Pressed In A Book

The Shins

Doted on like seeds planted in rows
The untied shoelaces of you life
Nutured all year then presssed in a book
Or displayed in bad taste at the table
Problems arise and you fan the fire
While there's a wild pack of dogs loose in your house tonight.
Cut from bad cloth or soiled like socks
Add it up and basically people never change.
They just talk and make plans in the dark
Or make haste with ideas that can't help
But creep good people out
As you talk to me too much you're assuming
We don't always want what's right.
Did i strike the right set of chords? you're annoyed.
The goal is to ignite you then move on.
You feel ill at ease. you got no squeeze.

And the wise cracks won't make you more stable.
You've learned you lines to scale and to time.
Why must i remind you now i'm only less able.
Cut from bad cloth or soiled like socks
We're ordinary people we can't help but to change
As we walk and make plans in the dark
Or make haste with the boy who can't help
But creep good people out.
As you talk to me too much you're assuming
We don't always want what's right.
Two fallen saplings in an open field.
Snow padding gently on an empty bench.
An old woman's jewelry lying unadorned.
Colo nesting robins allied for the first time.
I know when you hear these sappy lines
You'll roll your eyes and say "nice try".

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