

## Company Calls Epilogue

### Death Cab for Cutie

Synapse to Synapse: the possibility's thin.  
I'm dressed up for free drinks  
and family greetings on your wedding  
your wedding  
your wedding date.  
The figures in plastic  
on the wedding cake  
that I took  
were so real.

And I kept a distance:  
the complications cloud  
the postcards and blips through fiberoptics,  
as the girls with the pigtails  
were running from little boys wearing bowties  
their parent bought them:  
"I'll catch you this time!"

Crashing through the parlor doors,  
what was your first reaction?  
screaming, drunk, disorderly:  
I'll tell you mine.

You were the one  
but I can't spit it out  
when the date's been set.  
The white routine to be ingested inaccurately.

Synapse to Synapse:  
the sneaky kids had attached beer cans  
to the bumper so they could drive  
up and down the main drag.  
People would turn to see  
who's making the racket.  
It's not the first time.

When they lay down  
the fish will swim upstream  
and I'll contest but they won't listen  
when the casualty rate's near 100%,  
and there isn't a pension for second best  
or for hardly moving..

Crashing through the parlor doors,  
what was your first reaction?  
Sreaming, drunk, disorderly:  
I'll tell you mine.

You were the one  
but i can't spit it out when the date's been set.  
the white routine to be ingested inaccurately.