

Death Cab For Cutie, Gridlock Caravans

Starched white shirts, so neatly pressed by domestic muses
Feed delusions that everything is working out right,
But your ribs can't withstand increasing weight
As your heart gets heavier and sooner or later,
It falls to the tips of your toes.

And every day tastes like inhaling
When you just lit the wrong end (that plastic burning scent).
Your only friends are on the exit ramps of gridlock caravans.
You try to ask how they've been,
But the metal and glass is too thick.