

# The Shins, Pariah King

It all spans out on a plane  
Looking back, hardly a hill or valley still remains  
The boy before the pain  
Still longs for the womb of love as he smashes down with a cane

It builds up, then it breaks down  
It's your perception alone  
Of grey hands taking control  
But what can you do to prove it?

The flat waste of a life  
How many times did you try and stop the bleeding with a knife  
There's an incline to the floor and everything in your crooked life  
ends up rolling out the door.

It builds up then it breaks down,  
but it's your perception alone  
of grey hands taking control,  
but what can you do to prove it?  
Look, man, there's nothing to it.

What are you really getting at  
when you sing?  
There's something wrong and beautiful.  
Kill a snake and make yourself pariah king.  
The voice bleeds through the wall,  
No, Jimmy, no.

It builds up, then it breaks down  
It's your perception alone  
With your hand over your mouth  
God forbid it gets out  
The grey hands have got you in tow  
But what can you do to prove it?  
Look boy, there's nothing to it

What are you really getting at when you sing?  
It's something wrong and beautiful  
Kill a snake and make yourself pariah king  
The voice bleeds through the wall,  
No, Jimmy, no.