

Death Cab For Cutie, TV Trays

Summer's gone, I overslept and woke up to the chill of fall.
Overworked and now I'm all used up

This TV haze sucks me through I watch the world through the inside
Overworked and now I'm all used up

Final drag fills my lungs and makes me high
They fill up as I bottom out
Steering wheels watch them driving with someplace to go
I'd steer myself, but I don't have a route.

Working on demand, no ice cream man, beaches filled with sand.
While the TV trays wasted Summer days, slowly slippin' away

But you're so little, Hell, the days are slow, and I'm down inside
I'll have to go you're so little, Hell, when months are slow, and I'm down inside

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I'm down inside, I'm down inside, I'm down inside.