

Shins

"Port Of Morrow"

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Through the rain and all the clatter
Under the Freemont bridge I saw a pidgeon fly
Fly in fear from a raptor come to take it's life

As it closed in for the capture
I funnel the fear through my ancient eyes
Seen in flight
Where I know all the bitter mechanics of life

Under my hat it reads "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 Preacher on a stage like a Buzzard cries out a
warning
A phony sorrow, he's trying to get a rise

The Cyanide of an almond
Let him look at your hands and get the angles right
Ace of spades, Port of Morrow, Life is Death is Life...
I saw a photograph: Cologne in '27
And then a postcard after the bombs in '45
Must've been a world of evil clowns that let it happen
But then I recognize, dear listener, that you were there
and so was I

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

Under my hat I know the lines are all imagined
A fact of life I must impress on 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

Ah ah ah ah ah ah

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