

Shins, The "The Celibate Life"

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the dust from a four-day affair is now landing
all over the floor and your brown legs
the gold-plated legs of my rival
whose eyes had no reason to fall

you led no celibate life no skirt while chemicals
danced on your head
you stole the keys to this ride and your fables are
falling tonight

because of your struggle to make them
their taste for your past time is fading
remember the girls in the middle are always the first to
fall off

you'll learn to live like a mouse,
searching the cracks in the floor to remember
all of the dregs in the crowd you barely recall

you led no celibate life no skirt while chemicals
danced on your head
you stole the keys to this ride and your fables are
falling tonight

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