

## Port of Morrow

The Shins

Through the rain  
and all the clatter,  
under the Freemont bridge,  
I saw a pigeon fly,  
fly in fear  
from a raptor  
come to take its life.

And as it closed,  
In for the capture,  
Funnelled the fear through my ancient eyes,  
Se in flight what I know are the bitter mechanics of life.

Under my hat,  
it reads  
the lines are all imagined.  
A fact of life  
I know  
to hide from my little girls.  
I know my place amongst  
the bugs and all the animals.  
And it's from these ordinary people  
you were longing to be free.

In my hotel,  
and on the TV,  
a preacher on the stage  
like a buzzard cries  
out a warning,  
Of phony sorrow.  
He's trying to get a rise.

Cyanide, from an almond,  
Let him look at your hands,  
get the angles right.  
Ace of spades,  
Port of Morrow,  
life is death  
is life.

I saw a photograph  
of Cologne in '27,  
and then a postcard after the bombs in '45.  
Must have been a world of evil clowns  
that let it happen.  
But now I recognize,  
dear listeners,  
that you were there  
and so was I.

Under my hat, I know  
the lines are all imagined,  
A fact of life I must impress on my little girls  
I know my place amongst  
the creatures  
in the pageant.  
And there are flowers

in the garbage,  
and a skull  
under your curls.