

Arcade Fire, Cars And Telephones

I read the pages about me
In her autobiography
They were brief and to the point
Our flesh, while you are getting dressed
A memory that needs to be repressed
Ill just wait until its over

Since youve gone away
I never know just what to say
Since youve gone away
I never know just what to say

Cause I like cars more than telephones
Your voice in my ear makes me feel so alone
Tonight Im gonna drive
The silver moon is shining bright
Over the interstate
God saying hurry dont be late
Soon the sun will rise
Thats when the romance dies
And Im just tired of running around

I walked
To get the mail today
I guess
Your letter never came
Ill just
Check again tomorrow

Our flesh while you are getting dressed
Memory that needs to be repressed
Ill just wait without saying a word

Since youve gone away
I never know just what to say
Since youve gone away
I never know just what to say

Cause I like cars more than telephones
Your voice in my head makes me feel so alone
Tonight Im gonna drive
The silver moon is shining bright
Over the interstate
God saying hurry dont be late
Soon the sun will rise
Thats when the romance dies
And Im just tired of running around

But fuck it I love you no less
Im gonna feel like shit
By the time I get to you
Now the sky is turning blue
The stars they disappear
One by one with daylight dear
And yes youre in my head
But that doesnt make you here
And Ive lost all my friends
But youre the one I miss the most
And now Im almost there
Yeah Im almost to the coast
And if I had any notion
Of how im gonna drive my car across
The Atlantic Ocean, id be fuckin sad