

Shins

"40 Mark Strasse"

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Through the rain,
And all the clatter,
Under the aforementioned bridge,
I saw a pigeon fly,
Fly in fear
From a raptor
Come to take it's life.

Does it closed
And for the captured,
I funnel the fear through my ancient eyes.
See in flight
Where I know all the bitter mechanics of life.

Under my hat,
It breathes,
The lines are all imagined.
A fact of life
I know
To hide from my little girls.
I know My place amongst
The bugs and all the animals.
And it's from these ordinary people
You were longing to be free.

In my hotel,
And on the Tv,
A pitcher on the stage
Like a buzzard cries
Out a warning,
A phony sorrow.
He's trying to get a rise.

Sign of life
Of an almost.
Let him look at your hands,
Get the angles right.
Ace of spades, Port of MOrow, life is death is life.

I saw a photograph
Of COlogne in '27,

And then a postcard after the bombs in '45.
Must have been a world of evil clowns
That let it happen.
But now I recognize,
Dear,
In these eyes,
That you were there
And so was I.

Under my hat, I know
The lines are all imagined.
A fact of life,
I must impress my little girls
I know my place amongst
The creatures
In the pageant.
And there are flowers
In the garbage,
And a skull under your curls.

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