

Death Cab For Cutie, Company Calls Epilogue

Synapse to synapse; the possibility's thin. I'm dressed up for free drinks and family greetings on your wedding date. The figures in plastic on your wedding cake that I took were so real. And I kept a distance: the complications cloud the postcards and blips through fiber optics, as the girls with the pigtails were running from little boys wearing bow-ties their parents bought: I'll catch you this time!

Crashing through the parlor doors, what was your first reaction? Screaming, drunk, disorderly: I'll tell you mine. You were the one but I can't spit it out when the date's been set. The white routine to be ingested inaccurately.

Synapse to synapse: the sneaky kids had attached beer cans to the bumper so they could drive up and down the main drag. People would turn to see who's making the racket. It's not the first time. When they lay down the fish will swim upstream and I'll contest but they won't listen when the casualty rate's near 100%, and there isn't a pension for second best or for hardly moving...