

## Title Track

Death Cab for Cutie

Left uninspired by the crust of railroad earth  
That touched the lead to the pages of your manuscript  
I took my thumb off the concrete and saved up all my strength  
To hammer pillars for a picket fence

It wasn't quite what it seemed, a lack of pleasantries  
My able body isn't what it used to be  
I must admit I was charmed by your advances  
Your advantage left me helplessly into you

Talking how the group had begun to splinter  
And I could taste your lipstick on the filter

I tried my best to keep my distance from your dress  
But call-response overturns convictions every time  
My memory cannot recall a wave of alcohol  
We shared a cigarette and shave the hours off

Talking how the group had begun to splinter  
And I could taste your lipstick on the filter  
Lushing with the hallway congregation  
My best judgment signed its resignation

I rushed this, we moved too fast  
Tripped into the guestroom  
I rushed this, we moved too fast  
Tripped into the guestroom