

# Phantom Limb

## The Shins

Foals in winter coats  
White girls of the north  
File past one five and one  
They are the fabled lambs  
of Sunday ham  
the EHS norm  
And they could float above the grass  
in circles if they tried  
A latent power I know they hide  
To keep some hope alive  
That a girl like I'm  
Could ever try  
Could ever try  
So we just skirt the hallway sides  
A phantom and a fly  
Follow the lines and wonder why  
There's no connection  
A week of rolling eyes  
and cheap shots from the trite  
And we're off to Nemarca's porch again  
Another afternoon  
With the goat-head tunes  
And pilfered booze  
We wander through her mama's house  
The milk from a window lights  
Family portrait circa '95  
This is that foreign land  
With the sprayed-on tans

And it all feels fine  
Be it silk or slime  
So when they tap our Monday heads  
Two zombies walk in our stead  
This town seems hardly worth the time  
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme  
Too far along in our climb  
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,  
With no connection  
Oooh waoooooooooo waoooooooooo

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So when they tap our Sunday heads  
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Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo  
Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo  
(repeat to fade)

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