

Shins

"Know Your Onion!"

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Shut out, pimpled and angry.
I quietly tied all my guts into knots.
Gave up on trying to make them,
I figured it'd take them too long to look up and
besides...

It was undeniably clear to me i don't know why
When every other part of life seemed locked behind
shutters
I knew what worthless dregs we've always been.

Lucked out and found my favorite records
Lying in wait at the birmingham mall.
The songs that i heard,
The occasional book
Were the only fun i ever took.
And i got on with making myself.
The trick is just making yourself.

But when they're parking their cars on your chest

You've still got a view of the summer sky
To make it hurt twice when your restless body
Caves to its whims
And suddenly struggles to take flight...

Three thousand miles north east
I left all my friends at the morning bus stop shaking
their heads.
"what kind of life you dream of? you're allergic to
love."
Yes i know but i must say in my own defense
It's been undeniably dear to me, i don't know why
When every other part of life seemed locked behind
shutters
I knew the worthless dregs we are,
The selfless, loving saints we are,
The melting, sliding dice we've always been.

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