

The Shins, Australia

Time to put the earphones on:
No!

Born to multiply, born to gaze into night skies,
All you want's one more Saturday.
But look here, until then
They're gonna buy your nice time
So keep your wick in the air and your feet in the fetters
To the day.
You come in doing cartwheels
We all go out by ourselves
And your shape on the dance floor
Will have me thinking such filth and gauge my eyes.

You'd be damned to be one of us girl
Faced with a dodo's conundrum
Ah, I felt like I could just fly
But nothing'll happen every time I try.

A dual tone under wall
Selfish fool and hoped you'd save us all
Never dreamt of such sterile hands,
You keep them folded in your lap,
And raise them up to beg for scraps,
You know, he's holding you down,
With the tips of his fingers just the same,
You'll be pulled from the ocean,
But just a minute too late,
Or changed by a potion,
We'll find a handsome young mate,
For you to love.

You'll be damned to pining through the windowpanes,
You know you'll change your life for any ordinary Joe,
And though your night will go on,
Your nightmares only need a year or two to unfold.

Been in love since you were twenty-one,
You haven't laughed since January,
You try and make this up this is so much fun,
But we know it to be quite contrary.

Dare to be one of us, girl,
Facing the Andrum's conundrum,
Ah, I feel like I should just cry,
But nothing happens every time I take one on the chin,
You're humoring your cote,
You don't know how long I've been,
Watching the lantern dim,
Starved of oxygen,
So give me your hand,
And let's jump out the window.