

# The Shins, Baby Boomerang

Slim lined sheik faced  
Angel of the night  
Riding like a cowboy  
In the graveyard of the night  
New York Witch  
In the dungeon of the day  
I'm trying to write my novel  
But all you do is play

Baby Boomerang, Baby Boomerang  
Well, you never spite a person  
But you always bang the whole gang  
Oh yeah...

Mince pie dog-eye  
Eagle on the wind  
I'm searching through this garbage  
Just looking for a friend  
Your uncle with an alligator  
Chained to his leg  
Dangles you your freedom  
Then he offers you his bed

Baby Boomerang, Baby Boomerang  
Well, you never spite a person  
But you always bang the whole gang

It seems to me to dream  
Is something too wild  
In Max's Kansas City  
You're belladonna child  
Hiding on the highways  
On the gateways to the south  
You're talking with your boots  
And you're walking with your mouth

Baby Boomerang, Baby Boomerang  
Well, you never spite a person  
But you always bang the whole gang

Thank you ma'am