

# Death Cab For Cutie, Your New Twin Sized Bed

You look so defeated, lying there in your new twin-size bed  
With a single pillow underneath your single head  
I guess you decided that that old queen was more space than you would need  
And now it's in the alley behind your apartment with a sign that says it's free  
And I hope you have more luck with this than me

You used to think that someone would come along  
And lay beside you in the space that they belong  
But the other side of the mattress and box springs stayed like new  
And what's the point of holding on to what never gets used  
Other than a sick desire for self-abuse

And I try not to worry  
But you've got me terrified  
It's like we're in some kind of hurry  
To say goodbye, to say goodbye, to say goodbye

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