

That's Incentive

Death Cab for Cutie

(That's incentive...)

You see nothing to be adored, when obsession takes it's toll
You can't place you in between the pages of fashion magazines
Paper cuts from turning pages, just like a bad dream
Is it this or that or me that makes you love what you can't def
eat

Boiled over burning clean toward the flesh blocks in your knees
It's a lesson that just might keep suppressing appetites
Paper cuts from turning pages, just like a bad dream
Is it this or that or me that makes you love what

And I live this life just to bear these scars
Will the hurt subside, if you decide?
That's it's me and you this time
Is it you that always... is it you that decides

And I live this life just to bear these scars
Will the hurt subside, if you decide?
And I live this life just to bear these scars
Will the hurt subside, if you decide?