

## Shins "Phantom Limb"

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Foals in winter coats  
White girls of the North,  
File past one, five and one,  
They are the fabled lambs of Sunday ham, the EHS  
norm  
And they could float above the grass in circles if they  
tried  
A latent power I know they hide  
To keep some hope alive that a girl like I could ever try,  
Could ever try

So we just skirt the hallway sides  
A phantom and a fly  
Follow the lines and wonder why  
There's no connection

A week of rolling eyes,  
And cheap shots from the trite,  
And we're off to Nemarca's porch again,  
Another afternoon of the goathead tunes,  
And pilfered booze.  
We wander through your mama's house  
The milk from the window lights  
Family portrait circa '95  
This is that foreign land of the sprayed-on tans  
And it all feels fine  
Be it silk or slime

So, when they tap our Monday heads  
To zombies walk in our stead  
This town seems hardly worth the time  
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,  
Too far along in our climb  
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,  
With no connection

Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo

So when they tap our Sunday heads

Two zombies walk in our stead  
This town seems hardly worth our time  
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,  
Too far along in our crime,  
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,  
With no connection

Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
Oooh waooooooooo waooooooooo  
(repeat to fade)

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