

# Death Cab For Cutie, Talking Like Turnstiles

Sometimes I talk like a turnstile  
when I have had too much to drink  
A tangled tongue like English Ivy  
Just like a film dubbed out of sync

The phone is ringing in the guest room  
A muffled voice on the machine  
It's either someone I don't want to talk to  
Or someone selling what I don't need

'Cause I'm waiting for you to come on home

Sometimes I fall in fits of laughter  
My bottle shatters on the floor  
And you apologize profusely  
for the drunkard on your arm

And I'll change, love, change, love  
Change for you  
Cause even slurred words can contain some truth  
I'll change, love, change, love  
Change for you

When I am ready to