

# No Way Down

The Shins

The son of a government man  
And a pillar of salt  
I was born with blood on my hands  
And have all the signs of a bleeding heart

Living high on a giant hawk  
On a mountain so steep  
Keep your head in a hollow log  
As the ruling fog are about to creep

What have we done?  
How'd we get so far from the sun?  
Lost, lost in an oscillating phase  
Where a tiny few catch all of the rays

Out beyond the western squalls  
In an Indian land  
They work for nothing at all  
They don't know the mall or the layaway plan

Dig yourself a beautiful grave  
Everything you could want  
Maybe those invisible slaves  
Are too far away for a ghost to haunt

What do we charge?  
Letting go of a claim so large  
Oh, all of our working days are done  
But a tiny few are having all of the fun

Get used to the dust in your lungs

Is there no way down  
From this peak to solid ground  
Without having our gold teeth  
Pulled from our mouth

Make me a drink strong enough  
To wash away this dishwater world they said was lemonade  
Walk with me after the show  
Maybe we can find a way through the minefield in the snow

What are they charged?  
Letting go of a claim so large  
Oh, all of our working days are done  
But a tiny few are having all of the fun

Apologies to the sick and the young  
Get used to the dust in your lungs