

40 Mark Strasse

The Shins

Is it all so very simple
And horribly complex
You're suffering
And there's nothing coming next
Your mom smokes in the kitchen
Her voice a cutting down
They're creeping out, you pass the bar
Your father's second home
That leaves you on your own
Nights I'd often watch you
Float across the ground
Out the gate to the motorway
What secrets have you found?
You had to know I wanted
Something from you then
Too young to know just what it was
Something more than a friend
Is that you at the end
Well, you play in the street at night
You blow like a broken kite
My girl, you're giving up the fight
Are you gonna let these Americans
Put another dent in your life?
My mother says your dirty
They're gonna find you dead
But have you got that final chapter
Written in your head
Cause every single story
Is a story about love
Both the overflowing cup
And the painful lack thereof
You got the heart of a dove
But you play in the street at night
You blow just like a broken kite
My girl, you're giving up the fight
You'll have to lose all them childish notions
If you're gonna let these American boys
Put another dent in your life
You play in the street at night
You blow just like a broken kite
My girl, you're giving up the fight
You'll have to lose all them childish notions
Are you gonna let these Americans
Put another dent in your life?

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