

Death Cab For Cutie, We Looked Like Giants

God bless the daylight,
The sugary smell of springtime
Remembering when you were mine
In a still suburban town

When every Thursday
I'd brave those mountain passes
And you'd skip your early classes
And we'd learn how our bodies worked

God damn the black night,
With all its foul temptations
I've become what I always hated
When I was with you then

We looked like giants
In the back of my gray subcompact
Fumbling to make contact
As the others slept inside
And together there
In a shroud of frost,
The mountain air
Began to pass
Through every pane of weathered glass
And I held you closer than anyone would ever guess

Remember the J.A.M.C.
And reading aloud from magazines
I don't know about you, but I swear on my name they could smell it on me
But I've never been to good with secrets... ohh...

Oh, together there
In a shroud of frost,
The mountain air
Began to pass
Through every pane of weathered glass
and I held you closer...