

The Shins, My Seventh Rib

Your silver tongue laughs at the clowns of our age
A slow production line of cheap-shots from both sides
Shot from the hip to my seventh rib
A spoiled tomato lies in all that you say
And I was the last of us to know

Sound the alarm for my sentimental ways
Have come in view and we've all got our own knives
Sold to the worst of the devils we know
Our mind and tight skin will soon be old
But this wasn't meant for us to know

Youth's open shutters
Give way to another
Taken by slight of hand
And every American has the mouth of a pelican
Now can I share that pillow with you love?

They've got us in fits to find a way out
Of this exploded view of a life once so simple
First with the curse that my sentimental ways
Are drawing my innocence to a close
And these were not meant for me to know