

# So Says I

## The Shins

An address to the golden door  
I was strumming on a stone again,  
Pulling teeth from the pimps of gore  
When hatched a tragic opera in my mind,  
And it told of a new design in which every soul is duty bound  
To uphold all the statutes of boredom  
Therein lies the fatal flaw of the red age Because it was nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
Or lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated  
And because it made no money nobody saved no one's life this time So we burned all our uniforms  
And let nature take it's course again  
And the big onese just eat all the little ones  
That sends us back to the drawing board In my darkest hours  
We have all asked for some  
Angel to come  
Sprinkle his dust all around  
But all our crying voices they can't turn it around  
And you've had some crazy conversations of your own We've got rules and maps and guns in our backs but we  
still can't just behave ourselves,  
Even if to save our own lives  
So says I:  
We are a brutal kind 'Cause this is nothing like we'd ever dreamt  
Tell Sir Thomas More we've got another failed attempt  
'Cause if it makes them money they might just give you life this time

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>