

# The Shins, My Seventh Rib

Your silver tongue laughs at the clowns of our age  
A slow production line of cheap-shots from both sides  
Shot from the hip to my seventh rib  
A spoiled tomato lies in all that you say  
And I was the last of us to know

Sound the alarm for my sentimental ways  
Have come in view and we've all got our own knives  
Sold to the worst of the devils we know  
Our mind and tight skin will soon be old  
But this wasn't meant for us to know

Youth's open shutters  
Give way to another  
Taken by slight of hand  
And every American has the mouth of a pelican  
Now can I share that pillow with you love?

They've got us in fits to find a way out  
Of this exploded view of a life once so simple  
First with the curse that my sentimental ways  
Are drawing my innocence to a close  
And these were not meant for me to know