

# The Face That Launched 1000 Shits

Death Cab for Cutie

And I'm standing up  
In my practice room  
I'm all alone

Speakers on the spoon  
And my new Gibson and  
Oh, what the hell

Things are not so different  
In my vocal master  
You are the face that launched  
One thousand ships

Quakes and Trojans  
And a thousand shits  
The shits eying the shores  
Of Asia minor

Lining all the shores  
Of Asia minor  
You can tell that I'm not  
A minor in Asia no more

I'm standing up  
This is the face that launched  
A thousand ships

I'm standing up  
This is the face that launched  
One thousand ships

This is the face that shot  
You'll never have replaced  
Splitting up his kids to three separate parts  
For his sons and the three separate hearts