

# The Shins, A Call To Apathy

Untie me, I've said no vows  
The train is getting way too loud  
I gotta leave here my girl  
Get on with my lonely life  
Just leave the ring on the rail  
For the wheels to nullify

Until this turn in my head  
I let you stay and you paid no rent  
I spent twelve long months on the lam  
That's enough sitting on the fence  
For the fear of breaking dams

I find a fatal flaw  
In the logic of love  
And go out of my head  
You love a sinking stone  
That'll never elope  
So get used to the lonesome  
Girl, you must atone some  
Don't leave me no phone number there

It took me all of the year  
To put the poison pill to your ear  
But now I stand on honest ground, on honest ground  
You want to fight for this love  
But honey you cannot wrestle a dove  
So baby it's clear

You want to jump and dance  
But you sat on your hands  
And lost your only chance  
Go back to your hometown  
Get your feet on the ground  
And stop floating around

I find a fatal flaw  
In the logic of love  
And go out of my head  
You love a sinking stone  
That'll never elope  
So get used to used to the lonesome  
Girl, you must atone some  
Don't leave me no phone number there