

The Shins, Mild Child

This ten year old, smiling summer eyes.
They win, they win.
They survived and showed us how they could dance like angels.
There was a talk, came on the grass, the sun.
Said you never said she's there to punish.
Being calm inside to hide away from 'each your haters and your wing.'
He sighed and tried to hide,
But I recall the alien eyes and what that felt like.
'cause they were happy laughing there,
Then the delayed 'window' came.
But don't allow yourself to vacantly lead any kind of virtuous life.
Because each of us is both of them.
One blowing out, one breathing in.