

## Those Bold City Girls

The Shins

You slide out at night to show your self  
You need to hang yourself  
Under water and your cold friends  
Memorized a thousand lines and kissed your thousandth guy  
None pack more than wood

So you wake up  
The taste of the night before  
Has grown somehow  
You memorize your make-up  
You're free from their eyes  
And all they laughed about

Sailboats that never float and lids of lead  
They hold your ego down  
What's it take to bend the lens?

As someone who might just help you row  
But never can amend the trends

Towards the rocks  
Wielding the knives  
Beneath your breasts  
And all your waves  
They never break  
Within our sight  
So come on  
Treat me right

If you could keep him  
You'd dub him  
The rock what ached them two to one

The powder from your empty boxes  
Resounds from your whole empty youth

And still you wake up  
The taste of the night  
The moon has grown somehow

You take off your make-up  
You're free from their eyes  
And all you laughed about