

# The Shins, The Weird Divide

seven days, a Monday made  
the mile to my house,  
and had me do  
a stroll with you.  
far below a furry moon  
our purposes crossed  
the weird divide  
between our kinds  
the silver leaves of ailing trees  
took flights as we passed  
so long ago  
but a short time i know.  
it pleases me this memory  
has swollen up with age.  
even time can do  
good things to you.