

The Shins, Gone For Good (Alternate Version)

Untie me, I've said no vows
The train is getting way too loud
I've got to leave here, my girl
And get on with my lonely life
Just lay 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 will 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 a year
To put that poisoned pill to your ear
But now I stand on honest ground
You want to fight for this love
But honey, you cannot wrestle a dove
So baby, it's clear
You wanted 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 will never elope
So get used to the lonesome, girl
You must atone some
Don't leave me no phone number there