

# Doors Unlocked and Open

Death Cab for Cutie

Isolations, dotted lines  
Seas of concrete, wild eyes  
Streaking colors, blurred to one  
Always moving, blinding sun  
Blinding sun  
Coldest comfort, safety glass  
Seasons turning, dying grass  
California, gilded crowns  
Idle workers, counting down

Somewhere down, down  
Down in the ocean of sound, sound  
We'll live in slow-motion  
And be free  
With doors unlocked and open  
Doors unlocked and open

Isolation  
Isolation  
California, gilded crowns  
Idle workers, counting down

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Somewhere down

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