

The Decemberists, Shiny

By the bumper cars
In the pretty twining light
I may have gone too far
I may have gone too much, too long.
I'm a dull and witless boy

In the after-bars
Think I was sullied by a dream
In the killing jar
you and me at war, at arms, all falling in embrace

Tell me why you lied, and what it is you do to keep your eyes all shiny

A tawny gypsy girl
sleeping blanketed by stars
Beneath the tilt-a-whirl
where we were coyly caught alone
all fumbling with your blouse

Tell me why you lied, and what it is you do to keep your eyes all shiny

In the rollercoaster din
By the parachutes in saddle shoes you break your shin
But I have never seen two eyes so shiny

And the sullen beery swine,
try to tangle you in sullen beery balls of twine
Have they ever seen two eyes so shiny?

The boys in denim vests
Smoking cigarettes between
Their bootblack fingertips
sweetly tipsy by the half-light
the light and the half-light

Tell me why you lied and what it is you do to keep your eyes all shiny