

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

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