

Death Cab For Cutie, Soul Meets Body

I want to live where soul meets body
And let the sun wrap its arms around me,
And bathe my skin in water cool and cleansing
And feel... feel what it's like to be new.

'Cause in my head
There's a Greyhound station
Where I send my thoughts
To far-off destinations
So they may have a chance
Of finding a place where they're
Far more suited than here.

I cannot guess what we'll discover
When we turn the dirt with our palms cupped like shovels,
But I know our filthy hands can wash one another's
And not one speck will remain.

I do believe it's true
That there are roads left in both of our shoes,
But if the silence takes you
Then I hope it takes me too.
So brown eyes, I'll hold you near,
'Cause you're the only song I want to hear.
A melody softly soaring through my atmosphere.

Where soul meets body.
Where soul meets body.
Where soul meets body.

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