

# Australia

## The Shins

"Time to put the ear-covers on!" "No!" Born to multiply,  
Born to gaze into night skies  
All you want is one more Saturday  
But look here, until then  
They're gonna buy your life's time  
So keep your wick in the air  
And your feet in the fetters till the day  
We come in doing cartwheels.  
We all cut out by ourselves,  
And your shape on the dance floor  
Will have me thinking such filth I'll gouge my eyes. You'd be damned to be one of us girl,  
Faced with the dodo's conundrum:  
I felt like I could just fly  
But nothing happened every time I tried.  
A duotone on the wall  
The selfless fool who hoped he'd save us all  
Never dreamt of such sterile hands.  
You keep them folded in your lap,  
And raise them up to beg for scraps,  
You know, he's holding you down  
With the tips of his fingers just the same. Will you be pulled from the ocean,  
But just a minute too late?  
Or changed by a potion,  
We'll find a handsome young mate  
For you to love. You'll be damned to pining through the windowpanes,  
You know you'd trade your life for any ordinary Joe's,  
Do it now or grow old  
Your nightmares only need a year or two to unfold!  
Been alone since you were twenty-one,  
You haven't laughed since January,  
You try and make like this is so much fun,  
But we know it to be quite contrary. Damned to be one of us, girl,  
Facing the android's conundrum,  
I felt like I should just cry,  
But nothing happens every time I take one on the chin,  
You're Himmler in your cote,  
You don't know how long I have been  
Watching the lantern dim,  
Starved of oxygen,  
So give me your hand  
And let's jump out the window.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>