

# Death Cab For Cutie, Expo '86

Sometimes I think this cycle never ends  
We slide from top to bottom and we turn and climb again  
And it seems by the time that I have figured what it's worth  
The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse

But if I move my place in line I'll lose  
And I have waited the anticipation's got me glued

I am waiting for something to go wrong  
I am waiting for familiar resolve

Sometimes it seems that I don't have the skills to recollect  
The twists and turns of plot that turned us from lovers to friends  
I am thinking I should take that volume back up off the shelf  
And crack its weary spine and read to help remind myself

But if I move, my place in line, I'll lose  
And I have waited the anticipation's got me glued

I am waiting for something to go wrong  
I am waiting for familiar resolve  
I am waiting for another repeat,  
Another diet fed by crippling defeat  
And I am waiting for that sense of relief  
I am waiting for you to flee the scene  
As if you held in your hand the smoking gun  
And on the floor laid the one you said you loved...

And what's strange is they're all basically the same  
So I don't ask names anymore

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