

Saint Simon

The Shins

After all these implements and texts designed by intellects
So vexed to find evidently there's still so much that hides
And though the saints dub us divine in ancient fading lines
Their sentiment is just as hard to pluck from the vine I'll try hard not to pretend
Allow myself no mock defense
As I step into the night Since I don't have the time nor mind to figure out
The nursery rhymes that helped us out in making sense of our lives
The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me
I value them, but I won't cry every time one's wiped out I'll try hard not to give in
Battened down to fare the wind
Rid my head of this pretense
Allow myself no mock defense
Step into the night
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum Mercy's eyes are blue
When she places them in front of you
Nothing holds a Roman candle to
The solemn warmth you feel inside There's no measuring of
Nothing else is love I'll try hard not to give in
Battened down to fare the wind
Rid my head of this pretense
Allow myself no mock defense
Step into the night
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum Mercy's eyes are blue
When she places them in front of you
Nothing really holds a candle to
The solemn warmth you feel inside of you do do do do do do da dee da da da da da-dun La-
da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum

La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum
La-da-da-dum
La-da-da-da-dum-dum

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>