

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.