

The Shins, Sphagnum Esplanade

how lovely a find
that's entered my mind
along this mossy trail
how coiley it hides
the truth about how it is
we can't ask how

crowds jump to their death
from the bridge as I drive by tonight
and they've missed out on it all
the whole gist there as they fall
you're not expected to know why it's such a short time
and there are stanzas never meant to rhyme

Far better I find
it is when we try to span
the weird divide
with no real rational
we step out of bounds
and think and escape their lies

we've marched so long
and we've much farther than we've gone to go
we're making a new ship
christen it for the trip
with a toddler at the helm this time
and there are things we never will define

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