

The Shins, Phantom Limb

Frozen into coats,
White girls of the North,
Fire past one, fire the one,
The are the fabled lambs,
A Sunday ham,
The ancient snow.

And they can float above the grass,
In circles if they tried,
A latent power I know they hide,
To keep some hope alive,
That a girl like I could ever try,
Could ever try.

So we just skirt the hallway signs,
A phantom and a fly,
Follow the lines and wonder why
There's no connection.

And weakened falling eyes,
In cheap shots from the tribe,

And we're often in Marcus' porch again,
Another afternoon with the gold head tunes,
And pilfered booze.

We wandered through your mama's house,
And the milk from the window lights,
Family portrait circa ninety-five,
This is that foreign land,
With the sprayed on tans,
And it all feels fine,
Beat it circa slime,

So, when they tap our mundane heads,
To zombie-walk in our stead,
This town seems hardly worth our time,
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,
To fall along in our crime,
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,
With no connection.