

Underneath The Sycamore

Death Cab for Cutie

Lying in a field of black
Underneath the overpass
Mangled in the shards of a metal frame
Woken from the dream by my own name

Well I was such a wretched man
Searching everywhere for a homeland
Now we are under the same sun
Feel it through the leaves let it heal us

We are the same, we are both safe
Underneath the Sycamore
We are the same, we are both safe
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We were both broken in our own ways
Sifting through the rubble for the wrong things
I know you've got a vengeful heart
I cannot be stop soon as I start

But you have seen your darkest rooms
And I have slept in makeshift tombs
And this is where we find our peace
Oh, this is where we are, at least

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(Repeat 3 more)