

Gone for Good

The Shins

Untie me, I've said no vows
The train is getting way too loud
I've 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'd find a fatal flaw in the language 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 a 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 found a fatal flaw in the logic of love and went 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

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