

The Shins

"The Past And Pending"

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As someone sets light to the first fire of autumn
We settle down to cut ourselves apart.
Cough and twitch from the news on your face
And some foreign candle burning in your eyes

Held to the past too aware of the pending
Chill as the dawn breaks and finds us up for sale.
Enter the fog another low road descending
Away from the cold lust, your house and summertime.

Blind to the last cursed affair pistols and countless
eyes
A trail of white blood betrays the reckless route your
craft is running
Feed till the sun turns into wood dousing an ancient
torch
Loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines
dissecting love.
Your name on my cast and my notes on your stay
Offer me little but doting on a crime.
We've turned every stone and for all our inventions
In matters of love loss, we've no recourse at all.

Blind to the last curse of the fair pistols and countless
eyes
A trail of white blood betrays the reckless route your
craft is running
Feed till the sun turns into wood dousing an ancient
torch
Loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines
dissecting love.

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