

Kissing the Liplless

The Shins

Called to see
If your back
Was still aligned
And your sheets
Were growing grass
All on the corners of your bed

But you've got too much to wear
On your sleeves
It has too much to do with me
And secretly
I want to bury in the yard
The grey remains of a friendship scarred

You told us of your new life there
You got someone coming round
Gluing tinsel to your crown
He's got you talkin' pretty loud

You berate remember
Your ailing heart and your criminal eyes
You say you're still in love
If it's true, what can be done?
It's hard to leave all those moments behind

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You've tested your mettle of
Doe's skin and petals
While kissing the liplless
Who bleed all the sweetness away