

# The Shins, Pink Bullets

I was just bony hands as cold as a winter pole  
You held a warm stone out new flowing blood to hold  
Oh what a contrast you were  
To the brutes in the halls  
My timid young fingers held a decent animal.

Over the ramparts you tossed  
The scent of your skin and some foreign flowers  
Tied to a brick  
Sweet as a song  
The years have been short but the days were long.

Cool of a temperate breeze from dark skies to wet grass  
We fell in a field it seems now a thousand summers passed  
When our kite lines first crossed  
We tied them into knots  
And to finally fly apart  
We had to cut them off.

Since then it's been a book you read in reverse  
So you understand less as the pages turn  
Or a movie so crass  
And awkwardly cast  
That even I could be the star.

I don't look back much as a rule  
And all this way before murder was cool  
But your memory is here and I'd like it to stay  
Warm light on a winter day.

Over the ramparts you tossed  
The scent of your skin and some foreign flowers  
Tied to a brick  
Sweet as a song  
The years have been short but the days go slowly by  
Two loose kites falling from the sky  
Drawn to the ground and an end to flight.