

Mild Child

The Shins

This ten year old, smiling summer eyes
They win, they win
Their survival showed us how they could dance like angels
There was a talking on the clouds, the sun, some young nervous
head just learned to punish
Being calm inside to hide away from each your haters and their
wings
He sighed and tried to hide, but I recall the alien eyes and wh
at that felt like

Cause they were happy laughing there, then the delayed window c
ame
But don't allow yourself to vacantly lead any kind of virtuous
life
Because each of us is both of them, one blowing out, one breath
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