

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.