

Death Cab For Cutie, President Of What?

I saw the scene unfold on a rainy Sunday
Creases indicating folds that kept four walls from caving in
I took a little more of what I take for granted
And filled my plate with fear that gears would turn
And wheels would roll away

Some thing's got to break you down
Some thing's got to break you down

Entered the scene, I'm told, on I think it was Monday
You drove straight through and mind that quarry
For all it could bleed till dry
I gave a little more till I got taken for granted
'Cause beautiful boys gave chase
And when they arch your backbone
It's such a dreadful sight

Some thing's got to break you down
Some thing's got to break you down

I'll react when faces find you
With jealous fits that gag and bind you
'Cause nothing hurts like nothing at all
When imagination takes full control

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I saw the scene unfold
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I saw the scene unfold
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