

# Death Cab For Cutie, Champagne From A Paper

I think I'm drunk enough to drive you home now  
I'll keep my mouth kept shut under lock and key  
that's rusted firm, no lie  
'cause all these conversations wind on and on...

Drinking champagne from a paper cup  
is never quite the same  
and every sip's moving through my eyes  
and up into my brain  
at half past two; about time to leave  
'cause the DJ's playing rhythm and blues  
a sad-sorry state; stutter step to those slammin' grooves  
as I'm waiting around for you...