

# Death Cab For Cutie, Sleep Tight

Sleep tight, we'll drive all night  
Turn pikes across state lines...

Hand claps are fading fast, but you still can believe it's passing  
These night are fading fast, so you made progress until midnight  
Six hundred miles will be soon cut two inches from  
Just rest and play that tape we got from them in Detroit

Sleep tight, we'll make it tonight  
Turn pikes and small street signs...  
Traded slowings of what was missed and  
broke down in the downstairs?

Recited the ten ton fuse that gave way to the new sound  
Night caps are sinking fast and tight chorus Sundays  
Tomorrow we'll head highways  
Right now it's the holiday; all a loss