

# Death Cab For Cutie, Fake Frowns

bent at the knees, a last resort  
backfired and made things worse  
once on the bus, it was quite possible  
you'd be the jailhouse queen  
jury and judge were screaming to hang  
you spat the sweat from brow  
he shrugged his shoulders, nothing would work  
it had to end right now...

I can't drive straight counting your fake frowns

focusing in; details a must  
trying to make each one count  
all on your fingers stopping at ten  
magistrate's keyed in now  
the jury and judge were screaming to hang  
you spat the sweat from brow  
he shrugged his shoulders; nothing would work  
it had to end right now...

we can't keep you interest now  
increasing pixels and sound