

Death Cab For Cutie, Transatlanticism

The Atlantic was born today,
And I'll tell you how
The clouds above opened up
And let it out
I was standing on the surface
Of a perforated sphere
When the water filled every hole
And thousands upon thousands made an ocean
Making islands where no
Islands should go
(Oh no)

Most people were overjoyed
They took to their boats
I thought it less like a lake
And more like a moat
The rhythm of my footsteps
Crossing flatlands to your door
Have been silenced forevermore
And the distance is quite simply much too far for me to row
It seems farther than ever before
(Oh no)

I need you so much closer...

So come on
Come on...