

Death Cab For Cutie, Hindsight

Three wasted years, standing still
As you opened up, 18 miles wide
On this country drive
I can't keep up
'cause you're so far gone
And it's all too much hindsight
Three wasted years, wasting time
As the hunger pains grow inside

I can't keep up
'cause you're so far gone
And it's all too much hindsight