

Monday Morning

Death Cab for Cutie

She maybe young but she only likes old things
And modern music, it ain't to her taste
She loves the natural light captured in black and white
She sees mirages of mountain ranges
Within a blink of her eyes it changes
Back to the open plain, oh no, she can't explain

I cried how love keep your arms around me
I am a bird that's in need of grounding
I'm built to fly away, I never learned how to stay

The night is gonna fall, the vultures will surround you
And when you're looking in the mirror
What you see is gonna astound you
But all these lines and grays refine
They are the maps of our design
Of what began on a Monday morning

Monday morning, Monday morning
Oh, oh oh, oh, oh oh
Monday morning, Monday morning
Oh, oh oh, oh, oh oh

The night is gonna fall and the vultures will surround you
And when you're looking in the mirror
What you see is gonna astound you
But all these lines and grays refine
They are the maps of our design
Of what began on a Monday morning

Oh yes, the night is gonna fall, the vultures will surround you
And when you're looking in the mirror
What you see is gonna astound you
And all the blow of you from inside the room
That's burning on inside of you
It all began on a Monday morning

Monday morning, Monday morning
Oh, oh oh, oh, oh oh