

The Shins

"Sealegs"

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Of all the churning random hearts
Under the sun
Eventually fading into night,
These two are opening now
We lie, I touch you
Wonderful, alive.

Girl, if you're a seascape
I'm a listing boat, for the thing carries every hope.
I invest in a single life.
The choice is yours to be loved
Come away from it empty of but us.

'Cause when the dead moon
Rises again
We've no time to stall or protocol
To hem us in.
And when the dog slides
Underneath the train,
There's no point or use in searching for
The mutt's remains.

Throw all consequence aside
And a cheerless pyre we will set alight.

Of all the intersecting lines in the sand
I routed a labyrinth to your lap.
I never used a map!
Sliding off the land on an incidental tide,
And along the way you know, they tried
They tried.

And we got sea legs
And we're off tonight
Can't have that to which they've no right.
You belong to a simpler time
I'm a victim to the impact of these words,
And this rhyme.

'Cause when that dead moon
Rises again

We've no time to stall or protocol
To hem us in.
Darling, when the dog slides,
Open the door, and where's she go?
There's no point in searching for
The mutt's remains.

Throw all consequence aside
And a cheerless pyre we will set alight.

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