

## Death of an Interior Decorator

### Death Cab for Cutie

You were the mother of three girls so sweet  
Who stormed through your turnstile  
And climbed to the street  
But after conception your body lay cold  
And withered through autumn and you found yourself old

Can you tell me why you have been so sad?  
He took a lover on a faraway beach  
While you arrange flowers and chose color schemes

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The girls were all there  
They traded their vows  
The youngest one glared with furrowed brows  
They tenderly kissed then cut the cake  
The bride then tripped and broke the vase  
The one you thought would spend the years  
So perfectly placed below the mirror  
Arriving late, you clean the debris  
And walked into the angry sea

It felt just like falling in love again (2x)

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Can you tell me why you have been so...