

Pictures in an Exhibition

Death Cab for Cutie

Think you caught me on the downslide, downturn
I was busy writing with a pen and paper thin dream
And all your plastic people with plastic hearts and smiles
They had the worst intentions all along after all

The royal castle holds the mellow drama kings and queens
And all their dazzling children, they're so regal, so clean
With pristine fingertips they wash behind their ears
And let their hair down till the audiences leave
Leave, leave, leave, leave

I'm definitely shaking
The silence isn't breaking
Backwashed and stranded memories
Of something I thought could be

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