

## New Slang - The Shins

Am C  
Gold teeth and a curse for this town  
F  
Were all in my mouth  
C Am G  
Only I don't know how they got out, dear  
Am C  
Turn me back into the pet  
F  
I was when we met  
C Am G  
I was happier then with no mind set

G C  
And if you'd a took to me like  
F G  
A gull takes to the wind  
C  
Well, I'd a jumped from my tree  
F C  
And I'd a danced like the king of the eyesores  
F G  
And the rest of our lives would'a fared well

Am C  
New slang when you notice the stripes  
F  
The dirt in your fries  
C  
Hope it's right when you die  
Am G  
Old and bony  
Am C  
Dawn breaks like a bull through the hall  
F  
Never should'a called  
C  
But my heads to the wall  
Am G  
And I'm lonely

Am C  
God speed all the baker's at dawn  
F  
May they all cut their thumbs  
C  
And bleed into their buns  
Am G  
'Till they melt away

G C  
I'm looking in on the good life  
F G  
I might be doomed never to find

Without a trust or flaming fields  
Am I too dumb to refine?  
And if you'd a took to me like  
Well I'd a danced like the queen of the eyesores  
And the rest of our lives would'a fared well