

# Baby Boomerang

## The Shins

Slim lined sheik faced angel of the night  
Riding like a cowboys in the graveyard of the night  
New York witch in the dungeon of the day  
I'm trying to write my novel but all you do is play Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang  
Well, you never spike a person  
But you always bang the whole gang  
Thank you ma'am Mince pie dog-eyed eagle on the wind  
You're searching through this garbage looking for a friend  
Your uncle with an alligator chained to his leg  
Dangles your freedom then he offers you his bed Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang  
Well, you never spike a person  
But you always bang the whole gang  
Thank you ma'am It seem to me, to dream is something too wild  
In Max's Kansas City, you a belladonna child  
Riding on the highways, on the gateway to the south  
You're talking with your boots and you're walking with your mouth Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang  
Well, you never spike a person  
But you always bang the whole gang Baby Boomerang, baby Boomerang  
Well, you never spike a person  
But you always bang the whole gang  
Thank you ma'am, yeah

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