

20th Century Towers

Death Cab for Cutie

We'll correct collegiate mistakes,
A shower of formal ideals,
Completely soused, The hearts on our sleeves,
As they drowned we could hear them screaming,
"Oh what a tragic way to see our final days."

I attempt to talk up the town:
"The answers are in the arches of the 20th Century Towers and in
comfortable cars in motion."

And yet it still remains, this incessant refrain:
"You're just like the rest. Your restlessness
makes you lazy."

Keeping busy is just wasting time and I've wasted what little he
gave me.
(All Around) I know the conscious choice was crystal clear,
too clear the slate of former years:
When I sang softly in your ear and tied these arms around you.