

Red Rabbits

The Shins

Hurled to the center of the Earth again
The place where it's hot, love
You know it hurts to breathe in
And the watershed you balance on is begging it
Well did he ever know
Will he ever know? The trees in the moonshine are a dark lattice
So you catalog any angle you notice
In a vacuum you are charged to record this
So you won't make it easy on me I can't go into this no more
It puts too many thorns on my mind
And the necessary balloon lies a corpse on the floor
We've pissed on far too many sprites
And they're all standing up for their rights Born on a desert floor you've the deepest thirst
And you came to my sweet shore to indulge it
With the wan and dreaming eyes of an orphan
But there was not enough
There is not enough Out of a gunnysack fall red rabbits
Into the crucible to be rendered an emulsion
And we can't allow a chance they'd restore themselves
So we can't make it easy on you Undaunted, you bathed in hollow cries
The boys with swollen sunburnt eyes
A reward for letting nothing under their skin
So help me, I don't know I might
Just give the old dark side a try Don't cast your whirling eyes on the shore
Till we even the score
I still owe you for the hole in the floor
And the ghost in the hall
Who decides who paddles over the falls
Yeah who makes the call
Who makes the call? I know there's an eventual
Release from every scale of crime
But the necessary balloon lies a corpse on the floor
We've pissed on far too many good intentions
Held by clever sprites
And they're all standing up for their rights.

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