousandth guy
none pack more than wood

so you wake up
the taste of the night before
has grown somehow
you memorize your make-up
you're free from their eyes
and all they laughed about

sailboats that never float and lids of lead
they hold your ego down
what's it take to bend the lens?

as someone who might just help you row
but never can amend the trends

towards the rocks
weilding the knives
beneath your breasts
and all your waves t
hey never break
within our sight
so come on
treat me right

if you could keep him
you'd dub him
the rock what aced them two to one

the powder from your empty boxes
resounds from your whole empty youth

and still you wake up
the taste of the night
the moon has grown somehow

you take off your make-up
you're free from their eyes
and all you laughed about

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