

Death Cab For Cutie, Information Travels Faster

I intentionally wrote it out to be an illegible mess.
You wanted me to write you letters, but I'd rather lose your address,
and forget that we'd ever met and what did or did not occur.
Sitting in the station it's all a blur
of dancehall hips, pretentious quips, a boxer's bob and weave.

And here's the kicker of this whole shebang: you're in debt and
completely fooled that you can look
into the mirror and objectively rank your wounds.

Sewing circles are not solely based in trades of cloth:
they're spinsters all around here taking notes, reporting on us
As information travels faster in the modern age, in the modern age.
As our days are crawling by so slowly.

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