

# 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