

# Capital Cities, I Sold My Bed, But Not My Stereo

I sold my bed  
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Black is my favorite color  
Makes me feel like we know each other  
Blank tapes and posters on the door  
Listen to my Pink Floyd cover  
Take a seat like a backbeat lover  
Mixed tapes and cushions on the floor

I sold my bed, but not my stereo  
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Paper bags and escalators  
Pushing up those broken faders  
Only way to find out who you are  
In a town of ones and zeros  
You are one magnetic hero  
Little things will always get you far

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