

Death Cab For Cutie, Title Track

Left uninspired by the crust of railroad earth that touched
the lead to the pages of your manuscript.
I took my thumb off the concrete and saved up all my
strength the hammer pillars for a picket fence.
It wasn't quite what it seemed: a lack of pleasantries
(my able body isn't what it used to be)
I must admit I was charmed by your advances:
your advantage left me helplessly into you.

Talking how the group had begun to splinter and I could
taste your lipstick on the filter...

I tried my best to keep my distance from your dress
but call-response overturns convictions every time.
My memory cannot recall: a wave of alcohol we shared
a cigarette and shaved the hours off.

Lushing with hallway congregation, my best judgment
signed its resignation

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