Death Cab For Cutie, Brothers On A Hotel Bed

You may tire of me as our December sun is setting
'Cause I'm not who I used to be
No longer easy on the eyes
But these wrinkles masterfully disguise
The youthful boy below
Who turned your way and saw
Something he was not looking for
Both a beginning and an end
But now he lives inside someone he does not recognize
When he catches his reflection on accident

On the back of a motor bike
With your arms outstretched trying to take flight
Leaving everything behind
But even at our swiftest speed
We couldn't break from the concrete
In the city where we still reside.
And I have learned that even landlocked lovers yearn
For the sea like navy men
'Cause now we say goodnight
From our own separate sides
Like brothers on a hotel bed
Like brothers on a hotel bed
Like brothers on a hotel bed
Like brothers on a hotel bed

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