

The Ice Is Getting Thinner

Death Cab for Cutie

We're not the same, dear, as we used to be.
The seasons have changed and so have we.
There was little we could say, and even less we could do
To stop the ice from getting thinner under me and you.

We bury our love in the windsory grave
Along came the snow, that was all that remained.
But we stayed by its side as the days turned to weeks
And the ice kept getting thinner with every word that we'd speak.

And when spring arrived
We were taken by surprise when the flows under our feet
Led into the sea
Nothing was left for you and me.

We're not the same, dear,
And it seems to me
There's more where we can go
With nothing underneath.
And it saddens me to say
But we both know, well, it's true
That the ice was getting thinner
Under me and you.
The ice was getting thinner
Under me and you.