

## No Joy In Mudville

### Death Cab for Cutie

Last night I dreamt that I was you  
I was dressed all in black with dark glasses and attitude  
Such a pose I could simply not hold  
Through days in a northern town that I had once called a home

And your studies of fringe New York streets  
I was reading the pavement in every word you would speak  
To a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on

Buying drinks for the poets upstate  
This southern corruption towed you down the interstate  
And they all said that you were the king  
Of a gloomy disruption that surfaced when you would sing

And this town simply cannot compete  
So I'm packing my Bullets and Silvertones and heading east  
To a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on

If I could've had my way, this year would bridge '66 again?

Trust fund hipsters were casing the room  
Chock full of amphetamines the overturned kick drum boom  
Set the pace with incomparable cool  
And if the temp was lousy it was lost on all but you

And your studies of fringe New York streets  
I was reading the pavement in every word you would speak  
To a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on, on, on,  
it's on

If I could've had my way, this year would bridge '66 again?  
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