

Spilt Needles (Alternate Version)

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 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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