

Information Travels Faster

Death Cab for Cutie

I intentionally wrote it out to be an illegible mess
You wanted me to write you letters, but i'd rather lose your ad
dress
And forget that we'd ever met and what did or did not occur.
Sitting in the station, it's all a blur
Of dancehall hips, pretentious quips.
A boxers, bob and weave.

And here's the kicker of this whole shebang
You're in debt and completely fooled, that you can look into th
e mirror and objectively rank your wounds.
Sewing circles are not solely based in trades of cloth...
There's spinsters all around here taking notes, reporting on us
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As information travels faster in the modern age, in the modern
age
As our days are crawling by so slowly
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