One By One All Day

The Shins

"Howdy, lem," my grandfather said with his eyes closed
Wiping the eastbound dust from his sunburned brow
A life before doubt.I smell the engine grease and mint the wind is blending
Under the moan of rotting elm in the silo floor.Down a hill of pine tree quills we made our way
To the bottom and the ferns where thick moss grows
Beside a stream.Under the rocks are snails and we can fills our pockets
And let them go one by one all day in a brand new place.You were no ordinary drain on her defenses
And she was no ordinary girl
Oh, Inverted World
If every moment of our lives
Were cradled softly in the hands of some strange and gentle child
I'd not roll my eyes so.

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