

# The Shins, Spilt Needles

I've done myself an impossible crime,  
I have to paint myself a hole and fall inside.  
And 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  
On your vague outline.  
Find myself another burning gate,  
A pretty face, a vague idea I can't relate,  
And this is get what you get for pulling pins,  
Another of the hole inside the hole you're in.  
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.  
They'll want you to decide  
Eventually, it happens-  
Some gather on one side,  
With all their pearlys snapping,  
They close the basement door,  
That 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,  
Because 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.