

The Gloating Sun

The Shins

tap on your cap
there's a whispering breeze in town
the trees have found a voice and
you're one for fun
you're one for fun in the gloating sun
and now I'm making it in
from out a fireplace on stilts
pay less attention
the room
said crying's a fate
or whatever word you used to call it
I'm one for climb
I'm one for climb in the sun
and how for us to be so black and happy
before the souls have all been stopped
the draining lasts for you still
five jars I'm drinking our fill
the tips will sing the christmas star
our laughing heart