

# The celibate life?

## The Shins

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 in 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 pastime is fading  
Remember the girls in the middle  
Are always the first to fall off You've learned to live like a mouse  
Searching the cracks in the walls to remember  
All of the dregs in the crowd  
You barely recall  
You led no celibate life  
No skirt while chemicals danced in your head  
You stole the keys to this ride  
And your fables are falling tonight

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