

Death Cab For Cutie, Face That Launched 1,000

And I'm standing up in my practice room. I'm all alone,
The speakers almost blown and my new Gibson and--oh what the hell.

Things are not so different in my vocal master,
You're the face that launched one thousand shits,
Greeks and Trojans and a thousand shits,
The shits lining the shores of Asia minor,
Lining all the shores of Asia minor.
You can tell that I'm not a minor in Asia no more.

I'm standing up. This is the face that launched a thousand ships.
I'm standing up. This is the face that launched one thousand ships.

This is the face that shot, you'll never have replaced,
Splitting up his kingdom into 3 separate parts,
For his sons and their 3 separate hearts.