

# Know Your Onion

The Shins

Shut out  
Pimpled and angry  
I quietly tied all guts into knots  
Gave up  
On trying to make it  
I figured it'd take 'em too long to look up

And besides  
It's was undeniably clear to me  
I don't know why  
When every other part of life  
Seemed lock behind shutters  
I knew the worthless dregs  
We've always been

Lucked out  
For my favorite record  
Lying in wait at the Birmingham mall  
The songs that I heard  
The occasional book  
Were the only fun I ever took  
And I got on with making myself

And the trick is just making yourself

But when they're parking their cars on your chest  
You've still got a view of the summer sky  
To make it hurt twice when your restless body  
Caves to its whims  
And suddenly struggles to take flight

Three thousand miles northeast  
I left all my friends at the morning bus stop  
Shaking their heads  
"What kinda life do you dream of?  
You're allergic to love"  
Yes I know but I must say in my own defense

It's been undeniably dear to me  
I don't know why  
When every other part of life  
Seemed locked behind shutters  
I knew the worthless dregs we are  
The selfish loving saints we are  
The bells and sliding dice  
We've always been