

## 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 you  
r head.  
You stole the keys to this ride and your fables are falling ton  
ight.

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 o  
ff.

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

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