

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
Battened 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
Battened 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