

# Dead Alive

The Shins

On a walk in a fragile state  
Weird angles coming over the wire  
Back home we got girls in braids  
And they're on roller skates, and they roll any way they like

From my town I can always look down  
Down from my nose to the fish in the barrels  
But in the wiles of human life  
There are pity nights and a ray of gentle lights

So tonight  
Dance and cry  
The dead alive

Monuments were awfully dense  
I flew by in a daze on the freeway  
He can whine of our different times  
But me, I'm fine with the mirrors this far away

For the muse in our bodies to function  
Rain gonna fall on the hills where we hide  
Wash the blood and the guts to the ocean  
Leave the pike making everything alright

So tonight  
Dance and cry  
The dead alive

So tonight  
Dance and cry  
The dead alive

Figments  
Figments of imagination  
Figments of imagination (figments of imagination)  
Figments of imagination  
Figments of imagination  
Figments of imagination  
Figments of imagination  
Figments of imagination  
Figments of imagination  
(Figments of imagination)