

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
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Figments
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