

Death Cab For Cutie, Debate Exposes Doubt

The workdays were propping the bar quietly erasing the week and
I was in the corner booth thinking (pretending to read)
About the possibility of one to love unconditionally and the words that
drive into the ground their repetition starts to thin their meaning.

Then everything got frighteningly still as they entered and intersected the
floor and I tried to choke my stare at the perfection that others would kill for.
But all of the parts are the same on every face (few variables change)

The differences pale when compared to the similarities they share.
Finally there is clarity and there is purpose after all, but every night
ends the same as I'm collapsing once more by your side.
Finally there is clarity: This tiny life is making sense,
and every drop numbs the both of us, but I alone am staggering.