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Emily Haines "Shrine To Fast Goodbyes"

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Drinks aside, it's time we tried to stay somewhere Take my only souvenir, hold it up high, toss it off the roof

If it should break, tell me how it sounds when it lands

Steal Time when there isn't enough Turn the wheel, I'm backing it up Don't feel old, hope I'm backing up Don't feel old Bloodshot eye, a ringing in the left ear 1975 ringing in my right ear Our simple rules failed eachother We're close to used to being wrong Now it's gone get undressed, feeling hopeless Work weary world, see no sign of relief Still I find time to complain of a shortage while the excess collects at their feet We're close to used to being wrong Now it's gone, get undressed, feeling hopeless Work weary world, see no sign of relief Still I find time to complain of a shortage while the excess collects at their feet

Always say that we will, but we don't Always say that we did, when we did nothing Drinks aside, the day today is the monotone Now there's nowhere left to go Build a shrine to fast goodbyes What's the mistake?

Steal Time when there isn't enough Turn the wheel, I'm backing it up Don't feel old, hope I'm backing up Don't feel old Bloodshot eye, a ringing in the left ear 1975 ringing in my right ear Our simple rules failed eachother We're both reduced to being wrong Here and it's gone get undressed, feeling hopeless Work weary world, see no sign of relief Still they find time to complain of a shortage while the excess collects at their feet Above, the sun rising late hasn't set yet Work weary world, too tired now to ever sleep From watching you all complain of a shortage while the excess collects at your feet

Between the church and under haiku It is roped in deep blue

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