

# The Shins, Pressed In A Book

Doted on like seeds planted in rows  
The untied shoelaces of you life  
Nutured all year then pressed in a book  
Or displayed in bad taste at the table  
Problems arise and you fan the fire  
While there's a wild pack of dogs loose in your house tonight.  
Cut from bad cloth or soiled like socks  
Add it up and basically people never change.

They just talk and make plans in the dark  
Or make haste with ideas that can't help  
But creep good people out  
As you talk to me too much you're assuming  
We don't always want what's right.

Did i strike the right set of chords? you're annoyed.  
The goal is to ignite you then move on.  
You feel ill at ease. you got no squeeze.  
And the wise cracks won't make you more stable.  
You've learned you lines to scale and to time.  
Why must i remind you now i'm only less able.  
Cut from bad cloth or soiled like socks  
We're ordinary people we can't help but to change

As we walk and make plans in the dark  
Or make haste with the boy who can't help  
But creep good people out.  
As you talk to me too much you're assuming  
We don't always want what's right.

Two fallen saplings in an open field.  
Snow padding gently on an empty bench.  
An old woman's jewelry lying unadorned.  
Color nesting robins allied for the first time.  
I know when you hear these sappy lines  
You'll roll your eyes and say "nice try";.