

Lowell, MA

Death Cab for Cutie

You've been forewarned of the shake-shakedown
Opinions stamped on the pulp of the tabloid newsstand
Gossip that's stacked at your door

You swallowed the last of free MA
Car starts, four windows lowered away
Last views of cityscapes crumbling

Skyscrapers sink into the ground
All static, no noise turn the radio down
Those bandwidth signals can't reach this far

Don't go holding out on me now, don't go holding
I thought that you had come to expect
I thought that you had come to expect more
I thought that you had come to expect
I thought that you had come to expect more

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