

# The Shins, Mildenhall

At 15 we had to leave the States again  
Dad was stationed at an RAF base they called Mildenhall  
Black moss on a busted wall  
The cobblestones made it hard to skate  
I thought my flattop was so new wave  
Until it melted away in the Suffolk rain  
Well, Goddamn, you miss the uSA

Then a kin in class passed me a tape  
An invitation, not the hand of fate

I guess my shoes said I might relate  
Somehow she knew  
I'd like to stay up waiting with her in the cold  
For cheap beer and rock'n'roll  
Which in time put lots of things in my mind

Then a kin in class passed me a tape  
An invitation, not the hand of fate