

Port Of Morrow

The Shins

Through the rain and all the clatter
Under the Fremont bridge I saw a pigeon fly
Fly in fear from the raptor come to take its life
And as it closed in for the capture
I funneled the fear through my ancient eyes
To see in flight, what I know are the bitter mechanics of life
Under my hat it reads "the lines are all imagined"
A fact of life I know to hide from my little girls
I know my place amongst the bugs and all the animals
And it's from these ordinary people you are longing to be free
My hotel and on the TV
A preacher on a stage like a buzzard cries
Out a warning of phony sorrow, he's trying to get a rise
The cyanide of an almond
Let him look at your hands, get the angles right
Ace of spades, port of morrow, life is death is life
I saw a photograph: Cologne in '27
And then a postcard after the bombs in '45
Must've been a world of evil clowns that let it happen
But now I recognize, dear listeners
That you were there and so was I
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
Under my hat I know the lines are all imagined
A fact of life I must impress on my little girls
I know my place amongst the creatures in the pageant
And there are flowers in the garbage, and a skull under your curls
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah...

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