

# September

## The Bags

"September"

The Shins

Into this strange elastic world  
Pontus kindly gave up a pearl  
Of his eternal stone and mud  
Ain't she lovely bone and blood  
Born of the seaaaaaaa  
A thousand miles away from me  
A court of angels, a ward of the sun  
A future forming, a curse undone  
Under our softly burning lamp she  
Takes her time  
Telling stories of our possible lives  
And love is the ink in the well when her body writes  
I've been selfish and full of pride  
She knows deep down there's a little child  
  
But I've got a good side to me as well  
And it's that she loves in spite of everything else  
A song in the tree has distracted her mind  
Some other curious form of life  
Has made its presence to her known  
And she coos so gently, soft and low  
Her shining face in a million reflections  
On tiny raindrops that fall in a veil  
Over our city like notes from above  
It overwhelms me, just ain't that tough  
It's not that the darkness can't touch our lives  
I know it will in time, but she's no ordinary valentine  
And know when the sun goes down she sheds a darling light  
I've been selfish and full of pride  
She knows deep down there's a little child  
But I've got a good side to me as well  
And it's that she loves in spite of everything else

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