

The Celibate Life

The Shins

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 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.

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