

Death Cab For Cutie, No Joy In Mudville

Last night I dreamt that I was you.

I was dressed in all black with dark glasses and attitude.

Such a pose I could simply not hold through days in the northern town that I had once called a home.

Your studies of fringe New York streets: I was reading the pavement in every word you would speak.

To a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on...

Buying drinks for the poets upstate, this southern corrupting towed you down the interstate,

and they all said that you were the king of a gloomy disruption that surfaced when you would speak.

This town simply cannot compete so I'm packing my Bullets and Silvertones and heading east

to a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on...

If I could have (had) my way this year would bridge '66 (again?)

Trust fund hipsters were casing the room chock full of amphetamines.

The overturned kick drum boom set the pace with incomparable cool.

And if the tempo was lousy it was lost on all but you...