

Death Cab For Cutie, Long Division

His head was a city
Of paper buildings
And the echoes that remain
Of old friends and lovers
Their features bleeding
Together in his brain, oh
And once it started it was harder to tell them apart, oh

He was always distracted
By the very mention
Of an open door, oh
Because he had sworn
Not to be what he'd been before

To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder

The television
It was snowing softly
As she hunted for her keys
She said she never envisioned
Him the type of person
Capable of such deceit, oh, oh

And then they carried on like
Long division
'Cause it was clear with every page
Oh, that they were further away
From a solution that would play

Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder
Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder
Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder
Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder

He had sworn
Not to be what he'd been before

To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder
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