

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