

So Says I

The Shins

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 all the statutes of boredom
Therein lies the fatal flaw of the red age Because it was nothing like we'd ever dreamt
Or lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated
And because it made no money nobody saved no one's life this time So we burned all our uniforms
And let nature take it's course again
And the big onese just eat all the little ones
That sends us back to the drawing board In my 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
And you've had some crazy conversations of your own We've got rules and maps and guns in our backs but 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 dreamt
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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