

## 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...

Three thousand miles north east  
I left all my friends at the morning bus stop shaking their heads.  
"what kind of life you dream of? you're allergic to love."  
Yes i know but i must say in my own defense  
It's been undeniably dear to me, i don't know why  
When every other part of life seemed locked behind shutters  
I knew the worthless dregs we are,  
The selfless, loving saints we are,  
The melting, sliding dice we've always been.