

# The Shins, Nothing At All

Well there's an ideal inside of me,  
That we're nothing at all.  
There's nothing threatening controlling me,  
In fact there's nothing at all.  
And still the wheel turning's all I'll be,  
It carries on til you crawl.  
You gotta know what you want to be,  
But there's no number to call.  
You got a feeling nothing here is free,  
'Cause you grew up in a mall.  
[ huh ] on t.v.  
And you can still hit a ball.  
You got a million things you want to flee,  
Smuggle an ounce in a doll.  
I see you can finally see,  
That they're nothing at all.  
Turns out there's nothing at all.  
There must be a flaw in this fatal eye,  
Have to contend with all night.  
Wasn't alive back in the sixties,  
Somehow that was my fault.  
I'm just a shell empty as can be,  
Yeah, I've got nothing at all.  
You want to put your trust in some solid thing,  
Yeah, its a drug to us all.  
But there's no ideal inside of me,  
So I got nothing at all,  
No I got nothing at all,  
and I got nothing at all.  
Must be a fault in this fatal eye,  
Have to contend with all night,  
Such a danger so we gotta slide,  
Into the depths of the salt mine.  
There's nothing at all...