

# 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

crowds jump to their deaths  
from the bridge as I drive by tonight  
and they 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 things we never will define