

The Shins, The Celibate Life

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 the dregs in the crowd you barely recall

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