

# The Shins, We Built A Raft And We Floated

One fat, tumbling time we graced the Gold Share  
Spent like dimes, saved in the hat on an old man's head

Trapped like rats, Cornered by the flood  
We built a raft and we floated  
Save for the tricks And the endless lies  
They could be liked for their motives  
They could be liked for their motives but....

I'd rather be crushed,  
or crushed the life out of someone  
Than be caught fitting in with  
the "League of the Collapsing Grin";

Baby it's hard when you can see  
That they don't even know, that they don't know

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