

# Spilt Needles

## The Shins

I've earned 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 forgiving my, 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 what you get for pulling pins  
Out of the hole inside the hole you're in  
It's like I'm perched on the handlebars  
Of a blind man's bike  
No straws to grab, just the rushing wind  
On a rolling mind La la la la They'll want you to decide, eventually it happens  
Some gather on one side, with all their pearly snapping  
They'll 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  
'Cause you're finally golden, boy  
It's like I'm perched on the handle bars  
Of a blind man's bike  
No straws to grab, just the rushing wind  
On a rolling mind

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