

Death Cab For Cutie, 20th Century Towers

We'll correct collegiate mistakes, a shower of formal ideals, completely soused.
The hearts on our sleeves as they drowned we could hear them screaming.
Oh what a tragic way to see our final days.

I attempt to talk up the town: The answers are in the arches of the
20th Century Towers and in comfortable cares in motion.

And yet it still remains, this incessant refrain:
You're just like the rest. Your restlessness makes you lazy.

Keeping busy is just wasting time and I've wasted what little he gave me. (all around)
I know the conscious choice was crystal clear the slate of former years:
When I sang softly in your ear and tied these arms around you.