

Spilt Needles

The Shins

I've done myself an impossible crime,
Had to paint myself a hole,
And fall inside,
If it's far enough in sight and rhyme,
I get to wear another dress,
And count in time,

Oh, won't you do me the favor, man,
Of a giving mind,
A polymorphing opinion here,
And your vague outline,

I'll find myself another burning gate,
A pretty face, a vague idea I can't relate,
And this is get what you get for pulling pins,
Out of the hole,
Inside the hole you're in,

It's like I'm pushed on the handle bars,
Of a blind man's bike,
No straws to grab, just the rushing wind,
On the rolling mind,

They want you to decide,
Eventually, it happens,
Some gather on one side,
With all their pearly snapping,
They close the basement door,
It sets our teeth to chatter,
You never saw it before,
But now that hardly matters,

You're old enough, boy,
Too many summers you've enjoyed,
So spin the wheel,
We'll set you up with some odd convictions,
Because you're finally golden, boy