

Company Calls

Death Cab for Cutie

I'll take the best of your bad moods
And dress them up to make a better you
'Cause all the company calls amount to one paycheck

I'd squeeze a heart through my fingertip
But I type too slow to make expressions stick
And it's like TV with a microchip

Set your sights destroy this party line
'Cause it's so tired
Set your sights destroy this mock-shrine
'Cause it's so tired

Let's cut our losses at both ends
And aim your car away from all our friends
Leaving the dishes stacked in the sink

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I'd keep my distance 'cause the complications cloud it all
And mail a postcard sending greetings from the eastern block
Synapse to synapse, possibilities will thin or fade
Your wedding figurines, I'd melt so I could drink them in
Drink them in and drink them in

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