

Death Cab For Cutie, That's Incentive

You see nothing to be adored, when obsession takes it's toll
You can't place you in between the pages of fashion magazines
Paper cuts from turning pages, just like a bad dream
Is it this or that or me that makes you owe? what you can't defeat

Boiled over burning clean toward the flesh blocks? in your knees
It's a lesson that just might keep suppressing appetites
Paper cuts from turning pages, just like a bad dream
Is it this or that or me that makes you owe? what

And I live this life just to bear these scars
Will the hurt subside, if you decide?
That's it's me and you this time
Is it you that always... is it you that decides

And I live this life just to bear these scars
Will the hurt subside, if you decide?
And I live this life just to bear these scars
Will the hurt subside, if you decide?