

Death Cab For Cutie, State Street Residential

Holding fast until the rent checks wear thin
because it hasn't sunk in... so far

Well it's a drab routine, the dust storms building
and then it's hard to come clean

Then the months stack up to an addictive crutch
As if the drink weren't enough
A stagger cannot compete
There's no charm in being residential state street

And if I was sober
could I kill caution and stay over
And if I was sober
would I rip hearts apart like paper?

I wish you could know better than you show
with parted lips pointed down
That the whiskey seems more than you could ever do.

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And if I was sober
would I rip hearts apart like paper?

What a difference it made
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