The Shins, Fighting In A Sack

Just last night I woke from some unconscionable dream
And had it nailed to my forehead again
To keep this boat afloat
There are things you can't afford to know
So I save all my breath for the sails.

But you'll find those lingering voices
Are just your ego's attempt to make it all clean and nice
And make a moron out of you
Walking a bridge with weakening cables
Huddled up in fear and hate because we know our fate
And it's a lot to put us through.

Most ideas turn to dust
As there are few in which we all can trust
Haven't you noticed I've been shedding all of mind?
So let's abandon that track
And leave our fathers fighting in a sack
Cause we are way too wise-assed for that.

You might find some fools at your doorstep
Hustling the latest changes to the book
That's the strangest in an attempt to multiply
Marionettes on weakening cables
Huddled up with fear and hate
Because they know their fate and it's a lot to put them through.

We've taken on a climb
And it's long enough to put the best of us on our backs
Walking up a slide
And there are those we know who'd have us five miles off the track.

But you'll find those lingering voices
Are just your ego's attempt to make it all clean and nice
And make a moron out of you
Crossing the brindge on weakening cables
Huddled up with fear and hate because we know our fate
And it's a lot to put us through