

# Emily Haines, Shrine To Fast Goodbyes

Drinks aside, it's time we tried to stay somewhere  
Take my only souvenir, hold it up high, toss it off the roof  
If it should break, tell me how it sounds when it lands

Steal time when there isn't enough  
Turn the wheel, I'm backing it up  
Don't feel old, hope I'm backing up  
Don't feel old  
Bloodshot eye, a ringing in the left ear  
Nineteen seventy-five ringing in my right ear

Our simple rules failed each other  
We're close to used to being wrong  
Now it's gone, get undressed, feeling hopeless  
Work-weary world, see no sign of relief  
Still they find time to complain of a shortage  
While the excess collects at their feet

Always say that we will, but we don't  
Always say that we did, when we did nothing

Drinks aside, the day today is in monotone  
Now there's nowhere left to go or  
Build a shrine to fast goodbyes  
What's the mistake? What's the mistake?

Steal time when there isn't enough  
Turn the wheel, I'm backing it up  
Don't feel old, hope I'm backing up  
Don't feel old  
Bloodshot eye, a ringing in the left ear  
Nineteen seventy-five ringing in my right ear

Our simple rules failed each other  
We're both reduced to being wrong here  
And it's gone, get undressed, feeling hopeless  
Work-weary world, see no sign of relief  
Still they find time to complain of a shortage  
While the excess collects at their feet

But the sun rising late hasn't set yet  
Work-weary world, too tired now to ever sleep  
From watching you all complain of a shortage  
While the excess collects at your feet  
The excess collects at your feet

Between the church and under haiku  
It is rolled up in deep blue

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