

Know Your Onion

The Shins

Shut out, pimpled and angry.
I quietly tied all my guts into knots.
Gave up on trying to make them,
I figured it'd take them too long to look up and besides...It was undeniably clear to me i don't know why
When every other part of life seemed locked behind shutters
I knew what worthless dregs we've always been.Lucked out and found my favorite records
Lying in wait at the birmingham mall.
The songs that i heard,
The occasional book
Were the only fun i ever took.
And i got on with making myself.
The trick is just making yourself.But when they're parking their cars on your chest
You've still got a view of the summer sky
To make it hurt twice when your restless body
Caves to its whims
And suddenly struggles to take flight...

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