

Fake Frowns

Death Cab for Cutie

Bent at the knees, a last resort
Backfired and made things worse
Once on the bus, it was quite possible
You'd be the jail house queen

Jury and judge were screaming to hang
You spat the sweat from brow
He shrugged his shoulders, nothing would work
It had to end right now

I can't drive straight
Counting your fake frowns

Focusing in, details a must
Trying to make each one count
All on your fingers stopping at ten
Magistrate keyed in now

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You spat the sweat from brow
He shrugged his shoulders, nothing would work
It had to end right now

I can't drive straight
Counting your fake frowns
I can't drive straight
Counting your fake frowns

We can't keep your interest now
In increasing pixels and sound
We can't keep your interest now
Increasing pixels and sound

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He shrugged his shoulders, nothing would work
It had to end right