

# The Shins, The Gloating Sun

tap on your cap  
there's a whispering breeze in town  
the trees have found a voice and  
you're one for fun  
you're one for fun in the gloating sun  
and now i'm making it in  
from out a fireplace on stilts  
pay less attention  
the room  
said crying's a fate  
or whatever word you used to call it  
i'm one for climb  
i'm one for climb in the sun  
and how for us to be so black and happy  
before the souls have all been stopped  
the draining lasts for you still  
five jars i'm drinking our fill  
the tips will sing the christmas star  
our laughing heart