

Death Cab For Cutie, The Sound Of Settling

I've got a hunger, twisting my stomach into knots
That my tongue is tied off
My brain's repeating,
"if you've got an impulse, let it out"
But they never make it past my mouth

Bop-ba (bop-ba)
This is the sound of settling
Bop-ba, bop-ba (bop-ba)

Bop-ba (bop-ba)
This is the sound of settling
Bop-ba, bop-ba (bop-ba-a)

Our youth is fleeting
Old age is just around the bend
And I can't wait to go gray
And I'll sit and wonder
Of every love that could have been
If I'd only thought of something charming to say

Bop-ba (bop-ba)
This is the sound of settling
Bop-ba, bop-ba (bop-ba)

Bop-ba (bop-ba)
This is the sound of settling
Bop-ba, bop-ba (bop-ba)

Bop-ba (bop-ba)
This is the sound of settling
Bop-ba, bop-ba (bop-ba)

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This is the sound of settling
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