

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 fill our pockets
And let them go one by one all day in a brand new place.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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