

# 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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