

Ben Gibbard & Andrew Kenny, Carolina

Every scream went bleeding through these paper walls and all the
make-up in the world couldn't hide the scars

I leave today, I'm packing light: a suitcase, some toiletries

The rolling hills and willow trees of Carolina wait for me

You never learned, the rules have changed since we were nine

This isn't school: boys don't assault the girls they like

The taste of blood, the claim of love: these two will here on cease
to be sprouting from your fists and tongue 'cause Carolina waits for me

Fields of grain go whipping by from the window seat

I'm drifting in, I'm drifting out catching up on sleep I couldn't get

Indentured since the very crest of 17

I left my keys and broken dreams 'cause Carolina waits for me

I will never forgive a single day

Mile markers seem to call my name and say, "you're safer now.

Through every town, we'll light your way in reflective green all the
way" The entire state of Carolina waits for me