

# The Shins, Caring Is Creepy

I think i'll go home and mull this over  
Before i cram it down my throat  
At long last it's crashed, it's colossal mass  
Has broken up into bits in my moat.

Lift the mattress off the floor  
Walk the cramps off  
Go meander in the cold  
Hail to your dark skin  
Hiding the fact you're dead again  
Undeneath the power lines seeking shade  
Far above our heads are the icy heights that contain all reason

It's a luscious mix of words and tricks  
That let us bet when you know we should fold  
On rocks i dreamt of where we'd stepped  
And the whole mess of roads we're now on.

Hold your glass up, hold it in  
Never betray the way you've always known it is.  
One day i'll be wondering how  
I got so old just wondering how  
I never got cold wearing nothing in the snow.

This is way beyond my remote concern  
Of being condescending

All these squawking birds won't quit.  
Building nothing, laying bricks.