

# The Shins, Saint Simon

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 of us divine in ancient feeding lines  
Their sentiment is just as hard to pluck from the vine

I'm trying hard not to pretend  
Allow myself no mock defense  
Step into the night

Since I don't have the time nor mind to figure out  
The nursery rhymes that helped us out and make a sense of our lives  
The cruel uneventful state of apathy releases me  
I value them but I won't cry if the time was wiped out

I'm trying hard not to give in  
Battered down to fair the wind  
Rid my head of this pretense  
Allow myself no mock defense  
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  
Battered down to fair the wind  
Rid my head of this pretense  
Allow myself no mock defense  
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