

## Brothers on a Hotel Bed

Death Cab for Cutie

You may tire of me as our December sun is setting because I'm not who I used to be  
No longer easy on the eyes but these wrinkles masterfully disguise  
The youthful boy below who turned your way and saw  
Something he was not looking for: both a beginning and an end  
But now he lives inside someone he does not recognize  
When he catches his reflection on accident

On the back of a motor bike  
With your arms outstretched trying to take flight  
Leaving everything behind  
But even at our swiftest speed we couldn't break from the concrete  
In the city where we still reside.  
And I have learned that even landlocked lovers yearn for the sea like navy men  
Cause now we say goodnight from our own separate sides  
Like brothers on a hotel bed  
Like brothers on a hotel bed  
Like brothers on a hotel bed  
Like brothers on a hotel bed