

## Shins "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 glod 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 the dregs in the crowd you barely recall

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on your head.  
You stole the keys to this ride and your fables are  
falling tonight.

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