

## Your Bruise

Death Cab for Cutie

It's a backwards attraction  
To your forward eyes  
But you're so far-sighted  
That you can't place trust  
In what or who you recognize

We sped the Plymouth across  
The banks of the Mississippi river  
Mary Timony was smaller  
Than a super ball

Chitter-chatter all these secrets  
Started giving me the shivers  
Plain and simply  
Broken down near Olympia

I think your bruise was understated  
'Cause you can't feel this anymore  
It's getting bluer and you can't keep faking  
That you can't feel this anymore

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