

The Shins, A Call To Apathy

Untie me, I've said no vows
The train is getting way too loud
I gotta leave here my girl
Get on with my lonely life
Just leave the ring on the rail
For the wheels to nullify

Until this turn in my head
I let you stay and you paid no rent
I spent twelve long months on the lam
That's enough sitting on the fence
For the fear of breaking dams

I find a fatal flaw
In the logic of love
And go out of my head
You love a sinking stone
That'll never elope
So get used to the lonesome
Girl, you must atone some
Don't leave me no phone number there

It took me all of the year
To put the poison pill to your ear
But now I stand on honest ground, on honest ground
You want to fight for this love
But honey you cannot wrestle a dove
So baby it's clear

You want to jump and dance
But you sat on your hands
And lost your only chance
Go back to your hometown
Get your feet on the ground
And stop floating around

I find a fatal flaw
In the logic of love
And go out of my head
You love a sinking stone
That'll never elope
So get used to used to the lonesome
Girl, you must atone some
Don't leave me no phone number there