

Saint Simon

The Shins

After all these implements and text designed by intellects
So vexed to find evidently there's just so much that hides
And though the saints dub us divine in ancient fading lines
Their sentiment is just as hard to pluck from the vine

I'll try hard not to pretend
Allow myself no mock defense
As I step into the night

Since I don't have the time nor mind to figure out
The nursery rhymes that helped us out in making sense of our li
ves
The cruel uneventful state of apathy releases me
I value them but I won't cry every time one's wiped out

I'll try hard not to give in
Batten down to fare the wind
Rid my head of this pretense
Allow myself no mock defense
As I step into the night...

Mercy's eyes are blue
When she places them in front of you
Nothing holds a roman candle to
The solemn warmth you feel inside

There's no measuring of it
As nothing else is love

I'll try hard not to give in
Batten down to fare the wind
Rid my head of this pretense
Allow myself no mock defense
As I step into the night...

Mercy's eyes are blue
When she places them in front of you
Nothing really holds a candle to
The solemn warmth you feel inside of you