

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
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Tripped into the guestroom