

# The Shins, Fighting In A Sack

Just last night I woke from some unconscionable dream  
And had it nailed to my forehead again  
To keep this boat afloat  
There are things you can't afford to know  
So I save all my breath for the sails.

But you'll find those lingering voices  
Are just your ego's attempt to make it all clean and nice  
And make a moron out of you  
Walking a bridge with weakening cables  
Huddled up in fear and hate because we know our fate  
And it's a lot to put us through.

Most ideas turn to dust  
As there are few in which we all can trust  
Haven't you noticed I've been shedding all of mind?  
So let's abandon that track  
And leave our fathers fighting in a sack  
Cause we are way too wise-assed for that.

You might find some fools at your doorstep  
Hustling the latest changes to the book  
That's the strangest in an attempt to multiply  
Marionettes on weakening cables  
Huddled up with fear and hate  
Because they know their fate and it's a lot to put them through.

We've taken on a climb  
And it's long enough to put the best of us on our backs  
Walking up a slide  
And there are those we know who'd have us five miles off the track.

But you'll find those lingering voices  
Are just your ego's attempt to make it all clean and nice  
And make a moron out of you  
Crossing the brindge on weakening cables  
Huddled up with fear and hate because we know our fate  
And it's a lot to put us through