

# The Shins

## "So Says I"

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An address to the golden door  
I was strumming on a stone again  
Pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched  
A tragic opera in my mind...  
And it told of a new design  
In which every soul is duty bound  
To uphold the statues of boredom therein lies  
The fatal flaw of the red age

'Cause it was nothing like we'd ever dremt  
Our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated  
'Cause it made no money nobody saved no one's life  
this time.

So we burned all our uniforms  
And let nature take its course again  
And the big ones just eat all the little ones  
That sends us back to the drawing board.  
In our darkest hours  
We have all asked for some  
Angel to come  
Sprinkle his dust all around  
But all our crying voices they can't turn it around  
You had some crazy conversations of your own.

We've got rules and maps and guns in our backs  
Though we still can't just behave ourselves  
Even if to save our own lives so, says I, WE ARE A  
BRUTAL KIND.

'cause this is nothing like we'd ever dremt  
Tell Sir Thomas More we've got another failed attempt  
'cause if it makes them money they might just give you  
life this time.

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