

# Death Cab For Cutie, Song For Kelly Huckaby

Photographs of the best time you had,  
windows smudged by the speed.  
Leaving home with our bags from Iron Street,  
as morning turned into California,  
And smoke trailed from the butt of my cigarette.  
Our glass house it threw rocks at all those it past.

Waking up to the sound of 5 A.M to take my turn at the wheel.  
Climbed up Shasta, oh how the engine ached  
as the sun tortured California,  
and old alleys turned deep at the heart of me.  
Murals of heroes defacing the blank concrete.

Vision tunneled, Mission Street, hunger beat  
lodged out as the engine wheezed.  
Still moving regardless of stable ground  
and this stable ground.

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windows smudged by the speed.  
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as morning turned into California.