

The Shins, Young Pilgrims

A cold and wet November dawn
And there are no barking sparrows
Just emptiness to dwell upon.

I fell into a winter slide
And ended up the kind of kid who goes down chutes too narrow
Just eking out my measly pies.

But I learned fast how to keep my head up 'cause I
Know there is this side of me that
Wants to grab the yoke from the pilot and just
Fly the whole mess into the sea.

Another slow train to the coast
Some brand new gory art from way on high
I sink and then I swim all night.

I watch the ice melt on the glass
While the eloquent young pilgrims pass
And leave behind their trail
Imploring us not to fail.

Of course I was raised to gather courage from those
Lofty tales so tried and true and
If you're able I'd suggest it 'cause this
Modern thought can get the best of you.

This rather simple epitaph can save your hide your falling mind
Fate isn't what we're up against there's no design no flaws to find
There's no design no flaws to find.

But I learned fast how to keep my head up 'cause I
Know I got this side of me that
Wants to grab the yoke from the pilot and just
Fly the whole mess into the sea.