

Shins, The

"Kissing The Lipless"

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Called to see
If your back
Was still aligned
And your sheets
Were growing grass
All on the corners of your bed.

But you've got too much to wear
On your sleeves.
It has too much to do with me.
And secretly,
I want to bury in the yard
The grey remains of a friendship scarred.

You told us of your new life, where
You've got someone coming round,
Gluing tinsel to your crown;
He's got you talking pretty loud.

Berate, remember
Your ailing heart and your criminal eyes
You say you're still in love;
If it's true, what can be done?
It's hard to leave all these moments behind.

Called to see
If your back
Was still aligned
And your sheets
Are growing grass
All on the corners of your bed.

But you've got too much to wear
On your sleeves.
It's too much to do with me.
And secretly,
I want to bury in the yard
The grey remains of a friendship scarred.

You tested your mettle
With doe skin and petals,

While kissing the lipless
To bleed all the sweetness away.

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