

The Shins, Split Needles

I've done myself an impossible crime
Had to paint myself a hole
And fall inside
If it's far enough in sight and rhyme
I get to wear another dress
And count in time

Oh, won't you do me the favor, man
Of a giving mind
A polymorphing opinion here
And your vague outline

I'll find myself another burning gate
A pretty face, a vague idea I can't relate
And this is get what you get for pulling pins
Out of the hole
Inside the hole you're in

It's like I'm pressed on the handle bars
Of a blind man's bike
No straws to grab, just the rushing wind
On the rolling mind

They want you to decide
Eventually, it happens
Some gather on one side
With all their pearly snapping
They close the basement door
It sets our teeth to chatter
You never saw it before
But now that hardly matters

You're old enough, boy
Too many summers you've enjoyed
So spin the wheel
We'll set you up with some odd convictions
Because you're finally golden, boy