

Death Cab For Cutie, Pictures In An Exhibition

Think you caught me on the downslide, downturn
I was busy writing with a pen and paper, thin dreams
And all you plastic people with plastic hearts and smiles
They had the worst intentions all along after all...

The royal castle holds the melodrama kings and queens
And all their dazzling children; they're so regal (so clean)
With pristine fingertips they wash behind their ears
And let their hair down 'til the audience leaves

I'm definitely shaking
The silence isn't breaking
Backwashed and stranded memories
Of something I thought could be