

The Shins, Sleeping Lessons

Go without,
'Til the need seeps in,
You're low anymore,
Collect your novel petals for the stem,

And glow,
Glow,
Melt and flow,
Eviscerate your fragile frame,
And spill it out in the ragged floor,
A thousand different versions of yourself,

And if the old guard still offend,
They got nothing left on which you depend,
So enlist every ounce,
Of your bright blood,
And off with their heads,

Jump from a book,
You're not obliged to swallow anything you despise,
See, those unrepenting buzzards want your life,
And they got no right,
As sure as you have eyes,
They got no right,

Just put yourself in my new shoes,
And see that I do what I do,
Because the old guard still offend,
We got nothing left on which we depend,
So we waste every ounce,
Of your bright blood,
And off with their heads,

Jump from a book,
And you're not obliged,
To swallow anything that you despise